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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXXVIII.

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BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
117 WASHINGTON STREET.
1859.

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CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXXII.

Art.		Page
I.	Canonical Compurgation and the Wager of Battle	1
	Études Historiques sur les Développements de la Société Humaine. Par M. Louis J. Koenigswarter.	
II.	The Mount Vernon Memorial	52
	Honor to the Illustrious Dead. A Lecture in Behalf of the Mount Vernon Association, delivered in the State Capitol, Nashville, Wednesday, December 4, 1857. By Richard Owen, M. D.	
III.	Edmund Burke	61
	1. History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke. By Thomas Macknight.	
	2. The Works and Correspondence of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke.	
IV.	Life and Writings of De Quincey	113
	Writings of Thomas De Quincey.	
V.	Abelard	132
	1. Abelard. Par Charles de Rémusat.	
	2. Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen oder die Kirchengeschichte in Biographien, durch Friedrich Böhringer.	
VI.	Thompson's History of Boston	166
	The History and Antiquities of Boston, and the Villages of Skirbeck, Fishtoft, Freiston, Butterwick, Benington, Leverton, Leake, and Wrangle; comprising the Hundred of Skirbeck, in the County of Lincoln. By Pishey Thompson.	
VII.	Bible Revision	184
	1. Hints for some Improvements in the Authorized Version of the New Testament. By the late Rev. James Scholefield, M. A.	
	2. On the Authorized Version of the New Testament,	

in Connection with some recent Proposals for its Revision. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D.

3. The Gospel according to St. John, after the Authorized Version. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and revised. By Five Clergymen.

4. The Epistle of Paul to the Romans, after the Authorized Version. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and revised. By Five Clergymen.

5. A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, with a Revised Translation. By C. J. Ellicott, M. A.

6. A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, with a Revised Translation. By the same.

7. A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on the Pastoral Epistles, with a Revised Translation. By the same.

8. A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, and to Philemon, with a Revised Translation. By the same.

9. The Book of Job; the Common English Version, the Hebrew Text, and the Revised Version of the American Bible Union, with Critical and Philological Notes.

10. The Epistles of Paul to the Thessalonians; translated from the Greek, on the Basis of the Common English Version, with Notes.

VIII. Contemporary French Literature 210

1. Les Lionnes Pauvres. Par Emile Angier.
2. Fanny. Par Ernest Feydeau.
3. L'Assassinat du Pont Rouge. Par Charles Barbara.
4. Italia. Par Theophile Gautier.
5. La Mode. Par Theophile Gautier.
6. La Clef du Grand Cyrus. Par M. Victor Cousin.
7. Essais Morales et Historiques. Par Emile Montégut.

IX. Thompson's Life of Stoddard 228

Memoir of Rev. David Tappan Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians. By Joseph P. Thompson, D. D.

X. White's Shakespeare 244

The Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by Richard Grant White.

XI. Critical Notices 253

New Publications Received 283

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXXIII.

Art.		Page
I.	Despotism in India	289
	1. A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude, in 1849–50. By Direction of the Right Hon. The Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General. With Private Correspondence relative to the Annexation of Oude to British India, etc. By Major-General W. H. Sleeman, K. C. B.	
	2. The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Nussir-U-Deen, King of Oude. [William Knighton.]	
	3. Biographical Index to the Historians of Mohammedan India. By Sir Henry M. Elliott, K. C. B.	
	4. The Calcutta Review. Vol. II. No. IV. Article II. Romance and Reality of Indian Life.	
II.	Sir Philip Sidney	312
	1. The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney.	
	2. Lord Brook's Life of Sir Philip Sidney. With a Preface, etc., by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., K. J.	
	3. The Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, Knt. With a Life of the Author and Illustrative Notes by William Gray, Esq.	
	4. The Covntesse of Pembrokes Arcadia. Written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight.	
III.	Ancient Architecture	341
	1. Illustrated Hand-book of Architecture. By James Fergusson, Esq.	
	2. Essays on Architecture. By Professor Gottfried Semper.	
IV.	Prince Gallitzin	349
	Discourse on the Life and Virtues of the Rev. Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, late Pastor of St. Michael's Church, Loretto. Delivered on the Occasion of the Removal of his Remains to the new and splendid Monument erected to his Memory by a Grateful Flock. By the Very Rev. Thomas Heyden.	

V. Bushnell's Nature and the Supernatural . . 367
Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God. By Horace Bushnell.

VI. Primary Law of Political Development in Civil History 387
1. Aristotle's Politics.
2. Plato's Republic.
3. Opere di Giovanni Battista Vico, ordinate ed illustrate da Giuseppe Ferrari.
4. Il Principe, etc. di Niccolò Machiavelli.
5. Herder's Sämmtliche Werke.
6. Fried. v. Schlegel's Sämmtliche Werke.
7. Hegel's Werke. Vollständige Ausgabe durch einen Verein von Freunden des Verewigten.
8. Einleitung in die Geschichte des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Von G. G. Gervinus.

VII. La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay 430
La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata, and adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the Orders of the United States Government. By Thomas J. Page.

VIII. Life of James Sullivan 443
Life of James Sullivan: with Selections from his Writings. By Thomas C. Amory.

IX. Palfrey's History of New England 460
History of New England. By John Gorham Palfrey.

X. Switzerland 476
La Suisse Allemande et l'Ascension du Moench. Par Mme. la Comtesse Dora D'Istria.

XI. Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great . . . 503
History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. With Portraits and Maps.

XII. Critical Notices 547

New Publications Received 578

Index 585

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXXII.

JANUARY, 1859.

ART. I. — *Études Historiques sur les Développements de la Société Humaine.* Par M. LOUIS J. KOENIGSWARTER, Docteur en Droit, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut, etc. Paris. 1850. 8vo. pp. 237.

THIS has narrowly missed being an instructive and entertaining book. The subjects are interesting; they are handled with a certain degree of skill, and the author displays considerable research; but his limits are too restricted for a due development of his matter, his illustrative facts are few and selected with little judgment, and the execution of his plan falls far short of its conception. Taking as a text several remarkable points in the dawn of modern civilization, he makes it his leading object to show that these are not confined to the nations of Teutonic and Celtic descent, but that they have their origin in the immutable elements of human nature, and that vestiges of them are to be found in the early records of all the great races. The idea is worthy of more elaborate treatment than it has received at the hands of M. Königswarter, but, like many other generalizations concerning human affairs, it is not susceptible of proof in all its ramifications. In various particulars the author therefore fails in his attempt, while in those in which his theory is true, his proofs are by no means as complete as they might have been made. His accuracy, also, is sometimes more than questionable. Thus, where, on the same page, we find Ossian gravely quoted as an historical

authority, and the speech of Achilles over the body of Patroclus placed in the mouth of Hector, we feel the necessity of verifying for ourselves all the facts advanced, and all the citations on which the arguments are based. Nor is this necessity diminished by observing that in many debatable questions the author takes the wrong side, guided apparently by the opinions of previous writers, rather than by a full and frequent reference to the original muniments, which are alone to be relied on as regards points of legal and political archæology.

Apart from the exact sciences, there is no subject which is more interesting, or which more fully repays the student, than the history of jurisprudence. When Austin Caxton devoted the labor of a lifetime to the "History of Human Error," he had for his theme the sorrows and the weaknesses of mankind from the birth of time; but more vast and instructive would be a history of the laws under which man has lived and died, each unit of the race struggling on his allotted path through joys and griefs fashioned for the most part by the invisible network of habits, customs, and statutes, which surround him on every side, and silently shape his daily actions. To the reflecting mind few popular quotations are so essentially false, or reveal so narrow a view of human affairs, as the often cited lines, —

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!"

Slender though the respect may be with which we regard our rotatory assemblymen and our partisan judges, still are they noteworthy personages. The parts are more important than the actors, and centuries hence it will be to our statutes and reports that the curious historian will resort to find out what manner of men were the restless and energetic Yankees who could found a gigantic empire, but could hardly govern themselves. Lawgiver and law-dispenser, — save the minister of God, what human being can have interests so vital confided to him, or can exercise so momentous an influence over his fellow-men? Cyrus and Alexander, Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, — their names alone remain, and the world is as though they had never been; but the laws of Confucius and Menou,

of Mahomet and Justinian, sway the destinies of races, for ages past and to come. When Arogast and Bodogast, Salogast and Windagast, assembled to draft into shape the rude customs of a roving and predatory tribe, they little thought that the Salique law which they founded would still, after the lapse of fourteen centuries, leave its impress on the nations subject to the spiritual power of that imperial Rome, the terror of whose name they were then just beginning to throw off. But codes are thus endowed with vitality only when they reflect the nature and the usages of the races for which they are compiled. The man and his law exercise a mutual reaction, and in the one we see an image of the other. The stern, resolute brevity of the Laws of the Twelve Tables furnishes the best corrective commentary on the easy credulity of Livy; making due allowance for divine inspiration, we see in the code of Moses the Hebrew character and polity portrayed in the strongest light and shade; and, in general, the historian who wishes to obtain or to convey a definite impression of a nation or of a period, must have recourse to the laws which regulated the daily life of the people, and which present, so to speak, an epitome of their character and actions. With this conviction, we have thought that it might not be without interest and profit to trace, in the dim light of antiquity, some rude outlines of the customs of the wild races that founded the European commonwealths.

In the German forests, Tacitus presents to us the picture of tribes living principally on the spoils of war or of the chase, aided by the imperfect agriculture of their slaves. Personal independence is carried to its extreme. The authority of the ruler, except when commanding a military expedition, is almost nominal, and scarcely extends beyond his immediate attendants, companions, or leaders. Each petty chief is under the control of the assembly of his sept, in which all the freemen gather in arms, and decide without appeal on all common interests. Dearest among their privileges is the right of private vengeance. The freeman who sustains an injury, and disdains to summon his enemy before the *mallum*, or judicial assembly of his tribe, may call together his family and friends, and exact what satisfaction he can with sword and

axe. The interminable warfare of hostile families is, however, in most cases, obviated by the principle of compensation for injuries, and every crime is rated at its appropriate price, which, on due proof being offered to the satisfaction of the judge, is paid to the injured party. As his relatives were bound to aid him in the quarrel, so are they entitled to share in the *wehr-geld*, or compensation. On the other hand, the criminal's family are held responsible for the fine, if poverty renders him unable to meet it, as are they also forced to defend him in the fray, if the peaceable mode of settlement be rejected. As regards the rest of the community, each family is thus a unit, directly responsible for the conduct of its members, the whole body sharing in the good or evil fortune of the individual. It is important to bear in mind this peculiarity, which explains much that is otherwise singular in the subsequent legislation of the Franks, leaving its traces late in the feudal law.

The oldest known text of the Salique law is but little if at all posterior to the conversion of Clovis to Christianity. Four hundred years have therefore intervened between the vigorous sketches of Tacitus, and the less picturesque, but more detailed, view presented by this primitive code. The changes produced in the interval are wonderfully small. A more complex state of society has arisen; government has assumed some power and stability under the iron energy and resistless craft of Clovis; fixed property and possessions have acquired importance; fields and orchards, gardens and bee-hives, mills and boats, appear as objects of value alongside of the herds and weapons which were the sole attractions when the Roman historian condescended to describe his barbarian neighbors. But the fundamental principles are the same, and the relations of the individual to his fellows remain unchanged. The right of private warfare still exists. The state is still an aggregate of families, rallying together for the field and for the court, and to sustain any of their members by force of arms, or by the course of justice. The forms of procedure are revealed to us, and we learn the efforts made to soften the native ferocity of the Frank, and the modes by which he is tempted to forego the privilege of revenge. Every offence against

persons or property is rated at its appropriate price, and a complete tariff of crime is drawn up, from the theft of a sucking-pig to the armed occupation of an estate, and from the wound of the little finger to the most atrocious of parricides; nor can the offender refuse to appear when duly summoned before the *mallum*, or claim the right of violent defence if the injured party has recourse to peaceable proceedings.

But between the commission of an offence and its proof in a court of justice there lies a wide field for the exercise of human ingenuity. The subject of evidence is one which has tasked man's powers of reasoning to the utmost, and the subtile distinctions of the Roman law, with its *probatio*, *præsumptio juris*, *præsumptio juris tantum*, — the endless refinements of the *renaissance* doctors, rating evidence in its different grades as *probatio optima*, *evidentissima*, *apertissima*, *legitima*, *sufficiens*, *indubitata*, *dilucida*, *liquida*, *evidens*, *perspicua*, and *semiplena*, — and the complicated rules of procedure which bewilder the modern legal student, — all alike show the importance of the subject and its extreme difficulty. The semi-barbarous Frank, impatient of such expenditure of logic, arrived at results by a shorter and more direct process. Some writers assume that the unsupported oath of the accused was originally sufficient to clear him of a charge, and they present an attractive fancy-sketch of the heroic times when a lie is cowardice, and the fierce warrior disdains to shrink from the consequences of his acts.* An assertion so improbable de-

* It may not be uninteresting to cast a rapid glance at the early legislation of Asia with regard to the judicial use of the oath. The laws of Menou regard it as a satisfactory mode of proof, and authorize its employment in these terms: —

"And in cases where there is no testimony, and the judge cannot decide upon which side lies the truth, he can determine it fully by administering the oath.

"Oaths were sworn by the seven great Richis, and by the gods, to make doubtful things manifest; and even Vasichtha sware an oath before the king Soudâmâ, son of Piyavana, when Viswâmitra accused him of eating a hundred children.

"Let not the wise man take an oath in vain, even for things of little weight; for he who takes an oath in vain is lost in this world and the next.

"Let the judge swear the Brahmin by his truth; the Kchatriya, by his horses, his elephants, or his arms; the Vaisya, by his cows, his corn, and his gold; the Soûdra, by all crimes." — Laws of Menou, Book VIII. v. 109, 110, 111, 113. (From Delongchamp's translation.)

The Chinese, on the other hand, in their primitive legislation, admitted no evi-

mands competent proof, and proof of it there is none in any of the "Leges Barbarorum." That some forms of oath were regarded with veneration there is no doubt, and isolated instances might be cited in which they were received. When the holy Gregory of Tours was cited for reproachful words truly spoken of the infamous Fredegonda, and her ferocious husband, King Chilperic, pressed the accusation with the full energy of his revengeful nature, all that such formidable adversaries could obtain from a council of bishops was, that the accused should relieve himself of the charge by oath on three altars, after celebrating mass on each, — a solemnity which was performed accordingly, doubtless more to the corporeal than spiritual health of the future saint; and two centuries later, in the presence of Charlemagne, Pope Leo III. cleared himself by the same ceremony from an accusation arising from the factions into which Rome was divided, the whole body of ecclesiastics having declared that the papal dignity should not be compromised by his submitting to an examination.* These, however, were exceptional cases, which

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dence of the kind, and in doubtful cases directed the acquittal of the accused. Thus Mou-vang (about 1000 B. C.), in the Chou-King, Part IV. Chap. XXVII. § 17, instructs the judges: "Where there is doubt in the cases subject to the five punishments, and in those admitting of composition, you shall pardon. . . . . Though many accusations are proved, you shall yet examine the appearances and the motives, and that which can be neither examined nor proved shall not be prosecuted. Enter not then into any discussion, but fear the wrath and the power of Heaven." (From Gaubil's translation.)

The Koran, considered as a system of jurisprudence, is singularly destitute of instructions for legal procedures. Chap. XXIV. v. 6 – 9, however, directs that a husband accusing his wife of infidelity, and having no witnesses, shall prove it by swearing to the truth of the charge five times, invoking the malediction of God upon himself, — the wife being able to rebut the accusation by a similar process; but as this chapter was revealed to the Prophet after he had writhed for a month under an accusation brought against his favorite wife Ayesha, — an accusation which he could not disregard, but did not wish to entertain, — the law is to be considered as *ex post facto*, rather than as signalizing any pre-existing custom.

All of these three Eastern codes present evidence more or less strong of the system of composition for crimes, or *wehr-geld*, which forms so conspicuous a portion of the early European legislation. The striking correspondence which exists in many points between the "Leges Barbarorum" and the laws of Menou — perhaps the most curious monument of human jurisprudence — is a subject of the highest interest, and worthy of an extended investigation.

* Annal. Fuldenses, ann. 800.

were especially reserved from the ordinary tribunals and from the regular procedure, and even in these we find evidence that the unsupported oath was not sufficient, without some guaranty thrown around it, — some formula of religion or law to give it weight. The whole history and legislation of those times abound with facts to prove that perjury was the most common of the crimes against which legislators had to guard, and that the accessories of the oath were looked upon as the main thing, — not the oath itself. Thus, in 680, according to Fredegarius, Ebroin, Mayor of the Palace of Burgundy, having defeated Martin, Duke of Austrasia, and wishing to entice him out of his strong-hold of Laon, sent to him by two bishops the royal reliquaries, on which the envoys swore that his life should be safe; but the cunning Mayor, having astutely removed the relics from their cases in advance, considered it a venial crime to put his enemy to death as soon as he was in his power. Three centuries and a half later, King Robert the Pious manifested an equally just idea of the nature of perjury, when, as related by the worthy monk Helgaldus, who is delighted with the expedient, he endeavored to save the souls of his friends by constructing two reliquaries, on which he received their oaths, — one for his magnates, splendidly fabricated of crystal and gold, but entirely empty, — the other for the common herd, plainer, and enshrining a bird's-egg. Knowing in advance that his lieges would be forsworn, he charitably sought to save them from sin in spite of themselves. All the chronicles and all the codes tell us the same tale, and the Emperor Lothaire I. only embodied the general impression of the uselessness of simple oaths when he issued a constitution prohibiting their administration in tithe cases on account of the risk of perjury. "Juramento vero," he crudely says, "eos constringi nolumus propter periculum perjurii." * We doubt not that in his day Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, was looked upon as unnecessarily squeamish when he employed an ingenious

* Lex Longobard. Lib. III. Tit. III. § 10. — As there are various editions of these laws, differing in their arrangement, we may as well premise that our references are to the Collection of Lindenbrog, Frankfort, 1613.

fraud to put an end, in 906, to the Feud of Bamberg, which had desolated Germany for several years. King Ludwig-das-Kind, the last of the German Carlovingians, having been utterly unable to repress "tam ingens bellum inter eminentes viros," Hatto volunteered his services to entice the victorious Albert of Bamberg, ancestor of the ducal house of Austria, to a shameful death. Paying him, therefore, a friendly visit, the Archbishop urged him to seek an interview with the king, whom he represented as most favorably disposed, and solemnly swore to bring him back safe to his castle. On his departure Albert accompanied his guest beyond the walls, when Hatto, taking him by the hand, complained of hunger, and asked to return for a repast. Still keeping his grasp, they re-entered, and after refreshment Hatto again departed. His oath had been fulfilled, he had brought Albert back safely to his fortress, and when the lord of Bamberg sought his sovereign and was hurriedly executed, Hatto considered himself exempt from responsibility.*

The romantic theories of the purity of the wild Salian free-booters being evidently baseless, it will readily be believed that the energetic Frank who was clamoring for the restitution of stolen cattle, or a body of relatives eager to share the wehr-geld of some murdered kinsman, would scarcely submit to be balked of their rights at the simple cost of perjury to the criminal; and as the object of their legislators was to diminish as much as possible the exercise of the right of private warfare, some expedient was requisite, in doubtful cases, to conciliate the parties. From this necessity arose the remarkable custom of canonical compurgation. The accused, when denying the allegation under oath, appeared surrounded by a number of conjurators, — *juratores*, *conjuratores*, *sacramentales*, *collaudantes*, *compurgatores*, as they are variously termed, — who swore, not to their knowledge of the facts, but as sharers and partakers in the oath of denial. Their number was regulated by law, and varied with the magnitude of the objects at stake, or the heinousness of the alleged crime, and, among some tribes, with the rank of the parties.

* Luitprand. Antapod. Lib. II. c. 6. Marianus Scotus, ann. 908.

This curious form of procedure derives an importance from the fact, that it is an expression of the character, not of an isolated sept, but of nearly all the races that have moulded the history of Europe. The Wisigoths of the South of France and Spain, who early adopted the Roman law and moulded it to suit their habits, were the only nation in whose code it did not occupy a prominent place, and with them the oath of the defendant was admitted as satisfactory, in the absence of other testimony.* On the other hand, the Salians,† the Ripuarians, the Alamanni, the Baioarians, the Burgundians, the Lombards, the Frisians, the Saxons, the Angli and Werini, the Anglo-Saxons, and the Welsh, races springing from different origins, all gave to this form of compurgation a prominent place in their jurisprudence, and it reigned supreme from Southern Italy to the Trent, and from the Loire to Central Germany. During these early periods it was a special favorite with the Church, and was honored with the name of *purgatio canonica*, nor, when compared with the ruder and more mischievous ordeal and wager of battle, can we wonder that it should have obtained the ecclesiastical preference. In the sixth century, we find St. Gregory the Great ordering its employment in cases where husband and wife desired to deny the consummation of marriage.‡ In more enlightened times, however, the Church became actively opposed to it, and, as we shall see, was efficient in its abrogation.

Perhaps its influence on the history and habits of the people may best be illustrated by one or two examples. When Chilperic I. was assassinated in 584, grave doubts were suggested

* L. Wisigoth. Lib. II. Tit. II. § 5.

† Montesquieu (Esprit des Loix, Lib. XXVIII. Chap. XIII.), with almost incredible superficiality, asserts that canonical compurgation was unknown to the Salique law, and from this assertion he proceeds to draw the most extensive deductions. Although it is referred to but twice in the *Lex Emendata* of Charlemagne (Tit. L. and LV.), still those references are of a nature to show that it was habitually practised, while the earlier texts, such as that of Herold, which in the edition of Eccardus was accessible to Montesquieu, contain precise directions for its use, designating the conjurator by the title of *Thalapta*. Even without this, however, the Merovingian and Carlovingian Capitularies, the Formulary of Marculfus, and the History of Gregory of Tours, should have preserved him from so gross an error.

‡ "Uterque eorum septima manu propinquorum juret quod nunquam carnaliter convenerunt." (Ap. Spelman.)

as to the legitimacy of his son Clotaire, an infant of four months, — doubts which neither the character of the child's mother, Queen Fredegonda, nor the rumors which circulated as to the manner in which Chilperic had been slain, had any tendency to lessen; and King Gontran, brother of the murdered king, did not hesitate to express his opinion that the royal infant's paternity was traceable to some one of the minions of the court, — "sed, ut credo, alicujus ex *leudibus* nostris sit filius." Satisfactory evidence in such cases is proverbially hard to obtain; but Fredegonda cleared her somewhat battered reputation, and secured the throne to her offspring, by appearing at the altar with three bishops and three hundred nobles, who all swore with her to the legitimacy of the little prince, and no further doubts were ventured on the delicate subject, — "et sic suspicio ab animis Regis ablata est."* As at this juncture Fredegonda was powerless, and Gontran directly interested in disinheriting the child, the ceremony was not an empty pageant nor a political demonstration, but an expression of the national customs in their most solemn form. Another equally striking illustration occurs at a later period, when, in 823, Pope Pascal I. was more than suspected of complicity in the murder of Theodore and Leo, two high dignitaries of the papal court. The commissioners sent by Louis le Débonnaire to investigate the facts, found on their arrival that Pascal had hastily purged himself of the crime, in anticipation of their coming, by an oath taken with a number of bishops as his compurgators; and though the assumed fault of the victims had been their attachment to the imperial party, and though the Pope had by force of arms prevented any pursuit of the murderers, there was nothing further to be done. Pope Pascal stood before the world an innocent man.†

The origin of this custom is to be traced to the principle of the unity of families. As the offender could summon his kindred around him, to resist the attack of the injured party, so he took them with him to the court, to defend him with their oaths, — a service not without danger, for, if the defence were subsequently proved false, they were liable to the penalties of

* Greg. Turon. Lib. VIII. cap. 9. † Eginhard. Annal., ann. 823.

perjury. By a constitution of Pepin, king of Italy, they were punished with the loss of a hand, unless they could establish by ordeal that they had sworn in ignorance of the facts.* By the Salique law they were heavily fined. † Among the Frisians, each had to buy himself off by the amount of his own wehr-geld, — the value of his own head. ‡ Accordingly, we find that the service was usually performed by the kindred, and in some of the earlier codes this is prescribed, § but not universally. It was a duty enjoined on the family, but, as some tribes exacted very large numbers of conjurators for the acquittal of certain crimes, the necessity of finding strangers to assume the office is evident, as is shown in the case of Queen Fredegonda, quoted above. Perhaps the possibility of obtaining those not bound by family ties to undertake the office, is traceable to the liability which rested on a township in some instances for crime committed within its borders. M. Königswarter rejects this supposition as inadmissible, saying that the Friborgs of Edward the Confessor, long posterior to the period under consideration, are the earliest instance of such institutions. But traces of communal societies are to be found in the original texts of the Salique law, ‖ supposed to be coeval with Clovis; and Childebert, in an edict of 595, holds the hundreds or townships responsible for robberies committed within their limits. ¶

When calling in conjurators who were not kinsmen of the parties, it is not to be supposed that our ancestors were as

* Capit. Pepini, ann. 793, § 15. (Baluze.)

† L. Salica, Tit. L. §§ 3, 4.

‡ L. Frisonum, Tit. X.

§ L. Longobard. Lib. II. Tit. XXI. § 9; L. Burgund, Tit. VIII.; and the Decretal of Gregory mentioned above. It is interesting to trace the Romanizing tendencies of the civil and canon law in modifying the original customs of the barbarians. Even this deeply-rooted principle of the unity of families gave way before such influences, and as early as the ninth century we find the Carlovingian legislation (Capitul. Benedict. Levit. Lib. VI. cap. 348) going to the other extreme, by prohibiting kinsmen from giving evidence in a cause between a relative and a stranger, — a provision borrowed from the Wisigoths (L. Wisigoth. Lib. II. Tit. IV. cap. 12). The rule, once established, maintained its place through the vicissitudes of the feudal law (Beaumanoir, Coutumes du Beauvoisis, Cap. XXXIX. § 38), down to a late period, in the Droit Coutumier (Coutumes de Bretagne, Tit. VIII. Art 161, 162).

‖ L. Salic. Tit. XIV. *De Migrantibus.* MS. 4404, Anc. Fonds, Bib. Roy. (Pardessus.)

¶ Decret. Childeberti, ann. 595, Cap. X. (Baluze.)

culpably negligent as we are as to the character of juries to whom are intrusted the lives and fortunes of their fellow-citizens. Various regulations existed with regard to the mode by which they were admitted to the oath, differing with the race and period. Thus, among the Alamanni, in a trial for murder, the accused was obliged to secure the support of twenty chosen men, or, if he brought such as he selected himself, the number was increased to eighty.* In England, in some cases, fourteen men were named to the defendant, out of whom he had to find eleven willing to take the oath with him.† The Frisians required that the compurgators should be of the same class as their principal, and the lower his position in the state, the larger was the number requisite.‡ Some formulæ of Marculfus specify three freeholders and twelve friends of the defendant as necessary.§ A Merovingian edict of 593 directs the employment of three equals of the accused, with three others chosen for the purpose, probably by the court.‖ In a capitulary of 803, Charlemagne prescribes seven chosen conjurators, or twelve if taken at random.¶ Louis le Débonnaire decided that freemen owning no property were ineligible as witnesses, though capable of appearing as compurgators.** Among the Burgundians, the wife and children,

* L. Alaman. Tit. LXXVI.

† "Nominentur ei XIV., et adquirat XI., et ipse sit duodecimus." — L. Canuti, Cap. 66. In this form it practically amounts to trial by jury, and there is more probability in the belief that the origin of the jury trial is to be found in this regulation, than in many more ingenious surmises which have been hazarded upon the subject.

‡ L. Frision. Tit. I. This system of estimating the value of the oath by the position of the swearer is not unfrequent. Perhaps the laws of Canute, Cap. 127, express it more rudely than elsewhere, in specifying that the oath of a freeman is worth that of seven villains: — "Sacramentum liberalis hominis, quem quidem vocant *twelfhendeman*, debet stare et valere juramentum septem villanorum." The twelfhendeman meant a man whose price was 1200 solidi. So thoroughly was the custom of wehr-geld or composition established, that in England classes were named according to the value of their heads. Thus the villain or *cherleman* was also called *troyhindus* or *troyhindeman*, his wehr-geld being 200 solidi; the *radcniht* (road-knight, or mounted follower) was a *sexhendeman*; and, as we have seen, the comparative judicial weight of the oaths of the respective classes followed a similar rule.

§ "Insequentur vero post ipso tres alvarii et duodecim conlaudantes juraverant." — Marculf. App. XXXII. See also Ibid. XXIX.

‖ Pactus pro Tenore Pacis, Cap. VI. (Baluze.)

¶ Capit. Carol. Mag. IV. ann. 803, § X. (Baluze.)

** Capit. Ludov. Pii, ann. 829, Tit. III. § VI. (Baluze.)

or, in their absence, the father and mother, of the accused were expected to make up the requisite number of twelve.* Charlemagne, however, objects to this, as leading to the swearing of children of tender and irresponsible age; and he further interdicts those who have once been convicted of perjury from again appearing as either witnesses or conjurators.† A formula of Marculfus proves that females were admitted when a woman was accused,‡ and M. Königswarter informs us that among the Welsh the same privilege was allowed the sex, while under the Lombard laws slaves and women in tutelage were often employed.

Variations are likewise observable in the form of administering the oath. Among the Alamanni, for instance, the compurgators laid their hands upon the altar, and the principal placed his hand over the others, repeating the oath alone,§ while, among the Lombards, a law of the Emperor Lothaire directs that each shall take the oath separately.‖ It was always administered, however, in a consecrated place, before delegates appointed by the judges trying the cause, sometimes on the altar, and sometimes on relics. A formula of Marculfus specifies the Capella Sancti Martini, or cope of St. Martin,¶ one of the most valued of the relics in the royal chapel, whence we may conclude that it was habitually used for that purpose in the business of the royal Court of Appeals.

There has been much discussion as to the exact nature and the legal weight of this mode of establishing innocence, or vindicating disputed rights. M. Königswarter assumes, that in the early period, before the ferocious purity of the German character had been adulterated with the remains of Roman civilization, this form of compurgation was used in all descriptions of cases at the option of parties, and was in itself a full and satisfactory proof, received on all hands as equal to any other. This view, we are confident, is erroneous. The earliest written evidence is against it, corroborated by all subsequent indications; and, for anterior periods, there is nothing but

* L. Burgund. Tit. VIII.
† Capit. Carol. Mag. I. ann. 789, § LXII. (Baluze.)
‡ Marculf. App. XXXIV.
§ L. Alaman. Tit. VI.
‖ L. Longobard. Lib. II. Tit. LV. § 28.
¶ Marculf. Lib. I. Form. XXXVIII.

mere conjecture. Tacitus is silent on the subject, and next to him in point of time is the early text of the Salique law, to which reference has already been made. In this it is specified that conjurators are to be offered only in cases where there is no certain proof to be had;* and, unfortunately for our author's theory, this direction disappears in subsequent revisions of the law, in which the Romanizing and Christianizing influences are fully apparent, — though we may safely assume from other contemporary documents that the rule was preserved in practice, and was omitted in the written law because taken for granted. He might have quoted a passage from the Lex Alamannorum, which would appear to support his theory in crudely saying, "Si quis hominem occiderit et negare voluerit, cum duodecim nominatis juret";† but it would not be safe to assume from this, that a murderer could escape simply by producing conjurators, for it is evidently only a careless phrase, since another section of the same law expressly provides that, where a fact is proved by competent witnesses, the defendant shall not have the power of producing compurgators.‡ The Baioarian laws interpose a similar limitation.§ It is therefore evident, that in the earliest times recourse to this mode of proof was an expedient adopted only in default of more satisfactory evidence, and on this necessity the rachinborgs or judges probably decided. That it was so in subsequent periods is generally admitted, and it is hardly worth our while to cite other proof than a capitulary of Louis le Débonnaire, in 819, to this effect,‖ and a law of the Emperor Lothaire, promulgated not long afterward.¶

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* "Si quis hominem ingenuo plagiaverit, et probatio certa non fuit, sicut pro occiso juratore donet. Si juratores non potuerit invenire VIII M. den. . . . . culpabilis judicetur." — Tit. XXXIX. § 2. A similar provision occurs, Tit. XLII. § 5. (Pardessus.)

† L. Alaman. Tit. LXXXIX.

‡ Ibid. Tit. XLII.

§ "Nec facile ad sacramenta veniatur. . . . . In his vero causis sacramenta præstentur in quibus nullam probationem discussio judicantis invenerit." — L. Baioar. Tit. VIII. cap. 16.

‖ "Si hujus facti testes non habuerit cum duodecim conjuratoribus legitimis per sacramentum adfirmet," &c. — Capit. Ludov. Pii, I. ann. 819, § 1.

¶ "Si testes habere non poterit, concedimus ut cum XII. juratoribus juret." — L. Longobard. Lib. I. Tit. IX. § 38.

As it is thus apparent that conjurators were brought forward, not as witnesses, but merely as supporters of the defendant, it seems at first sight a little unreasonable that they should have been considered guilty of perjury, and subject to its penalties, in case of sustaining the wrong side of a cause; and it is probably owing to this inconsistency that some writers have denied their being involved in the guilt of their principal. Among others, the learned Meyer has fallen into this error.* We have already seen that the penalties provided for such cases were those of perjury; and if further proof be wanting, it is supplied by a clause in the Lex Alamannorum, which denies the privilege of canonical compurgation to any one who has previously been convicted of crime more than once, in order to save innocent persons from being involved with him in the guilt of perjury, — "ut propter suam nequitiam alii qui volunt Dei esse non se perjurent, nec propter culpam alienam semetipsos perdant." † It is to be borne in mind, however, while criticising the hardships to which conjurators were exposed, that the whole system was an absurdity, and that it could be redeemed only by rendering the office one not to be undertaken lightly. A man who was endeavoring to defend himself from a charge of murder, or who desired to confirm his possession of an estate against a competitor with a fair show of title, was expected to produce guaranties that would carry conviction to the minds of impartial men. As long as the practice subsisted, it was therefore necessary to invest it with solemnity, and to guard it with penalties that would obviate some of its disadvantages. That its attendant evils gradually became more apparent, we learn from a constitution of Otho II. in 983, abolishing the practice in cases of contested estates, on account of the enormous perjury to which it gave rise, and substituting the wager of battle. ‡ The system, however, had too deep a hold on the habits and modes of thought of the people to be suddenly abolished, and a hundred years later we find it in full vigor in the laws of William the Conqueror and Henry I. of England. In the first half of the

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* Institutions Judiciaires, I. 317. (Pardessus.)

† L. Alaman. Tit. XLII. § 1.

‡ L. Longobard. Lib. II. Tit. LV. § 34.

twelfth century, the laws of Scotland, attributed to David I., furnish further proofs of its existence; and in the latter half of the same century, the Liber Feudorum, compiled by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, provides that the holder of a contested fief may, in default of other testimony, swear with twelve conjurators that the estate has descended to him lineally.* Nearly contemporary with this is Glanville's excellent treatise "De Legibus Angliæ," the earliest satisfactory body of legal procedure which the history of mediæval jurisprudence affords. In this there is but little mention of the custom, but that little shows it still in existence, though much circumscribed in use. A defendant who desired to deny the serving of a writ, could swear to its non-reception with twelve conjurators;† and a party to a suit, who had made an unfortunate statement or admission in court, could deny it by bringing forward two to swear with him against the united recollections and records of the whole court.‡ In both these cases those who took the oath could in no sense be regarded as witnesses, for the legal maxim that negatives are not susceptible of proof was fully understood and acted on at that time. The Assises de Jerusalem remark, that "nul ne peut faire preuve de non," and Beaumanoir, in the Coutumes de Beauvoisis, adduces ecclesiastical testimony to the same effect: "Li clerc si dient et il dient voir, que negative ne doit pas quevir en proeve."

At this period the custom is rapidly disappearing from the statute-book. On the one hand the powerful influence of the

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* "Si vero probare non poterit prædicto modo, dabitur ei defensio cum XII. sacramentalibus." (Spelman.)

† Glanville, Lib. I. Cap. IX. Also, Lib. I. Cap. XVI., Lib. IX. Cap. I., Lib. X. Cap. V.

‡ "In aliis enim curiis si quis aliquid dixerit unde eum pœnituerit, poterit id negare contra totam curiam tertia manu cum sacramento, id se non dixisse affirmando." (Glanville, Lib. VIII. Cap. IX.) In the Assises de Jerusalem the same laudable object is attained by insisting on the employment of lawyers, whose assertions would not be binding on their principals: — "Et por ce il deit estre lavantparlier, car se lavantparlier dit parole quil ne doit dire por celuy cui il parole, celui por qui il parle et son conceau y pueent bien amender ains que le iugement soit dit. Mais se celuy de cui est li plais diseit parole qui li deust torner a damage, il ne la peust torner arieres puis quil la dite," etc. (Baisse Court, Cap. 133.) There is something very amusing in the *naïveté* of these unsophisticated modes of avoiding justice.

Church, on the other the efforts of the rising school of subtile and enlightened jurists, now beginning to form themselves into a class, and full of enthusiasm for the rediscovered principles of the Roman law, conspired to overthrow this relic of credulous barbarism. Among the people, however, ignorant of Institutes and Decretals, it still lingered; and we may perhaps be pardoned, if, leaving for a moment the dry details of codes and constitutions, we translate a little ballad from the French of Audefroi le Bâtard, a renowned *trouvère* of the same period, which aptly illustrates the confidence which it still inspired.

LA BELLE EREMBORS.*

"Quand vient en mai, que l'on dit as lons jors," etc.

"In the long, bright days of spring-time,
In the month of blooming May,
The Franks from royal council field
All homeward wend their way.
Rinaldo leads them onward
Past Erembors' gray tower,
But turns away, nor deigns to look
Up to the maiden's bower.
Ah, dear Rinaldo!

"Full in her turret window
Fair Erembors is sitting,
The lovelorn tales of knights and dames
In many a color knitting.
She sees the Franks pass onward,
Rinaldo at their head,
And fain would clear the slanderous tale
That evil tongues have spread.
Ah, dear Rinaldo!

"'Sir knight, I well remember
When you had grieved to see
The castle of old Erembors
Without a smile from me.'
'Your vows are broken, princess,
Your faith is light as air,
Your love another's, and of mine
You have nor reck nor care.'
Ah, dear Rinaldo!

* Le Roux de Lincy, Chants Historiques Français, I. 15.

"'Sir knight, my faith unbroken
On relics I will swear;
A hundred maids and thirty dames
With me shall witness bear.
I've never loved another,
From stain my vows are free.
If this content your doubts and fears,
You shall have kisses three.'
Ah, dear Rinaldo!

"Rinaldo mounts the staircase,
A goodly knight I ween,
With shoulders broad and slender waist,
Fair hair and blue eyes keen.
Earth holds no youth so gifted
In every knightly measure.
When Erembors beholds him,
She weeps with very pleasure!
Ah, dear Rinaldo!

"Rinaldo in the turret
Upon a couch reposes,
Where deftly limned are mimic wreaths
Of violets and of roses.
Fair Erembors beside him
Sits clasped in loving hold,
And in their eyes and lips they find
The love they vowed of old!
Ah, dear Rinaldo!"

Ducange furnishes us with another extra-judicial instance, occurring a century later, in 1288, which shows that the ceremony was still regarded with reverence, as determining matters which could not be reached by ordinary evidence. In a solemn treaty of peace between two turbulent houses, one of the principals agrees to swear, with seven of his friends, that he had not rejoiced at, but deeply regretted, the death of his antagonist, whom the context would lead us to believe he had assisted in killing.* Some time previous to this, however, the custom may be considered as expunged from among the authorized legal forms of Western and Southern Europe. A

* "Li Hermite jura sur sains, li vuitiesme de ses amis, que bien ne li fu de la mort Raolin d'Argées, ains l'en pesa plus que biau ne l'en fu." — Ducange, Dissertation sur les Guerres Privées. Mem. de Joinville.

slight allusion to it, indeed, occurs in a collection of the laws of Normandy dating from the commencement of the thirteenth century, sufficient to show that it was still in existence, yet shorn of all importance;* but it has entirely disappeared from various contemporary codes. In 1220 the Emperor Frederic II. promulgated the "Constitutiones Sicularum," a system of jurisprudence greatly in advance of what had preceded it, and showing the remarkable influence which the Roman law was beginning to exercise over the Teutonic element. The Assises de Jerusalem, or code constructed for the government of the Latin kingdoms of the East, although originally compiled in 1099, under Godfrey of Bouillon, has reached us only in the form which it assumed about the period under consideration. Both of these bodies of law are destitute of any allusion to canonical compurgation, showing how completely it was falling into disuse by the common consent of legislators. Nor yet is it referred to in the Coutumes du Beauvoisis, written by Beaumanoir in 1283, which give us so thorough an insight into the struggle between feudalism and the enlightened centralization aimed at by the reforms of St. Louis. Still, in a much later period, a faint reflection of its influence may be traced in the laws of Brittany, as revised in 1539, in a provision by which a man claiming compensation for property taken away is to be believed on oath as to his statement of its value, provided he can produce credible witnesses to depose "qu'ils croyent que le jureur ait fait bon et loyal serment";† but even this last vestige disappears in the revision of the Coutumier made by Henry III. in 1580. In Germany, however, the practice in its original form as a mode of compurgation was maintained to a much later period than in France, M. Königswarter quoting an instance which occurred in 1548; while in Sweden it was a recognized form of procedure for a century later, as is shown by a statute of Queen Christina in 1653.

The influence of the Roman hierarchy was a powerful element in the gradual abrogation of a custom so deeply

* Tit. *de Défautes*, Établissements de Normandie, published by Marnier, Paris, 1839.

† Anc. Cout. de Bretagne, Tit. VIII. art. 168.

rooted in the minds and feelings of the people. That influence in the Middle Age was almost always on the side of intelligence, except where the material or spiritual interests of the Church were involved; and before the revival of the Roman law, at a time when the clergy were almost the sole depositaries of legal learning, the tendency of litigation was to centre in the ecclesiastical courts, and to leave the petty sessions of ignorant and tyrannical *seigneurs justiciers*. All motives conspired, therefore, to add vigor to the determination of the popes to put an end to forms by which justice could be so readily perverted, or at best was left to the decision of chance. Their warfare against the judgment by ordeal and the wager of battle was long and arduous; that against compurgation by oath was earlier successful; and when the great champion in the quarrel, Innocent III., towards the beginning of the thirteenth century, decreed that compurgators were held to swear only to their belief in the truth of the oath taken by their principal,* he attacked the very foundation of the practice, and gave a powerful impulse to the tendency of the times no longer to regard the compurgator as sharing the guilt or innocence of the accused. The guaranty which had thus originally existed was withdrawn; the proceeding was shorn of its solemnity, and could no more present itself as offering security worthy the confidence of the people, or sufficient to occupy the attention of a court of justice. That it should fall into contempt when thus diverted from its original meaning was most natural, and that it should have maintained its ground so long is a striking proof of the vitality of error where it has once succeeded in completely obtaining the confidence of the ignorant.

An interesting branch of the question, which our author passes over without notice, is whether the plaintiff or accuser had the right to fortify his position by conjurators. With but one exception, the "Leges Barbarorum" are silent on this point, and we should conclude that the practice was unknown, if the exception were not of a striking character. Some of

* "Illi qui ad purgandam alicujus infamiam inducuntur, id solum tenentur juramento firmare, quod veritatem credunt eum dicere qui purgatur." — Bignon. Notæ ad Marculfum.

the earlier texts of the Salique law contain a section* commanding in certain cases the accuser or plaintiff to sustain his action with a number of conjurators varying with the amount at stake; a larger number is required of the defendant in reply, and it is presumed that the judges weighed the probabilities on either side, and rendered their verdict accordingly. The directions are so precise, that there can be no doubt that in early times the custom prevailed to a limited extent, at least among certain tribes of the Franks, and it is an additional proof of the separate individuality of each house or family as distinguished from the rest of the sept. In England the Anglo-Saxon laws require, except in trivial cases, an oath from the accuser (*ante-juramentum*, or *præjuramentum*), and William the Conqueror enforced this by demanding the addition of conjurators.† As the oath had reference not to the facts of the case, but solely to purity of intention on the part of the accuser, those who took it with him were in no sense witnesses.

When man is emerging from barbarism, the struggle between the rising powers of reason and the waning forces of credulity, superstition, prejudice, and custom, affords an interesting and instructive spectacle. Wise in our generation, we laugh at the inconsistencies of our forefathers, which, rightly considered as parts of the great cycle of human progress, are rather to be respected as trophies of the silent victory, pursuing its irresistible course by almost imperceptible gradations, and most beneficent when least conspicuous. When, therefore, in the darkness of the Middle Age, we find the elements of pure justice so strangely intermingled with the arbitrament of force, and with the no less misleading decisions of chance dignified under the forms of Christianized superstition, we should remember that even this is an improvement on the all-pervading first law of brute strength. We should not wonder that semi-barbarous tribes require to be enticed towards the conceptions of abstract right, through pathways which,

* Tit. LXXIV. of Herold's text. Cap. XVIII. of the Capita Extravagantia of Pardessus.

† "Et li apeleur jurra sur lui jur set homes nomes, qui pour haur nel fist, ne pur altre chose, si pur son dreit non purchacer." — L. Guillel. I. cap. 16. (Wilkins.)

though devious, may reach the goal at last. When the strong man is brought, by whatever means, to yield to the weak, a great conquest is gained over human nature; and if the aid of a higher power is invoked, however mistakenly, to aid in the struggle, we may regret the necessity, but when enjoying the result we have no right to stigmatize the means by which Providence has seen fit to bring it about. With uneducated nations, as with uneducated men, sentiment is stronger than reason, and sacrifices will be made to the one which are refused to the other. If therefore the fierce warrior, who is resolute in maintaining an injustice or a usurpation, can be brought to submit his claim to the chances of an equal combat or of an ordeal, he has already taken a vast step towards acknowledging the empire of right, and abandoning the personal independence which is incompatible with the relations of human society. It is by such indirect means that mere aggregations of individuals, each relying on his sword and right hand, have been gradually led to endure regular forms of government, and, becoming organized nations, to cherish the abstract idea of justice as indispensable between man and man. Viewed in this light, the ancient forms of procedure lose their ludicrous aspect, and we contemplate their whimsical jumble of force, faith, and reason, as we might the first rude engine of Watt, or the "Clermont" which painfully labored in the waters of the Hudson, — a clumsy affair when compared with the "Persia" or the "Adriatic," but yet venerable as the origin and prognostic of subsequent triumphs.

There is a natural tendency in the human mind to cast the burden of its doubts on the shoulders of a higher power, and to relieve itself from the trouble of decision by seeking in mystery the solution of its difficulties. From the fetish-worshippers of Congo to the polished sceptics who frequented the *salon* of Mlle. le Normant, the distance, though great, is bridged over by this common weakness; and whether an omen for the future, or information of the past, be sought, the impulse is the same. When, therefore, in the primitive *mallum*, the wisdom of the rachinborgs was at fault, and the absence or equal balance of testimony rendered a verdict difficult, what was more natural than to seek a decision by appealing to the

powers above, and to leave the matter to the judgment of God? Nor, with the warlike instincts of the race, is it surprising that this appeal should have been made to the God of battles, to whom, in the ardor of newly found and imperfect Christianity, they looked in every case for a special interposition in favor of innocence and justice. The curious mingling of modes of procedure is well illustrated by a form of process prescribed in the Lex Baioariorum.* A man comes with six conjurators into court, and claims an estate; the possessor defends his right with a single witness, who must be a landholder of the vicinage, and whose testimony is sufficient to outweigh the six, whose oaths are only affirmative of that of their principal. The claimant then attacks the veracity of the witness: — "Thou hast lied against me. Grant me the single combat, and let God make manifest whether thou hast sworn truth or falsehood!" † — and according to the event of the duel is the decision as to the truthfulness of the witness and the ownership of the property.

In discussing the judicial combat, it is important to keep in view the distinction between the wager of battle as a legal institution, and the custom of duelling, which has obtained with more or less regularity among all races and in all ages. When the Horatii met the Curiatii, or when Antony challenged Octavius to decide the empire of the world with their two swords, these were isolated proposals to save the unnecessary expenditure of blood, or to gratify individual hate. When the *raffiné* of the times of Henri Quatre, or the modern fire-eater, wipes out some imaginary stain in the blood of his antagonist, the duel thus fought, though bearing a somewhat greater analogy to the judicial combat, is derived, not from this, but from the right of private vengeance which was common to all the Teutonic tribes, and from the subsequent right of private warfare which was the exclusive privilege of the gentry in feudal times. The established euphuistic formula of demanding "the satisfaction of a gentleman" thus designates both the object of the custom

* Tit. XVI. Cap. I. § 2.

† "Mendacium jurasti contra me: sponde me pugna duorum, et manifestet Deus si mendacium an veritatem jurasti contra me."

and its origin. Being nearly akin, however, to the battle ordeal, and having survived that institution, the duel has inherited somewhat of dignity, and has been to a certain extent modified in succeeding to its elder brother; but the distinction between the two can always be discerned. When, after the Sicilian Vespers, the wily Charles of Anjou was sorely pressed by his victorious rival, Don Pedro I. of Aragon, and, fearing a general revolt of his Neapolitan subjects, desired to gain time, he sent a herald to Don Pedro to accuse him of bad faith in having commenced the war without a defiance. The fiery Catalan fell into the snare, and, to clear himself of the charge, offered to meet his accuser in single combat. Both parties swore upon the Gospels to decide the question, a hundred on each side, on the neutral territory of Bordeaux, and Charles, having obtained the requisite suspension of arms, easily found means to avoid the *champ clos*.* Though practically this challenge may differ little from that of Antony, — the stake in reality being the crown of the Two Sicilies, — still its form was that of a judicial duel, the accused Don Pedro offering to disprove the charge of *mala fides* on the body of his accuser. When Francis I., in idle bravado, flung down the gauntlet to Charles V., it was not to save half of Europe from fire and sword, but simply to clear himself from the well-grounded charge of perjury brought against him by the Emperor for his non-observance of the Treaty of Madrid. This, again, wore the form of the judicial combat, whatever might be the motives of private hate or public gasconade that influenced the ill-regulated mind of the last imitator of the follies of chivalry.† The distinction is perhaps even more striking in the celebrated duel fought, in 1547, between La Chaistaigneraie and Jarnac, so piteously mourned over by honest old Brantôme, which signalized the commencement of the reign of Henry II. It is noted as the last instance in France of compurgation by battle, having been conducted with all the judicial ceremonies, in presence of the king, to clear Jarnac from a disgusting accusation brought by his adversary. Re-

* Ramon Muntaner, Cap. LXXII. † Du Bellay, Mémoires, Liv. III.

sulting most unexpectedly in the death of Chaistaignerie, who was a favorite of the king, the monarch was induced to put an end to all legalized combats, though the illegal institution of the private duel continued to flourish, and increased beyond all former precedent during the succeeding half-century, — Henry IV. having granted, in twenty-two years, no less than seven thousand letters of pardon for duels fought in contravention of the royal edicts. The modern mode of obtaining satisfaction is so repugnant to the spirit of our age, that we can scarcely be surprised that this last relic of barbarism should be generally regarded as descended from the ancient wager of battle; but, as we have observed, the two have coexisted as separate institutions, and, though perhaps drawing their origin remotely from the same habits and customs, yet they followed different channels, were practised for different ends, and were conducted with different ceremonies. The object of the one was vengeance and reparation; the theory of the other was the discovery of truth.

Our theme is limited to the combat as a judicial process, and therefore, leaving untouched the vast harvest of amusing anecdote afforded by the monomachial propensities of modern times, we will briefly consider the history of the legal duel, from its origin to its final abrogation. Confined to the nations of Modern Europe, unknown to classical antiquity or to the ancient civilizations of the East, it is not a little singular that the custom should have prevailed, with such general unanimity, from Spartivento to the North Cape, and that, with but one or two exceptions, all the European races, differing in so many points, should have adopted this with such common spontaneity, that we cannot assign its origin with certainty to any one of them. It would seem to have been autochthonic with them all, and the theories which attribute its paternity especially to the Burgundians, to the Franks, or to the Lombards, are equally destitute of foundation. The earliest reference to the practice occurs in a passage quoted by M. Königswarter from Livy, in which the historian describes a Spanish tribe as settling civil suits by combat, when no other

convenient solution presented itself.* Cæsar, however, makes no mention of such a custom among the Gauls, nor does Tacitus among the Germans; † and their silence on the subject must be accepted as conclusive, since a system so opposed to the theories of the Roman Law could not have failed to impress them had it existed. If the fabulous age attributed by the early historians to the Danish monarchy be accepted as credible, we may quote from Saxo Grammaticus a statement that Frotho III. or Great, about the Christian era, introduced the practice among his subjects, employing it in all cases; ‡ and, however apocryphal the chronology may be, it yet shows the immense antiquity attributed to the custom, even in those ancient times. Spelman quotes the proceedings of an Irish synod, said to have been held in 432 by St. Patrick, which, if genuine, present us with the earliest reference to the practice after the irruption of the barbarians, Canon VI. providing that an appeal to the sword by a clerk shall subject him to expulsion from the Church. § As this was about the epoch of the conversion of the Irish, the allusion would seem to signalize a deeply rooted pre-existing custom. Towards the end of the same century, King Gundobald caused the laws of the Burgundians to be collected, and among them

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* "Quidem lites quas disceptando finire nequiverant aut noluerant, pacto inter se ut victorem res sequeretur, ferro decreverunt." — Lib. XXVIII. Cap. XXI.

† A passage in "De Moribus Germaniæ," Cap. X., is commonly quoted as showing the existence of the duel as a means of evidence among the Germans, but erroneously. When about to undertake an important war, one of the enemy was captured and obliged to fight with a chosen champion, and from the result an augury was drawn as to the event of the war. Those who quote this custom, however, overlook the vast difference between a special omen of the future, and a proof of the past in the daily affairs of life.

Ducange alludes to an expression in Paterculus as proving that the judicial appeal to the sword was customary among the Germans; but we cannot believe that such is the meaning of the passage, diffident though we are in dissenting from so absolute an authority. Paterculus merely says (Lib. II. Cap. CXVIII.), in describing the stratagems which led to the defeat of Varus, "et solita armis decerni jure terminarentur." Taken with the context, this would appear to refer merely to the law of the strongest, which obtains among all savage tribes.

‡ "Ut de qualibet controversia ferro decernetur; speciosius viribus quam verbis conflingendum existimans." — Saxo Gram. Hist. Dan. Lib. V. (Wilkins.)

§ "Clericus ille solvat debitum, nam si armis compugnaverit cum illo, merito extra ecclesiam computetur."

the wager of battle is so conspicuous, that it obtained the name of Lex Gundebalda, or Loy Gombette, giving rise to the belief that it originated among that race. Although this is an error, the practice among them must evidently have been of old date to have been ramified so completely throughout their jurisprudence. Numerous early instances of the "pugna duorum" among the Salian Franks are to be found in Gregory of Tours, and yet in the ordinary texts of the Salique law no mention is made of it. In one manuscript, however, it is alluded to as a regular form of procedure.* We must not infer, however, from this silence, that the custom was not legalized among them; for the same silence is observed in the "Lex Emendata" of Charlemagne, while the Capitularies of that monarch frequently allude to it as the last appeal in doubtful cases. The offshoots of the Salique law, the Lex Ripuariorum, Lex Alamannorum, and Lex Baioariorum,† all of which bear a very strong family resemblance to their common parent, in their constant reference to the "campus," show how thoroughly it pervaded the entire system of Germanic jurisprudence. The Lombards were, if possible, even more addicted to settling their differences in this manner. Their earliest laws, compiled by King Rotharis in 643, seventy-six years after their occupation of Italy, make constant reference to the practice; and when Luitprand, more enlightened than his contemporaries, endeavored about a century later to abolish it, he found the national prejudices too powerful for him, and was obliged to rest content with some ineffectual efforts to limit the extent of its application, and to diminish the penalties incurred by the defeated party. He took care, however, to leave on record a strong expression of his disbelief in its justice, and of his desire to do away with it altogether.‡

* "Si tamen non potuerit adprobare .... et postea si ausus fuerit pugnet."—Leyden MS. Cap. XXXVIII., Capita Extravagantia of Pardessus.

† Compiled by Thierry, son of Clovis, afterwards revised successively under Childebert and Clotaire II., and finally by Dagobert I. about the year 630. The latter form is that in which the laws have mostly reached us.

‡ "Gravis causa nobis esse comparuit, ut sub uno scuto, per unam pugnam, omnem suam substantiam homo amittat. .... Quia incerti sumus de judicio Dei; et multos audivimus per pugnam sine justa causa suam causam perdere. Sed propter consuetudinem gentis nostræ, Longobardorum legem impiam vetare non possumus."—L. Longobard. Lib. I. Tit. IX. § 23.

The laws of the Angles, the Saxons, and the Frisians likewise bear testimony to the widely extended prevalence of the custom.* We have seen the extreme antiquity attributed by Saxo Grammaticus to the wager of battle among the Danes, and the same author informs us that the institution was abolished by Harold the Simple, about the year 1075.† In Sweden, Norway, and Iceland, it was in full vigor for nearly a century later. Among the Welch it prevailed to a considerable extent, and though Hoel Dha, when he revised their code in 914, endeavored to put an end to the practice, he was unable effectually to eradicate it.

It is not a little singular that the judicial combat appears to have been unknown to the Anglo-Saxons. Employed so extensively as legal evidence throughout their ancestral regions, by the kindred tribes from which they sprang, the races among whom they settled, and the Danes and Norwegians who became incorporated with them, — harmonizing, moreover, with their general habits and principles of action, — we might deem it impossible that they should not likewise have introduced it. That such was the case is one of the anomalies which defy speculation, and we can only mention the fact, that it is not referred to in any of the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Danish codes, and that there seems to be no doubt that its introduction into English jurisprudence dates only from William the Conqueror.‡

The only other barbarian race among whose laws the

* E. g. L. Angliorum et Werinorum, Tit. I. Cap. III. and Tit. XV. — L. Saxon. Tit. XV. — L. Frison. Tit. V. Cap. I. and Tit. XI. Cap. III.

† M. Königswarter asserts that this change occurred on the conversion to Christianity of Harold Blaatand by Bishop Poppo, in 965. Saxo Grammaticus, however, who was almost a contemporary, attributes it to Harold the Simple, son of Swen Estrith.

‡ "Si Francigena appellaverit Anglum .... Anglus se defendat per quod melius voluerit, aut judicio ferri vel duello..... Si autem Anglus Francigenam appellaverit et probare voluerit judicio aut duello, tunc volo Francigenam purgare se sacramento, non duello." — Decreta Guillelmi Bastardi. (Wilkins.) The distinction thus drawn between the races seems a little surprising, when immunity from the duel is accorded as a privilege to the generous Norman blood. The decree, however, appears to have been issued very shortly after the Conquest, and William may have been afraid that his scattered countrymen might be cut off in detail by legal means. In a subsequent statute the distinction was withdrawn. (Legg. Guillel. Conquest. Cap. LXVIII. et seq.)

battle trial found no place was the Wisigothic, and with them the exception is susceptible of a readier explanation. They were the earliest of the invaders who succeeded in forming a permanent occupation of the conquered territories; and settling, as they did, in Narbonensian Gaul and Spain, while the moral influence of Rome was yet all powerful, the imperial institutions exercised a much greater effect upon them than on the subsequent bands of Northern invaders. Accordingly, we find their code based almost entirely upon the Roman jurisprudence, with such modifications as were essential to adapt it to a ruder state of society. Its nicely balanced provisions and careful distinctions offer a striking contrast to the shapeless legislation of the races that followed, and neither the judicial combat nor canonical compurgation found a place in their code. Even the ordeal would appear to have been unknown until a period long subsequent to the conquest of Aquitaine by Clovis, and but little previous to their overthrow in Spain by the Saracens. The introduction of the Frankish element, however, brought with it Frankish customs; and in the celebrated combat before Louis le Débonnaire between Counts Bera and Sanila, who were both Goths, we find the "pugna duorum" claimed as an ancient privilege of the race, with the distinction of its being equestrian, in accordance with Gothic usages.*

Nor was the wager of battle confined to races of Celtic or Teutonic origin. The Slavonic tribes, as they successively emerge into the light of history, show the same tendency to decide doubtful points of civil and criminal law by an appeal to the sword; and in the earliest records of Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Servia, Silesia, Moravia, Pomerania, Lithuania, and Russia, M. Königswarter finds evidence of the prevalence of the system.

In the primitive codes of the barbarians, there is no distinction made between civil and criminal law; indeed, bodily punishment being almost unknown, except with regard to slaves, and nearly all infractions of the law being visited with fines, there was no necessity for such niceties, the matter at

* Ermold. Nigell., De Reb. Gest. Ludov. Pii, Lib. III. — Astron. Vita et Acta Ludov. Pii, Cap. XXXIII.

stake in all cases being simply money or money's worth. Accordingly, we find the wager of battle used indiscriminately, both as a defence against accusations of crime, and as a mode of settling cases of disputed property, real and personal. No doubt, in its origin, it was employed only in the absence of satisfactory evidence, and the judges or rachinborgs decided as to the propriety of its application. Some of the early codes refer to it but seldom, and allude to it as employed in but few cases.* This reticence, however, was not of long duration; for it was a favorite mode of determining questions of perjury, and there was nothing to prevent a suitor, who saw his case going adversely, from accusing an inconvenient witness of false swearing, and demanding the "campus" to prove it, — a proceeding which adjourned the main case, and likewise decided its result.† This summary process, of course, brought all actions within the jurisdiction of force, and deprived the judges of all authority to prevent the abuse. Indeed, so completely was the control taken out of the hands of the judiciary, that with the lapse of time it finally became competent for a defeated party to challenge the court itself, and thus obtain a reversal of judgment at the point of his sword. In the twelfth century, Glanville confesses his doubt whether the court could depute its quarrel to a champion, or whether the judge delivering the verdict was bound to defend it personally, and also what, in case of defeat, was the legal position of the court thus convicted of unjust judgment.‡ A hundred years later, we

* Thus the Lex Salica, as we have seen above, can hardly be said to recognize the existence of the practice. The Lex Ripuariorum refers to it but four times; the Lex Alamannorum but six times; while it fairly bristles throughout the cognate code of the Baioarians.

† A proof of this has already been quoted from the L. Baioar. Tit. XVI. Cap. I. § 2. See also Capit. Ludov. Pii, ann. 819, Cap. XV.: "At si alia vice duo vel tres eum de furto accusaverint, liceat ei contra unum ex his cum scuto et fuste in campo contendere." For this reason, perhaps, the witness came into court armed, and had his weapons blessed on the altar before giving his testimony. If defeated, he was fined, and obliged to make good any damage which his evidence might have caused to his opponent. L. Baioar. Tit. XVI. Cap. V.

‡ "Curia ..... tenetur tamen judicium suum tueri per duellum. ..... Sed utrum curia ipsa teneatur per aliquem de curia se defendere, vel per alium extraneum hoc fieri possit, quero," etc. — De Leg. Angl. Lib. VIII. Cap. IX. As the military and judicial professions were usually combined at that period, this proceeding was not so extraordinary as it may appear to us.

learn the solution of these knotty points from Beaumanoir, whose elaborate directions prove the wide prevalence of the custom, and the restrictions with which legists were endeavoring to abridge it. Some caution was necessary; for the disappointed pleader who did not manage matters rightly might find himself pledged single-handed to a combat with all his judges at once, and, as the bench consisted of a collection of the neighboring gentry, the result might be to confirm the sentence in a manner more emphatic than agreeable. The penalty imposed on a judge vanquished in such an appeal was severe, — in civil cases, a heavy fine and deprivation of the judicial function; in criminal ones, death and confiscation, — "il pert le cors et quanques il a." In capital cases, however, the appeal did not lie, while in civil causes the suzerain, before whom the appeal was made, could refuse it when the justice of the verdict was self-evident.*

Arising, as we have seen, thus spontaneously from the habits and character of so many races, it is no wonder that the wager of battle, adapting itself to their various usages, became so permanent an institution. Its roots lay deep amid the recesses of popular superstition and prejudice, and its growth was correspondingly strong and vigorous. In this it was greatly assisted by the ubiquitous evils which presented themselves from the facility for perjury afforded by the practice of sacramental oaths and conjurators, and it seems to have been regarded by legislators as the only remedy for the crime of false swearing everywhere prevalent. Thus Gundobald assumes that its introduction into the Burgundian code arose from this cause.† Charlemange urged its use as greatly preferable to the shameless oaths which were taken with so much facility,‡ while Otho II., in 983, ordained its use in various forms of procedure, for the same reason.§ It can hardly be

* Coutumes du Beauvoisis, Chap. LXI. §§ 39, 45, 47, 50, 62.

† "Multos in populo nostro et provicatione causantium et cupiditatis instinctu ita cognoscimus depravari, ut de rebus incertis sacramentum plerumque offerre non dubitent et de cognitis jugiter perjurare," etc. — L. Burgund. Tit. XLV.

‡ "Ut palam apparet quod aut ille qui crimen ingerit, aut ille qui vult se defendere, perjurare se debeat, melius visum est ut in campo cum fustibus pariter contendant quam perjurium absconse perpetrent." — Capit. Car. Mag. ex Lege Longobard. Cap. XXXIV. (Baluze.)

§ L. Longobard. Lib. II. Tit. LV. § 34.

deemed singular, in view of the manners of the times, and the enormous evils for which a remedy was sought, that the effort was made in this mode to impress upon principals and witnesses the awful sanctity of the oath, by enforcing a liability to support it by an appeal to arms under imposing religious ceremonies. Be this as it may, we have abundant evidence of its frequent use. Charlemagne, when dividing his vast empire, thought necessary to forbid its employment in settling the territorial questions that might arise among his heirs,* — a useless precaution, since they all preferred to mingle secret treachery with open force, but one which shows that this arbitrament was in common use in affairs of the highest magnitude, while the constant allusions to its employment, in the capitularies, indicate how favorite a mode it was of settling private quarrels.

All this, however, found a consistent opponent in the Church. When King Gundobald gave form and shape to the "pugna duorum" in digesting the Burgundian laws, Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, remonstrated loudly against the practice, as unjust and unchristian. A new controversy arose on the occasion of the duel between Counts Bera and Sanila, to which we have already referred as an important event in the reign of Louis le Débonnaire. Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons, seized the occasion to address to the Emperor a treatise, in which he strongly deprecated the appeal to arms, as well as the employment of ordeals in settling judicial questions. Some thirty-five years afterwards, in 855, the Council of Valence denounced the battle-trial in the strongest terms, praying the Emperor Lothaire to abolish it throughout his dominions, and resolving that the victor in such contests should be excommunicated, and the victim be denied the rites of Christian sepulture.† Pope Nicholas I. and other pontiffs protested against it, and exerted themselves energetically, but ineffectually, to procure its abandonment. Meanwhile, a defender had arisen in the person of the fiery Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, who, in warmly espousing the cause of the unfortunate Tiet-

* "Nec unquam pro tali caussa cujuslibet generis pugna vel campus ad examinationem judicetur." — Charta Divis. Carol. Mag. ann. 806, Cap. XIV.

† Fleury, Hist. Eccles. Lib. 49.

birga, repudiated by King Lothaire, had occasion to support, with all the energy of his nature, the claims of the judgment of God to human respect. The opposing efforts of the Church would appear to have been attended with little success, and we find traces of the judicial combat during the darkness of the next century, — the most obscure in the history of the Middle Age. About the year 930, Hugh, king of Provence and Italy, becoming jealous of his uterine brother, Lambert, Duke of Tuscany, asserted him to be a supposititious child, and ordered him for the future to claim no relationship with himself. Lambert, being "vir ..... bellicosus et ad quodlibet facinus audax," contemptuously denied the aspersion, and offered to clear all doubts as to his birth by the wager of battle. Hugh accordingly selected a warrior named Teudinus as his champion. Lambert was victor in the ensuing combat, and was universally received as the undoubted son of his mother. His triumph, however, was short-lived; for Hugh soon after succeeded in making him prisoner, and deprived him of eyesight.* Towards the middle of the same century, Otho the Great appears, throwing the enormous weight of his influence into the scale. A magnanimous and warlike prince as he was, the wager of battle appears to have possessed peculiar attractions for his chivalrous tendencies, and he extended its application as far as lay in his power. Not only did he force his daughter Liutgarda, in defending herself from a villanous accusation, to forego the safer modes of compurgation, and to submit herself to the perils of a judicial combat, but he also caused the abstract question of representation in the succession of estates to be settled in the same manner; and to this day in Germany the division of a patrimony between children and grandchildren is regulated by the doughty arms of the champions who fought together nine hundred years ago at Steil.† His son, Otho II., carried out his father's views. We have already alluded to his substituting the judicial duel for sacramental oaths, in 983, and we find him at the same time

* Luitprand. Antapod. Lib. III. cap. 46.

† Palgrave, Hist. Normandy, II. 633. In both these cases Otho may be said to have had ancient custom in his favor. See L. Longobard. Lib. I. Tit. XII. § 2; L. Alamann. Cap. add. XXII. and Cap. LVI. and LXXXIV.

abandoning the immemorial policy of the barbarians, which permitted to all subject races the enjoyment of their ancestral laws, by forcing the Italians in this respect to adopt the customs of their conquerors.*

Under such auspices, and stimulated by the rising spirit of chivalry, it is no wonder that the judicial duel acquired fresh importance, and was more extensively practised than ever. All classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, were liable to be called to defend their rights in the field. We have already alluded to several instances in which kings exchanged cartels, and more might readily be given, such as the challenge between the Emperor Henry the Black and Henry I. of France during an interview at Ipsch in 1056.† The Champion of England, who figures in the coronation pageant of Westminster Abbey, is a relic of the times when it was not an empty ceremony for the armed and mounted knight to fling the gauntlet, and proclaim aloud that he was ready to do battle with any one who challenged the right of the new monarch to his throne. From the time of Henry I. the office of king's champion was one of honor and dignity.

As regards the lower orders, innumerable documents attest the right of peasants to the appeal of battle, and even Jews were sometimes admitted to the privilege, as we learn from a decision of 1207, preserved in an ancient register of assizes in Normandy.‡ By the old Lombard law, slaves were allowed to defend themselves in this manner,§ and among the Frisians a *litus* claiming his liberty was allowed to assert it against his master with arms.‖ This, however, was long anterior to the period under consideration; but even in the time of Beaumanoir (1283), although an appeal would not lie from a serf to a freeman, we may safely infer from the context that a

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* "Quacunque lege, sive etiam Romana, in omni regno Italico homo vixerit, hæc omnia ut in his capitulis per pugnam decernemus observare." — L. Longobard. Lib. II. Tit. LV. § 38.

† Lambert. Schaffnaburg. ann. 1056.

‡ Assises de l'Echiquier de Normandie, p. 114. (Marnier.)

§ "Servus ejus tunc per pugnam aut per sacramentum se defendat si potuerit." —L. Longobard. Lib. I. Tit. XXV. § 49.

‖ L. Frision. Tit. XI. Cap. III.

combat could be legally decreed between two serfs, if the consent of their masters was obtained.*

Women, ecclesiastics, and those suffering under bodily infirmity, were generally excused from appearing personally in the lists, but they were bound to produce a champion to defend their cause. So universal was this rule, that, as we learn by the Assises de Jerusalem, when from poverty the suitor was unable to provide a substitute, the suzerain was bound to supply the expenses for forty days; and when a murdered man left no relatives to prosecute the criminal, the suzerain was obliged to furnish the champion in any trial which might arise. † But even women were not always exempt from the necessity of personal defence. In some parts of Germany, as we learn from M. Königswarter, a custom existed by which a female defended herself from calumny by meeting her accuser in deadly combat, the chances being equalized by burying the man to his waist, tying his left hand behind his back, and furnishing him with a mace, while his weaker opponent had the free use of her limbs, and was armed with a heavy stone, securely fastened in a piece of stuff. Ecclesiastics also sometimes yielded to warlike aspirations, in contravention of the rules of the Church, as appears by a constitution of William the Conqueror in 1080, subjecting them to a fine by way of punishment, when the bishop's permission had not been obtained;—"Si clericus duellum sine episcopi licentia susceperit aut assultum fecerit, episcopo per pecuniam emendetur." In 1140 Pope Innocent II. found it necessary to denounce the practice of ecclesiastics appearing either personally or by champions.‡

Cases which came within the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts — including all which related directly or indirectly to marriages and testamentary provisions — were naturally exempted from the arbitrament of the sword, but, with this exception, nearly every possible matter of litigation may be considered as liable to the wager of battle. We have seen that, under Otho the Great, even an abstract question was resolved in this manner; and a more remarkable case occurred

* Coutumes du Beauvoisis, Cap. LXIII. § 1.

† Assises de Jerusalem, Cap. 266 and 267.

‡ Ducange.

in Spain in the eleventh century, when the fiery and indomitable Hildebrand endeavored to enforce the observance of the Roman liturgy in Castile and Leon, in lieu of the Gothic or Mozarabic rite. With considerable difficulty, Navarre and Aragon had, some years before, been led to consent to the change, but the Castilians were attached to the observances of their ancestors, and stoutly refused compliance. In 1077 Alphonso I. procured the assent of a national council to the change, but the people rebelled, and, after repeated negotiations, the question was referred for decision to the sword. The champion of the Gothic rite was victorious, and tradition adds, that a second trial was made by the ordeal of fire; a missal of each kind was thrown into the flames, and the national liturgy emerged triumphantly, unhurt.*

Nearly contemporary with this was the celebrated case of Otho, Duke of Bavaria, — perhaps the most noteworthy example of judicial appeal to the sword, as it proved the commencement of the terrible Saxon war, and of the troubles which, aggravated by the skilful hand of Hildebrand, pursued the unfortunate Emperor Henry IV. to his grave, and did so much to establish the temporal supremacy of the Pope. A worthless adventurer, named Egeno, accused the proud and powerful Otho of conspiring against the Emperor's life. In a Diet held at Mayence, the Duke was commanded to do battle with his accuser within six weeks. According to some authorities, his pride rebelled against meeting an adversary so very far beneath him; according to others, he was prevented from appearing in the lists only by the want of a safe-conduct, which the Emperor refused him. Be this as it may, the appointed term elapsed, judgment was taken against him by default, and his duchy was confiscated accordingly. It was bestowed on Welf, son of Azo d'Este and of Cunigunda, descendant and heiress of the ancient Guelfic Agilolfings, and thus, on the basis of a judicial duel, was founded the second Bavarian house of Guelf, from which have sprung so many royal and noble lines, including their Guelfic Majesties of Great Britain. Some years later, the Emperor offered to

* Ferreras, Hist. Gen. d'Espagne, Trad. d'Hermilly, III. 245.

disprove in the same manner a similar accusation brought against himself by Duke Reginger, of endeavoring to assassinate his rival, Rodolph of Suabia. A day was appointed for the combat, which was prevented only by the opportune death of Reginger immediately before it.*

The implicit confidence reposed in the battle ordeal is well illustrated by a case, in which a sacrilegious thief named Ansel stole the sacred vessels from the church of Laon, and sold them to a merchant. The latter swore secrecy, but, frightened at the excommunications pronounced by the authorities of the plundered church, he revealed the name of the robber. Ansel denied the charge, offered the wager of battle, defeated the unhappy receiver of the stolen goods, and was proclaimed innocent. Encouraged by the immunity, he committed the same offence a second time, was convicted, and confessed the previous crime. Learned doctors were consulted, who unhesitatingly pronounced that the merchant had suffered for the violation of the oath he had sworn to Ansel, and the reputation of the duel remained intact.†

There were some restrictions, however, imposed, and the judicial combat was not allowed for matters below a certain value. Thus, among the Angli and Werini, the minimum limit was two solidi,‡ while the Baioarians permitted it for a cow, or any matter of greater value.§ In later times, Otho II. decided that six solidi should be the smallest sum worth fighting for.‖ William the Conqueror appears to have enacted no limit; but Henry I. decreed that, in civil cases, the appeal of battle should not lie for a less amount than ten solidi.¶ In France, Louis le Jeune, by an edict of 1168, forbade the duel

* Lambert. Schaffnaburg. ann. 1070, 1073, 1074. — Conrad. Ursperg. ann. 1071.— Bruno de Bello Saxon.

† Duclos, Mémoire sur les Épreuves.

‡ L. Anglior. et Werinor. Tit. XV. The variations of the coinage are so numerous and so uncertain, that to express the values of the solidus, or sou, at the different periods and among the different races enumerated, would occupy more space than we could afford. In general terms, we may remark that the Carlovingian solidus was the twentieth part of a pound of silver, and, according to the researches of Guérard, was equivalent in purchasing power to about thirty-six francs of modern money. The marc was half a pound of silver.

§ L. Baioarior. Tit. VIII. Cap. II. § 5, and Cap. III.

‖ L. Longobard. Lib. II. Cap. LV. § 37. ¶ Legg. Henrici I. Cap. 59.

when the sum in question was below five solidi.* In the Frankish kingdom of Jerusalem, the minimum was a silver marc.†

While the custom remained at its height, either party to an action might, as a general rule, demand the judicial duel. When Beaumanoir composed his "Coutumes du Beauvoisis," in 1283, the practice may be considered to have entered on its decadence; twenty years had elapsed since the energetic efforts of St. Louis to abolish it; substitutes for it in legal procedure had been provided, and the manner in which that enlightened jurist manifests his preference for the peaceful forms of law, shows that he fully entered into the civilizing spirit in which the monarch had endeavored to soften the ferocity of his subjects. When, therefore, we see in Beaumanoir's treatise how few restrictions existed in his time, we may comprehend the previous universality of the custom. In criminal cases, if an accuser offered battle, the accused must either accept it or confess, unless he could prove an alibi; or unless the accuser himself was notoriously guilty of the crime in question, and the accusation was evidently intended merely to baffle justice; or unless, in case of murder, the murdered man, when dying, had disculpated him and had named the real criminals.‡ If the accused demanded battle, the judge could refuse it only when his guilt was too notorious for question.§ A serf could not challenge a freeman, nor a bastard a man of legitimate birth (though an appeal of battle lay between two bastards), nor a leper a sound man.‖ In civil actions it was not allowed in cases relating to dower, to orphans under age, to guardianships, or to the equity of redemption afforded by the feudal laws to kinsmen in the sale of heritable property, or when the matter at stake was of less value than twelve deniers.¶ The slenderness of these restrictions shows what ample opportunities

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* Ducange. † Assises de Jerusalem, Cap. 149.

‡ Coutumes du Beauvoisis, Chap. LXI. § 2; Chap. XLIII. § 6.

§ Ibid., Chap. LXI. § 2; Chap. XXXIX. § 12.

‖ Ibid., Chap. LXIII. §§ 1, 2, 10.

¶ Ibid., Chap. LXIII. §§ 11, 13, 18. The denier was the twelfth part of the solidus or sou.

were afforded to belligerent pleaders; and when we add the privilege of challenging judgments, which obtained almost everywhere, and the facilities enjoyed for forcing witnesses to defend their testimony sword in hand, we may conclude that practically it lay with either party to elect whether a suit commenced in court should be decided in the field. We have already alluded to the appeal of judgment; the challenging of testimony was so much a matter of right, that, in deference to the custom, ecclesiastics and women were not receivable as witnesses in lay courts in cases where appeal of battle might arise.* If the evidence of any particular witness were especially obnoxious, a favorite mode of disposing of it was to accuse him of some crime rendering him incapable of testifying; he was then obliged to fight, either personally or by champion, in order to have his evidence admitted.† A simpler mode, however, was to assert roundly that the witnesses were perjuring themselves, and to offer to prove it against one of them *corps à corps*; when, in case of his defeat, the cause was gained, no subsequent testimony being admitted after so emphatic a decision by the Universal Judge.‡ The result of this system was, that, in causes subject to appeal, no witness could be forced to testify, unless his principal entered into bonds to see him harmless in case of challenge, to provide a champion, and to make good all damages in case of defeat; § though it is difficult to understand how this could be satisfactorily arranged, since the penalties inflicted on a vanquished witness were severe, being, in civil causes, the loss of a hand, and a fine at the pleasure of the suzerain, and, in criminal actions, "il perderoit le cors avecques." ‖ The only limit to this abuse was that witnesses were not liable to challenge in cases concerning matters of less value than five sous and one denier.¶

In some countries, however, the facilities for these appeals to the sword were not so extensive. In Catalonia, for in-

* Coutumes du Beauvoisis, Chap. XXXIX. §§ 30, 31, 66. — Assises de Jerusalem, Cap. 169.

† Coutumes du Beauvoisis, Chap. VI. § 16.

‡ Ibid., Chap. LXI. § 58.

§ Ibid., Chap. LXI. § 59.

‖ Ibid., Chap. LXI. § 57.

¶ Ibid., Chap. XL. § 21.

stance, the judge alone had the power of deciding whether the wager of battle was admissible; in Montpellier the assent of both parties was requisite; while in Béarn it was permitted only in the absence of testimony.* On the other hand, in Normandy, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, many cases relating to real estate were examined in the first instance by a jury of twelve men, and, if they failed of a unanimous verdict, the question was decided by the judicial duel, whether the parties desired it or not.†

The wrong and injustice wrought by the immense extension of so senseless a custom must have become manifest to all thinking men, and gradually there arose an opposition to it on the part of enlightened legislators. The Church never entirely pretermitted her efforts to eradicate the prejudices left by primitive barbarism, and, as civilization advanced, she was from time to time aided by the secular power. Alexander III. in 1179, and Innocent III. in 1215, fulminated decretals against the wager of battle, and by their influence no doubt led to the first efficient steps towards its abolition. These were taken in 1220 by the Emperor Frederic II., who in the "Constitutiones Sicularum" pronounced the custom to be "non tam vera probatio quam quædam divinatio .... quæ naturæ non consonans a jure commune deviat, æquitatis rationibus non consentit," and prohibited it for the future, except in cases of murder and high treason, where other proof could not be had; and even in these, he placed it at the option of the accuser alone, in order to render it a punishment, not a trial.‡ St. Louis, not long afterward, followed his example, and among the ameliorations which he so earnestly endeavored to introduce was the abolition of the wager of battle, by the celebrated Ordonnance of 1260. This was productive of little immediate effect; for though the elaborate and judicious system of inquests which he tried to substitute for the duel no doubt eventually exercised a powerful influence in inducing his people to adopt the more rational and safer

* Libell. Catalan. MS. — Stat. Montispess. ann. 1204. — Fori Beneharnenses, Rubr. de Batalha, Art. I. (Ducange.)

† Établissements de Normandie, *passim*. (Marnier.)

‡ Constit. Sicular. Lib. II. Tit. XXXII. XXXIII.

mode of settling disputes, still he had no power to force this innovation into the courts of the innumerable petty *seigneurs justiciers*, high and low, among whom the administration of justice was parcelled out through the kingdom, and his own personal domains were all that he could control.* The barons and gentry were not disposed to promote the humanizing views of the king; the prejudices of birth, the strength of feudal principles, the force of chivalric superstition, the pride of self-reliance, were too powerful; and to these we may add the prompting of self-interest, for the seigneur in whose court an appeal of battle was tried received from the defeated party a fine of sixty livres if we was a gentleman, and sixty sous if a villein, — no inconsiderable sum, — besides a perquisite of the horses and arms employed, and heavy mulcts for any delays which might be sought.† The most that could be expected, then, was that the suitor might be allowed the privilege of electing between the ancient custom and the new law. Even Beaumanoir, who in most things was far in advance of his age, and who assisted so energetically in the work of centralization which at that period was so rapidly undermining the feudal power, — even so acute and far-seeing a jurist hesitates to object to the principles involved in the battle trial, and hints his disapprobation in terms which contrast strongly with the vigorous language of Frederic II. and the stern exhortations of the Church.‡ It would be too much, however, to expect implicit obedience to so great an innovation, when the example of disregarding it was set in the royal court itself, as is shown by a case in which Philippe le Hardi, son and successor of St. Louis, presided at a judicial duel,

* This utter want of power in a sovereign so much beloved and respected is a striking indication of the political condition of the times. Beaumanoir states it formally: "Car tout cil qui ont justice en la conté poent maintenir lor cort, s'il lor plest, selonc l'ancienne coustume; et s'il lor plest il le poent tenir selonc l'establissement le Roy." (Chap. XXXIX. § 21.) And again: "Car quant li rois Loïs les osta de sa cort il ne les osta pas des cours à ses barons." (Chap. LXI. § 15.)

† Coutumes du Beauvoisis, Chap. LXI. §§ 11, 12, 13.

‡ "Mult a de perix en plet qui est de gages de bataille, et mult est grans mestiers c'on voist sagement avant en tel cas," etc. (Ibid., Chap. LXIV. § 1.) "Car ce n'est pas coze selonc Diu de soufrir gages en petite querele de meubles ou d'eritages; mais coustume les suefre ès vilains cas de crieme," etc. (Ibid., Chap. VI. § 31.)

about the year 1283, scarcely more than twenty years after the promulgation of his father's edict.* The next monarch, Philippe le Bel, was a persevering and successful enemy of feudalism in all its forms. Under his astute and energetic rule the royal power increased enormously, and in 1296 he prohibited trial by battle in time of war, and in 1303 interdicted it entirely.† One of the first acts of his son, Louis le Hutin, in 1315, however, was to restore it in criminal cases, where other proof was deficient.‡ But the tide again turned when Philippe de Valois, in 1330, evoked all appeals from the local courts to the Parliament of Paris, and put an end to the revoking of judgment at the sword's point.§ The rising spirit and importance of the Tiers-État also contributed powerfully to diminish the frequency of these appeals to the sword. The sturdy bourgeois, though ready enough with morion and pike to defend their privileges, preferred a more reasonable and peaceful mode of settling litigation; numerous charters of communes granted during these periods contain clauses exempting the citizens from liability to the judicial combat; and when, in 1396, Charles VI. issued an edict,‖ ordering throughout his kingdom that the testimony of women should be received in court, we see how completely the custom of challenging witnesses must have fallen into desuetude.

M. Königswarter states that the last formal wager of battle decreed by the Parliament of Paris took place in 1386, between two bourgeois, on an accusation of adultery. We presume that he alludes to the celebrated duel between the Chevalier de Carongne and Jaques le Gris, described so picturesquely by Froissart, which the king and all his court shortened a campaign to witness, and in which the appellant had as his second Waleran, Count of St. Poule, son-in-law of the Black Prince. As described by the old chronicler, the scene is striking. The Dame de Carongne, eager to avenge

* Coutumes du Beauvoisis, Chap. LXI. § 63.

† Königswarter, p. 216.

‡ "Nous voulons et octroions que en cas de murtre, de larrecin, de rapt, de trahison, et de volurie, gage de bataille soit ouvert, se les cas ne poroient estre provez par temoings." (Ducange.)

§ Ordonnance of May 9, 1330. (Monteil.)

‖ Neron. Récueil d'Édits, I. 16.

her cruel wrong, is clothed in black and mounted on a sable scaffold, from which, placing her trust in God, she witnessed the varying chances of the unequal combat between her husband, weakened by disease, and his vigorous adversary, knowing that, if strength alone prevailed, he must die a shameful death, and she be dragged to the stake. At length, after a grievous wound, when all seems lost, the avenger drives his sword through the body of his prostrate enemy, and vindicates his wife's honor and his own good cause. But Froissart was too good an artist to risk the effect of his picture by too rigid an adherence to facts, and he omits to mention, what is told by the cooler Juvenal des Ursins,* that Le Gris was subsequently proved innocent by the death-bed confession of the real offender. The Anonyme de St. Denis † adds, that the unhappy Dame de Carongne, overcome by remorse at having unwittingly caused the disgrace and death of an innocent man, ended her days in a convent. The result of this trial is said by some writers to have been the cause of the abandonment of the practice.

No further trace of the combat as a judicial procedure is found in the registers of the Paris Parliament,‡ and it may be considered as thenceforth practically obsolete among the people, though not yet expunged from the statute-book. Not long afterward, Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, formally abolished it throughout his dominions, and in the Coutumier of Burgundy, as revised by him in 1459, there is no trace of it. The code in force in Brittany until 1539 permitted the wager of battle in cases of treason, theft, and perjury, — the latter as usual extending it over a considerable range of civil actions.§ Normandy was even later in formally abrogating the custom; for it was not until the revision of her Coutumier in 1583, under Henry III., that the privilege of deciding in this manner numerous cases, both criminal and civil, was legally abolished.‖ Still, the law was practically a dead letter

* Hist. de Charles VI., an. 1386.

† Hist. de Charles VI., Liv. VI. Chap. X.

‡ Buchon, Notes to Froissart, II. 537.

§ Tres Ancienne Cout. de Bretagne, Chap. 132, 134. (Bourdot de Richebourg.)

‖ Ancienne Cout. de Normandie, Chap. 53, 70, 71, 73, etc. (Bourdot de Richebourg.)

among the hard-headed roturiers, though occasionally some fiery gentleman claimed the right of deciding his quarrel at the risk of his life. Thus, in 1482, shortly after the battle of Nancy had reinstated René, Duke of Lorraine, on the ruins of the second house of Burgundy, two gentlemen of the victor's court, quarrelling over the spoils of the battle-field, demanded the *champ-clos;* it was duly granted, and on the appointed day the appellant was missing, to the immense discomfiture and no little loss of his bail.* In 1538, Francis I. granted a combat between Jean du Plessis and Gautier de Dinteville, which would seem to have been entirely a judicial proceeding, since the defendant, not appearing at the appointed time, was condemned to death by sentence of the high council, Feb. 20, 1538.† We have already alluded to the case of Chaistaignerie and Jarnac, in which the death of the former caused Henry II. to declare the judicial combat abolished. Two years later, however, in 1549, he yielded to the request of Jaques de Fontaine, Sieur de Fendille, who wished to repel at the sword's point an accusation brought against him by Claude Daguerre, Baron de Vienne-le-Châtel; but, while violating the spirit of his resolution, the king maintained its letter, by deputing the granting of the combat to Robert de la Marck, Marshal of France and sovereign prince of Sedan. The affair accordingly took place, to the discomfiture of Fendille.‡ This is the last recorded instance of the wager of battle in France; but long before this, the custom had lost all practical importance. After a struggle of centuries, the jurist had vanquished the knight-errant, the pen had triumphed over the sword, and this relic of the Sicambrian forests no longer represented the thoughts and feelings of the age, though the Council of Trent still deemed it worth while to renew the thunders of Alexander and of Innocent.

In England, however, the resolute conservatism which resists merely theoretical innovation caused this mediæval solecism to remain as a blot on the common law to a much later period. Until the reign of Elizabeth, the wager of battle was legal in civil cases, though it had practically fallen into disuse,

* D. Calmet, Hist. de Lorraine.

† Ducange.

‡ D. Calmet, Hist. de Lorraine.

when in 1571 it was abolished, as Spelman says, "non sine magna jurisconsultorum perturbatione," in consequence of its employment in the case of Low et al. *vs.* Paramore. To determine the title to an estate in Kent, Westminster Hall was forced to adjourn to Tothill Fields, and the forms of a combat were gone through, though an accommodation between the parties saved the skulls of the champions.* It was not, however, thought requisite to extend the reform to the criminal law, and the nineteenth century was disgraced by the escape of a homicide who availed himself of the battle trial in an appeal of murder. The case of Ashford *vs.* Thornton created much excitement, when Lord Ellenborough was forced to admit the right of the accused to use his hands to save his neck, and expounded the law in almost the same terms as those which we read in Bracton or in Beaumanoir. The curious crowds of cockneys were sorely disappointed when the plaintiff cried "craven," and the Chief Justice was released from presiding over a gladiatorial exhibition. The act of 59 Geo. III. c. 46, at length put an end for ever to this last remnant of the age of chivalry.†

We have not left ourselves space to treat at length of the ceremonies and forms observed in the judicial duel. These varied considerably in different ages and countries, and the minute directions which have come down to us, compiled for the guidance of the judges of the lists, would expand unduly an article already too long, without adding much to illustrate popular customs and modes of thought. Suffice it to say, that the general principle throughout was the absolute assertion by each party of the truth of his cause, to which effect a solemn oath on the Gospels, or on a relic of approved sanctity, was administered before the conflict commenced. Defeat was thus not merely the loss of the suit, but was also a conviction of perjury, to be punished accordingly; and in criminal cases it was further an evidence of malicious prosecution on the part of a worsted appellant. Accordingly, we find the vanquished party, whether plaintiff or defendant, subjected to penalties more or less severe, according to time and

* Spelman, Gloss. p. 103.

† Campbell, Chief Justices, III. 169.

place. Thus Louis le Débonnaire, in 819, decreed that, in cases where testimony was evenly balanced, a witness should be chosen from each side to fight it out, the defeated champion suffering the usual penalty of perjury, — the loss of a hand, — while the other witnesses on the same side were allowed the privilege of redeeming theirs at the legal rate.* William the Conqueror placed a fine of forty sous on the losing side, a regulation which was re-enacted by Henry Beauclerc.† Bracton and the Fleta both state that a vanquished appellant is not liable to as severe a punishment as a vanquished defendant,‡ and the same distinction is observed in the ancient codes of Normandy, when a husband sought to prove a wrong forcibly inflicted on his wife.§ This latter case, however, is identical with the one related above of Carongne and Le Gris, where we have seen that accuser and accused were under liabilities of punishment precisely similar, and such was the general practice. Thus, in the Frankish kingdoms of the East, on an appeal of murder, whichever party was defeated was hanged in his spurs,‖ and various other instances have already been alluded to in our remarks on the challenging of witnesses.

We cannot dismiss the subject without a few words on a remarkable peculiarity of these combats, — the employment of champions. In the wide application of the principle as a legal procedure, it is very evident that parties unable to wield the sword or club would frequently be called upon to defend their rights, and even a scanty measure of justice would require that they should have the power to delegate the office to some more potential vehicle of the Divine decision. Originally this would seem to have been the duty of some member of the family, as we have seen was the case with the "compurgatio canonica." Among the Alamanni, for instance, a woman when accused could be defended by a kinsman,

* Capit. Ludov. Pii, ann. 819, Cap. X. A somewhat similar provision occurs in the L. Burgund. Tit. XLV. and LXXX.

† Decreta Guillel. Bastardi. — Legg. Henrici I. (Wilkins.)

‡ Bracton, Lib. III. Tract. II. cap. 21, § 7. — Fleta, Lib. I. cap. 34, § 32. (Ducange.)

§ Étab. de Normandie, Tit. "De prandre fame à force." (Marnier.)

‖ Assises de Jerusalem, Cap. 317.

"cum tracta spata";* the same rule is prescribed by the Lombard law† and by that of the Angles,‡ while the pervading principle of family unity would lead us to presume that it prevailed throughout the other races in whose codes it is not specifically mentioned. As regards the employment of substitutes, however, for those who were able to protect themselves, there appears to have been considerable diversity of practice in these primitive times. The laws of the Franks, of the Alamanni, and of the Saxons, make no allusion to such a custom, and evidently expect the principal to defend his own rights. From some expressions made use of by Agobard in his attack on the battle ordeal, we are led to conclude that under Louis le Débonnaire the employment of champions, in the Burgundian law, was, if not forbidden, at least unusual, even in cases where age or debility unfitted the suitor for the contest.§ On the other hand, the Baioarians, with whom the duel was very prevalent, allude to the employment of champions in every instance,‖ and with the Lombards the judicial combat and the champion appear to have likewise been convertible terms.¶ There is something in this so repugnant to the fierce and self-relying spirit in which the wager of battle found its origin, and the use of a professional gladiator is so inconsistent with the pious reference to the judgment of God which formed the only excuse for the whole system, that we are forced to attribute its introduction to the liberty allowed of challenging witnesses. To this we have already alluded, and its prevalence throughout Western Europe readily enabled parties unwilling themselves to encounter the risks of the deadly struggle to put forward some truculent bravo who swore point-blank, and whose evidence would need to be got out of court. Although the custom of hiring champions must have existed

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* L. Alamann. Add. Cap. XXI.

† L. Longobard. Lib. I. Tit. III. § 6, and Lib. II. Tit LV. § 12.

‡ L. Anglior. et Werinor. Tit. XIV.

§ "Accidit ut frequenter non solum valentes viribus, sed etiam infirmi et senes lacessantur ad certamen et pugnam etiam pro vilissimis rebus." — Agobard, De Impietate Duellici Exam. (Ap. Spelman.)

‖ L. Baioar. *passim.*

¶ "Liceat ei per campionem, id est per pugnam, crimen ipsum de super se si potuerit ejicere." — L. Longobard. Lib. I. Tit. I. § 8.

from a very early period, since the Frisian laws speak unblushingly of paid champions,* still the best evidence of their original identity with witnesses is to be found at a later date in England, where, until the first Statute of Westminster, issued by Edward I. in 1275, the hired champion of the defendant in a suit concerning real estate was obliged to assume the position of a witness, by swearing that he had been present and had seen seizin given of the land, or that his father when dying had enjoined him by his filial duty to maintain the defendant's title as though he had been present.† And, in a similar spirit, the early code of Normandy prescribes that champions shall be taken to see the lands or buildings in dispute before receiving the oaths of battle, in the same manner as a jury of view.‡ Looking on the profession of a champion in this light, as that of a false witness, we can understand the heavy penalties to which he was subjected in case of defeat, and that, while the principal escaped with fine or imprisonment, the hired ruffian was hanged, or at best lost a hand or foot, — the immemorial punishment for perjury.§ Another and a more practical reason for maintaining this severity is supplied by Beaumanoir, who defends it on the ground of the liability of champions to be bought over by the adverse party. The gentle stimulus of prospective mutilation was therefore held before them to induce them to fight vigorously.‖ This was doubtless the object of retaining the custom, long after its origin had been lost sight of.

With such risks to be encountered, it is no wonder that the trade offered few attractions to honest men, who could keep

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* Licet unicuique pro se campionem mercede conducere, si eum invenire potuerit." — L. Frision. Tit. XIV. Cap. IV.

† Glanville, De Leg. Angl. Lib. II. Cap. 3.

‡ Établ. de Normandie, p. 21. (Marnier.)

§ "Victus vero in duello centum solidos et obolum reddere tenebitur. Pugil vero conductitius, si victus fuerit, pugno vel pede privabitur." — Charta, ann. 1203. (Ducange.) — Also, Beaumanoir, Cout. du Beauv., Chap. LXVII. § 10. Ducange has misinterpreted this passage. See also Monteil's excellent Histoire des Français des Divers États, XV^e^ Siècle, Hist. XIII.

‖ "Et li campions vaincus a le poing copé; car se n'estoit par le mehaing qu'il emporte, aucuns par barat, se porroit faindre par loier et se dameroit vaincus, par quoi ses mestres emporteroit le damace et le vilonie, et cil emporteroit l'argent; et por ce est bons li jugemens du mehaing." — Cout. du Beauvoisis, Chap. LXI. § 14.

body and soul together in any other manner. Reckless desperadoes, skilled at quarter-staff, or those whose familiarity with sword and dagger, earned by a life spent in brawls, gave them confidence, might undertake it as an occupation which exposed them to little risk beyond what they habitually incurred; and of such was the profession generally composed. The evil of this must have early made itself apparent, for we find Charlemagne endeavoring to obviate it by decreeing that no robber should be allowed to appear in the lists as champion; and the order needed to be frequently repeated.* Accordingly, the occupation was deemed infamous; its professors were classed with the vilest criminals, and with the unhappy females who exposed their charms for sale, as the champion did his skill and courage.† They were, therefore, held incapable of appearing as witnesses, and the extraordinary anomaly was afforded of seeking to learn the truth in affairs of the highest moment by a solemn appeal to the Most High, through the instrumentality of those who were already considered as convicts of the worst kind, or, by the very act, were branded with infamy if successful, and, if defeated, were hanged or mutilated. It is consequently not singular that numerous efforts were made to put an end to this state of affairs. Otho II., whose laws did so much to give respectability to the wager of battle, decreed that champions should be permitted only to counts, ecclesiastics, women, boys, old men, and cripples;‡ but this must have been speedily disregarded, for within fifty years we find Henry II. forbidding the use of champions to able-bodied defendants simply in cases of parricide or of aggravated murder;§ and two hundred years later, when Frederic II. abolished the

* "Ut nemo furem camphium de mancipiis aut de qualibet causa recipere præsumat, sicut sæpius Domnus Imperator commendavit." — Capit. Carol. Mag. ex L. Longobard. Cap. XXXV. (Baluze.)

† "Percutiat si quis hominem infamem, hoc est lusorem vel pugilem, aut mulierem publicam," &c. Wichbild Magdeburg, Art. 129. (Ducange.) — "Plusieurs larrons, ravisseurs de femmes, violleurs d'églises, batteurs à loyer," &c. Ordonn. de Charles VII. ann. 1447. — Also, Anciennes Coutumes de Bretagne. (Monteil, *ubi sup.*)

‡ L. Longobard. Lib. II. Tit. LV. §§ 38 and 40.

§ L. Longobard. Lib. I. Tit. IX. § 37, and Tit. X. § 4.

"campus" in Naples, we are led from his expressions to presume that champions were almost universally employed.* Henry II. of England, in 1150, forbade the hiring of professional gladiators in his Norman dominions,† and we learn from Glanville that a champion suspected of serving for money might be objected to by the opposite party, whence arose a secondary combat, to prove his eligibility for the primary one. ‡ The regulations of Otho II. were generally adopted throughout Christendom, to limit fighting by proxy in criminal cases; § but in civil actions the employment of champions was permitted to all,‖ and seems to have been almost universal, as long as the wager of battle maintained its vitality as a judicial process in common use.

There were two classes of pleaders, however, with whom the hiring of champions was a necessity. While the woman whose rights were imperilled could appear by her husband or next of kin, the ecclesiastical foundations and chartered towns had no such resource. Their frequent occasion for this species of service, therefore, led to the employment of regularly appointed champions, who fought their battles for an annual stipend, or some other advantages bestowed in payment. Ducange, for instance, gives us the text of an agreement by which one Geoffry Blondel, in 1256, bound himself to the town of Beauvais, as its champion, for a yearly salary of twenty sous Parisis, with extra gratifications of ten livres Tournois for every time he appeared in arms in their cause, fifty livres if blows were exchanged, and a hundred livres if the conflict were carried to a successful issue. This scale of prices, and Beaumanoir's argument, quoted above, in favor of mutilating a defeated champion, offer a strong practical commentary on the fundamental principle upon which the

* "Vix enim aut nunquam duo pugiles inveniri poterunt sic æquales," &c. — Constit. Sicular. Lib. II. Tit. XXXIII.

† "Nullus eorum duellum faciat contra aliquem qui testificatus sit pugil conductitius per sacramentum decem legalium civium." — Concil. Eccles. Rotomag. p. 128. (Ducange.)

‡ De Legibus Angliæ, Lib. II. Cap. III.

§ For instance, Assises de Jerusalem, Cap. 145, 146. — Beaumanoir, Cout. du Beauvoisis, Chap. LXI. § 6; Chap. LXIII. § 4.

‖ Beaumanoir, op. cit. Chap. LXI. § 14.

whole system of appealing to the judgment of God was based, — that success was an evidence of right.

The champions of the Church occupied a higher position, and were bound to defend the interests of their clients in the open field, as well as in the court and in the lists. Under the titles of *Vidames*, *Avoués*, or advocates, they held their place among the barons and gentlemen of the realm, and many a noble family traced its rise to the increase of ancestral property obtained, directly or indirectly, by thus espousing the cause of fat abbeys and wealthy monasteries. One of the worst abuses in the modern ecclesiastical system of England is derived from this source, and the fantastic crudities of the Middle Ages are perpetuated, etymologically and practically, in the advowson which renders the cure of souls too often a matter of bargain and sale.

If by these dry archæological details we have succeeded in illustrating the slow but irresistible progress of the human mind towards the right; if, in the limited field selected, we have seen, amid the maze of force and fraud, how every apparent retrogression has been in reality a step in advance, and how, under the guidance of an all-wise and inscrutable Providence, the mists of error have gradually been dissipated, and the cause of truth, of justice, and of humanity has triumphed over the accumulated superstitions and prejudices of ages, — the lesson will not have been in vain. We shall have been taught to look with patience on the evil which is still around us, and to anticipate with confidence the yet brighter future, when perhaps the social problems which still perplex the wisest will have been solved, and anomalies which now scarce attract our attention will be regarded with incredulous wonder, such as moves us when we investigate the eccentricities of the battle ordeal and of canonical compurgation.

ART. II. — *Honor to the Illustrious Dead. A Lecture in Behalf of the Mount Vernon Association, delivered in the State Capitol, Nashville, Wednesday, December* 4, 1857. By RICHARD OWEN, M. D., Professor in the University of Nashville. Nashville. 1858.

GRATITUDE has been defined, by some cynical wit, to be "a lively sense of future favors." Poor human nature! if this be true. But, like a great many other smart and seemingly profound sayings, it proves only that the wit had kept very bad company, and not that human nature is devoid of one of the sweetest and noblest of all impulses, — the overflow of a warm heart under a sense of benefits already conferred and enjoyed. That there is danger of past favors being forgotten, we dare not deny, so keen is our pursuit of future good, and so absorbing are the interests of the present. But if there were no other proof that the heart is capable of a gratitude more true and generous than worldlings believe in, — a gratitude which reaches the point of enthusiasm, — the present awakening of public feeling towards the memory of Washington would suffice to encourage the friends of our race. It is pure and high enough to challenge the respect and sympathy of the angels. We may point to it as a mark of Heaven's favor, — a sign that Providence has not deserted us in punishment of our national sins, — a timely revival of the religion of noble thoughts, — a blessed touch on that electric cord of sympathy which ought oftener to thrill a country possessing such an origin and such a common experience as ours. Let us hail it as an auspicious omen, — as the inauguration of a new telegraph of the heart, deep laid and love fraught like that other new bond of humanity, which, if not now, must erelong awaken the pulses of the continents; and, seeing these things, let us bless God and take courage.

The labor of love lately commenced with such zeal and energy by the women of the United States — a memorial of Washington such as will become more splendid as well as more precious as the ages flow on — may be cause or effect of the sudden outburst of a feeling deep seated in the Ameri-

can heart. Let it be one or the other, it is good and great. That it has been undertaken by women, and is to be managed by them, is a guaranty that no alloy of political self-seeking or private cupidity will defile it, no cold, calculating policy stint its execution, and, we may add, no cooling of enthusiasm, and even no conceivable obstacle, be suffered to hinder its completion. The sex's impulsiveness, and even its general unacquaintance with the details of business, will not prove misfortunes in an undertaking like this. It is sometimes a very sorry thing to be far-seeing and too careful of trifles. In affairs of the heart, a little romance goes further, and accomplishes more, than a great deal of calculation. Love is, even when blind, stronger than Fear, who sees too much. It is a good thing, sometimes, not to know when we are beaten, and this is peculiarly a feminine trait, where the affections are concerned.

"Even though vanquished, *she* can argue still."

We augur all the better of the Washington memorial because it is undertaken by the so-called weaker sex, proverbially strong when it has made up its mind;

"For when she will she will, you may depend on 't,
And when she won't she won't, and there 's an end on 't.

She *will*, in this case. All honor to the warm Southern heart in which the thought was born. Let us of the colder North see to it that no zeal in following be wanting.

But even now we may speak of the enterprise as already a success. When were ever such sums collected, by voluntary gift, in so short a time? Ladies sitting at home have many hundreds poured into their laps in a day. A school-boy, in his play hours, gathers, in less than three weeks, nearly a thousand dollars. To ask and have is all that is necessary.

"Thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part."

Money seems the least part of the affair, in this case; feeling carries all before it.

When in 1789 the Father of his Country passed through Trenton on his way to New York to take the oaths as President, the public enthusiasm was unbounded, and processions and salvoes attended his progress; but that which formed the

crown and glory of the demonstration was a band of young girls, with a majestic and beautiful background of mothers, who met him at the entrance of the bridge, sang their simple song of welcome, and scattered flowers before him, hailing him as deliverer and benefactor. It is said, — and indeed Washington said, — that he found himself completely overcome by this tender greeting. His habitual self-command forsook him, his heart overflowed at the eyes, and he could find no words with which to make fit reply or acknowledgment.

Another feminine tribute is in preparation, and we can fancy him recognizing and feeling it. It is as if the daughters and granddaughters and far posterity of those grateful mothers were forming themselves into a great and beautiful band, with new songs and garlands, and bringing their children to claim kindred with the glorious women of the elder day, — women without whose courage and self-sacrifice there would be little room for exultation now.

The imagination loves to contemplate this fair procession, collecting from the South, the West, the East, the North, — to follow these pure songs and this grateful fragrance, ascending to the skies; and can hardly be restrained from believing that he to whom is dedicated this homage of the heart may be permitted to recognize and enjoy such proofs that his toils and sacrifices, his virtues and services, are held in sweet and sacred memory. And why not? Enjoyment of the fruits of goodness is surely not unheavenly.

As to the contemplated memorial, we would say a few words.

Sir Christopher Wren's monument in St. Paul's bears perhaps the happiest inscription ever devised: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" The man on whose tomb these words would be out of place should lie down quietly beneath the green mound which mother Nature provides for all her children, and at most desire only the simple tablet consecrated by private affection, which may serve for a few years to protect his ashes from disturbance. "Their works shall praise them," says that great Book which contains the seeds and the fruit of all human experience and observation. And if, after such praise, the little column, reaching a few hundred

feet towards the clouds, spring up, it becomes, and is felt by all to be, a sort of toy, — a something to be gazed on by the crowd on holidays, or, at best, admired by the cultivated eye for its symmetry and beauty. Its connection with the reverence it is meant to symbolize is remote, cold, shadowy. In our day it is primarily a mark for criticism. The leading idea is set aside, and those best qualified to appreciate the motive are, by some fatality of what is called civilization, the first to pour contempt upon the performance, imperfect of course, and appealing rather to feeling than to intellect. The crowd, unskilled to justify its admiration, is quick to catch the trick of despising, and the end is desecration and neglect.

In ages less falsely proud and less sophisticated there was no difficulty about monuments. It is as natural for the human heart to commemorate, as to love and admire. Only the savage is willing to forget. Time's ceaseless flow, unchecked, carries with it the precious and the worthless, almost alike, and for grateful Memory to set up at least stones in the brook is wise and gracious. Something by way of record there must and will be; the only question is, — What?

If most men do too little to deserve monuments, and are made only ridiculous by great, swelling words of vanity inscribed above their unhonored graves, there are others whose tombs are left long unbuilt, from a universal feeling that every effort to commemorate, in marble or imperishable bronze, the world's sense of their merit, will necessarily prove insignificant and vain.

If anything has been established by half a century of abortive attempts, it is that a Washington monument which shall satisfy the nation is impossible in the United States. All the graceful columns, the elaborate piles, the hideous jumbles, that have borne that name, to the contrary notwithstanding, the American people — the millions that call Washington *Pater Patriæ* — can never express their idea of his worth by anything that human hands can build, though the pile should reach higher than Nimrod's impious dream, or the tallest mountain within our wide bounds be hewn into a portrait-statue. Size, as an expression of reverence, is barbarous; expense natural, but cockneyish. The moment ideas of size

and expense take the lead in the conception of a reverential structure, the result assumes at once the dignity and satisfactoriness of a stone-cutter's bill. The bigger the pile, the more it reminds one of the Frog and the Ox. Strain our resources as we will, the feeling may be genuine, but the result is only an immeasurable stone-cutter's bill at last. The great pyramid is, as a monument, simply ridiculous; we respect Cheops, or whomsoever else it may once have enshrined, all the less for having been the cause of so silly a tomb. The sentiment of reverence refuses to connect itself in any way with mere heaps. We cannot think of the pile and the hero at the same time. If a true conception of greatness fill the soul, a huge tumulus is to us as a child's garden, over which we tread unconsciously in gazing at a great, glorious landscape, flooded with dazzling sunlight.

Our memorial must, then, be something exquisite, — expressive rather of thought, feeling, and skill, than of labor; more suggestive than ambitious; appealing not to criticism, but to love; belonging at once to past, present, and future; meeting universal tastes, whether uncultivated or refined; enduring in its nature, yet susceptible of continual growth in elegance as Time shall unfold new resources; associated so intimately with the idea on which it is founded, and dissociated so completely from the vanity of any individual, that it is in no danger from the encroachments of vulgar egotism. Such are some of the requisites. Materials for such a monument to Washington — for a memorial more nearly worthy of what we feel than any which has yet been attempted — are now presented in Mount Vernon, the beloved dwelling and chosen resting-place of our country's great type and pattern, the American man, whose passion was domestic improvement and the cultivation of the earth, although his solemn and reluctant business was war.

The idea is unique, — unparalleled in the New World and even in the Old. Splendid estates have, especially in England, been bestowed upon successful warriors, and these continue long to receive the visits of the curious; for whether the multitude care for Marlborough or not, rural beauty is always attractive. But in all these cases the associative link

between the sylvan paradise thus dedicated and the soldier to whose success or popularity it testifies, is comparatively feeble. Little of the man is there. The power that bestowed, or the taste and magnificence that willed the gift, is the prominent thought. Wellington's narrow camp-bed and scanty writing-apparatus speak more touchingly of him than all the splendors of Strathfieldsaye. The venerable oaks of Woodstock bring up the shade of the Great Magician of the North more forcibly, as well as more sweetly, than the hero of Ramillies and Malplaquet, in spite of the huge vulgarity of gilded cannon-balls that arrests the eye on the roofs of Blenheim. Luxurious beauty there is, and massive dignity too, and many a reminiscence of the past. What is wanting is *personality*. There is an extraneous rather than a personal interest about this magnificent domain, decreed by a grateful nation for a hero's rest after the toils of war. It seems never to have been fully his own; his mind, character, and feelings in no degree permeate palaces and gardens bought and bestowed after he was a finished man. His memory is a secondary thing among these heaped splendors, now in possession of descendants who are grand nobodies, prone to scowl at visitors who recognize only the departed greatness.

Thus, although the idea of a rural dwelling and rural beauties on a magnificent scale as a national monument has the sanction of time and great example, the patriotic enterprise of our ladies possesses advantages of a peculiar kind. Every acre of Mount Vernon, as well as every apartment of the stately old house there, is filled with the spirit of him to whose beloved memory it is to be consecrated. His mind and heart still live there, and all the hill and tree and river spirits know his name. The sepulchre, planned by himself with his characteristic simplicity and modesty, now dilapidated and forlorn, yet full of dignity to the reverent eye, does not speak of him more intimately than do the groves and lawns he planted, and the plain house he loved. On no other spot of earth did he look with such pleasure; over no other landscape did his eye ever wander with such insatiate delight. For more than half a century it was his beloved home, enjoyed whenever duty permitted, improved and adorned with

untiring interest during every interval of rest; longed for unceasingly through those weary, anxious, glorious years, whose toils and sacrifices allowed scarce a private joy, and greeted with heart and soul when, flushed with success and crowned with a whole world's honor, he was at last permitted to seek its shelter and shade, for eyes almost blinded by the excess of light in which he had been forced to live. Every tree had its history for him, and is to us consecrated by his planting or his culture. The earliest pleasure of his home-day was a walk or a ride over those beloved acres; the last at night, a long, reflective pacing of the flagged porch from which he could see the moonlight on the river. He carried the image of Mount Vernon with him wherever he went, and found time to plan its regulation and order its culture during the busiest periods of the war and of the Presidency.

It may be only a fanciful surmise, but it seems something more, that the predominating love of rural scenery, occupations, and pleasures was closely connected with the purity, the deliberate nobleness, and the magnanimous self-control of Washington's life. If, like too many who feel within themselves the stirring elements of great attempts, — not always the true prophets of great deeds, — he had fretted under the quiet and humility of country employments, all that he did at Mount Vernon would have been a mere *entr'acte*, from which no conclusion could be drawn as to his character, and which the imagination would vainly seek to ally in any significant manner with the peculiar aspects of his public life. But to prize country life; to find an ever new delight in the cultivation of the soil; to view mother Earth with a truly filial reverence and affection; to watch the sailing clouds with a lover's tireless gaze; to be able, after the highest public employments crowned with the most splendid success, to say with heartfelt sincerity, "Agriculture is the most healthful, the most useful, and the most noble employment of man"; — this bespeaks a peculiar calmness, a power acquired over self, — for Washington's was a fiery, glowing temperament, — the most philosophical conception of life's true uses, the wisest reference to that still, searching, future time, when a court of inquiry must be held in the private soul, and a review must be taken

of what has been done, and what has been left undone, in the most glorious human career, — a review anticipative of that great audit when the final sentence is to be rendered.

There was a sentiment about Mount Vernon from the beginning. Lawrence Washington, when he purchased the estate, chose to name it after Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served at Carthagena, — a significant fancy, corresponding well with a certain vein which one discovers early in the study of Washington's turn of mind, as displayed in letters and journals written long before he became famous. The Washingtons were, in those dim, distant days, people of thought, feeling, and a high sense of honor. It was not to no purpose that Mrs. Washington, while her gallant sons yet stood boys at her knee, imbued them with the calm and noble sentiments of Sir Matthew Hale. Their entrance into active life was guarded on all sides by worthy and patriotic thoughts, planted by that wise mother as sentinels against all insidious approaches of evil. Mount Vernon became to Lawrence the memorial of a gallant sailor who had been a hero to him, both by public conduct and private kindness; and George, then a boy, and a frequent inmate of his brother's family, had thus a domestic example, both kindly and dignified, in his elder brother's respect and love for his old commander. When he afterwards, as a direct consequence of his affectionate care, excellent judgment, and already matured integrity, before he was of age, received this very Mount Vernon as a legacy from his brother, who died early, he thought not of changing the name first bestowed by peculiar and individual feeling, but set himself about adorning the place, adding to its area by gradual purchases, and bringing up the whole towards his own ideal of what a rural property ought to be. From that day to the day of his death his choicest pleasure was the care of those acres, — thirteen hundred in number ultimately, — of which the more personal and interesting two hundred, including those on which stand the mansion and offices, and those made priceless by the presence of sacred dust never to be disturbed, are to become the property of the nation represented by the many, many thousands who are pressing forward to cast their grateful offerings into the treasury of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association.

It is a noble enterprise; may it be worthily carried out! Anxiously and carefully it will be, there can be no shadow of doubt. Counsel will be sought, precedents collated, examples gathered, wherever taste has presided and science operated amid trees and lawns, shrubbery and flowers. Louis Napoleon's grand designs, Paxton's magical achievements, Downing's visions of American possibilities in rural effects, the latest discoveries in horticulture, the highest authorities in garden architecture, — all will be studied, and made to contribute to the result. The climate is most genial, allowing full scope to art and nature. Plants of northern and southern habits thrive almost equally well there, and winter affords almost as many beauties as summer. All must be brought to bear. The plan should be magnificent as the thought was happy; the reverence which inspires should guide the taste which executes. No professional pertinacity should avail to introduce vulgarities, however sanctioned by tradition or the popular fancy; and in architecture no unwise ambition should be allowed to project wonders which are sure to be deformities to a large portion of the beholders. If the one grand, leading idea govern, as it should, every part of the design, nature, simplicity, and a truly rural grace will prevail throughout, and every "alley green" and "pleached bower" will be such as Washington himself would have delighted in, whether at "rising morn," his favorite hour, "sweet with song of earliest birds," or walking with God in the garden in the cool of the day.

It has been suggested, and, as it seems to us, with some propriety, that from a circle including the house, with its fine semicircular sweep of colonnades and offices, designed by Washington himself, *all change should be excluded*, and the sole effort be to preserve everything in the highest order, and to prevent all symptoms of decay or dilapidation by judicious repairs; while, outside of this charmed and sacred boundary, every resource of modern art should be taxed to produce such a *pleasaunce* for quiet crowds, as only the imagination has yet pictured. If some limit to change be not irrevocably prescribed, all that is truly characteristic of Washington will soon disappear, and Mount Vernon degenerate into an ordinary show-place, — which Heaven avert!

Another suggestion — simply hideous, but on that account the more alarming, because numbers will surely approve it — is to "beautify" Mount Vernon with the monuments of "great" men, that is, to turn it into a larger Congressional burying-ground, where the member from Buncombe, who has been able to accumulate a "pile" in California, may have it all converted into marble, and placed above his relics, or the last successful demagogue, killed in a brawl, may be sure of a pyramid at least, contributed by kindred spirits.

We would have the whole one grand monument, — majestic, beautiful, living; we would not divide his sacredness by the introduction even of the name we love best. If we tolerated any accessory interest, — as particular sites must undoubtedly be distinguished by appropriate designations, — we would give to some beauteous eminence, that should command a view of the whole, the name of the lady who originated the plan of the memorial; and find, in some spot made beautiful alike by sun and shade, by art and nature, room for an Everett Fountain. Further than this, we could not be persuaded to go.

ART. III. — 1. *History of the Life and Times of* EDMUND BURKE. By THOMAS MACKNIGHT, Author of "The Right Hon. B. D'Israeli, M. P., a Literary and Political Biography"; and "Thirty Years of Foreign Policy: a History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston." Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858. 8vo. pp. xxxi. and 527, 556.

2. *The Works and Correspondence of the Right Honorable* EDMUND BURKE. A New Edition. London: Francis and John Rivington. 1852. 8 vols. 8vo.

WE welcome a new Life of Edmund Burke with much satisfaction. When Dr. Bisset wrote, the materials for a thorough and comprehensive survey of the subject were far less abundant and valuable than those which we now possess; and although his work is an authority upon some points, and is not without

literary merit, it is almost forgotten. Of the more recent biographers of Burke, both Croly and Prior were Tories, having little sympathy with the principles which he advocated during the earlier part of his career, and reserving their heartiest praise for his denunciations of the French Revolution. Neither produced a work which satisfies the requirements of the subject. Dr. Croly's Life was written to subserve a temporary purpose, and it is little more than an overgrown political pamphlet. Its style is vivacious and brilliant; but the narrow views and partisan aims of the writer would repel many readers, even if his work professed to exhibit a complete view of its hero, instead of being restricted to a single phase of his character. Mr. Prior's Life is a work of greater pretension, and has long held an established place in biographical literature. Nor do we suppose that it will be soon superseded. The author was intimately acquainted with Burke's various productions; he had a just appreciation of his unrivalled genius; and he had access to numerous unpublished letters. His picture of Burke's private life is minute in its details, and upon the whole satisfactory. But when the biographer passes from the domestic circle and the friendly group into the arena of party warfare, he signally fails to do justice to his theme, and we are often compelled to take issue with him upon his recorded opinions of men and measures. His style is singularly hard and inflexible, and is sometimes marked by even graver faults.

Mr. Macknight's History is not yet complete, and his narrative is brought down only to the resignation of the Rockingham Whigs, in the summer of 1782. But enough has been published to enable us to speak of it in general terms as a work of solid and enduring excellence. Mr. Macknight has thoroughly mastered his subject; he has brought to it a large acquaintance with political history; and he has studied it by the light of those invaluable family documents which have been given to the public in such profusion within the last fifteen or twenty years. His plan is broad and well defined, and includes both the public and the private life of Burke. His researches, it is true, have not been rewarded by the discovery of much new material; but he has made a judicious use of such facts as he has first brought to light, as well as of

all that are accessible in print. His language is generally clear and forcible, and sometimes rises into genuine eloquence. But it must also be conceded, that it is often diffuse, careless, and incorrect; and occasionally we meet with a bit of tawdry fustian, which would seem to indicate that the writer had not bestowed much care upon the revision of his work. This impression is strengthened by observing the number of typographical blunders in different parts of the volumes. Certainly no man in his senses would deliberately print such a sentence as the following in reference to the publication of the debates in Parliament. "The new House of Commons," Mr. Macknight remarks, "though perhaps both the most arbitrary and the most servile which had been chosen since the Revolution, was, by the exertions of Burke, destined to be the last that could hide its proceedings from the light of day; and the foul spectre which darkness had engendered, shrank away from that glorious Lucifer, son of the morning, the reporter in the gallery."* It is not often that we find worse specimens of rhetoric run mad; and a writer of Mr. Macknight's ability who descends to such platitudes and anti-climaxes deserves the severest criticism. The same want of taste is even more apparent in the headings of his chapters. "In the Forlorn Hope of Politicians," "Faithful among the Faithless," "Fulfilled Prophecies," "Through Keppel's Agony of Glory," "At the Hour of England's Necessity and of Ireland's Opportunity," "Storm and Victory," are among the many absurd captions which he has deliberately chosen. A strong partisan bias in favor of Burke, diffuseness, and a fondness for swollen sentences and mixed metaphors, are the author's besetting sins.

The edition of Burke's Works and Correspondence before us comprises all of his writings usually printed under this title, together with some letters and notes of speeches which had previously remained in manuscript. But it does not include the "Account of the European Settlements in America," the authorship of which is in doubt, nor any of his speeches which were not revised by himself.† It is, indeed, a striking circum-

* Vol. I. p. 291.

† The Account is reprinted in the beautiful edition of Burke's Works published

stance, as noted by Mr. Macknight, that "neither a complete edition of Burke's Correspondence, nor a complete edition of his Works, has yet been added to the literature of the country he adorned." We are firmly of the opinion, however, that his reputation has not suffered in the general judgment by the omission of the inadequate reports of his Parliamentary eloquence which alone remain in the Cavendish Debates and other contemporary records. Yet it is only by a careful examination of these reports, even in their imperfect and unsatisfactory state, that we can form a just estimate of Burke's powers, and of his real relations with his contemporaries. In the mean time, this edition of his Works is in several respects the best that has been published.

Although the ancestors of Edmund Burke had been settled in Ireland for many generations, they did not belong to the aboriginal race, but were derived from an Anglo-Norman stock. His father was a respectable attorney in Dublin, of small means and with a numerous family; and it was in this city that the statesman was born. The year of his birth is not known, and is differently given by different biographers. Mr. Prior, without recognizing the uncertainty which exists upon this point, says that he was born in 1730. The editors of Burke's Correspondence, with greater probability, fix upon the year 1728. Between these conflicting statements, Mr. Macknight is in doubt; but he seems inclined to adopt an intermediate date, and finally accepts 1729. Of these three dates, Mr. Prior's is certainly supported by the smallest weight of authority, and the suppositions by which it is sustained may be safely pronounced altogether untenable. On the other hand, the registry of Burke's admission to the College of Dublin, which bears date April 14, 1743, describes him as being then in his sixteenth year; and his epitaph in Beaconsfield Church, after giving the date of his death, July 9, 1797, adds that he was sixty-eight. But we are told by the editors

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some years since by Messrs. Little and Brown, of this city. Mr. Prior entertains no doubt of its authenticity, and Mr. Macknight is equally clear that Burke was "the principal, if not sole, author." But Burke himself said that he only revised it; and it has not been included in any English edition of his works. For various reasons, we are inclined to accept Lord Macartney's assertion, that it was a joint production, to which Burke contributed.

of his Correspondence, it was subsequently the impression of his family that he was older than had been supposed. In a postscript to a letter to the Marquis of Rockingham dated January 12, 1775, he says, "My birthday, — I need not say how long ago." We may conclude, therefore, in the want of positive evidence, that he was born on the 12th of January, 1728. According to this view, he was twenty-one years older than Fox, thirty-one years older than Pitt, and nearly twenty-four years older than Sheridan.

Of his early life not much is known; and it is supposed that previously to his death he destroyed all the family letters in his possession which might throw light upon the subject. He is said to have been of a weak and delicate constitution, and to have spent a considerable part of his time at Castletown Roche, the residence of his mother's family, who were Catholics. In the spring of 1741 he was sent to a classical school at Ballytore, a little village about thirty miles from Dublin. Here he remained only two years; but he made considerable progress in his studies, and always retained a pleasant recollection of the school. The earliest of his published letters are addressed to the son of his old teacher, and this juvenile friendship was kept fresh through his whole life. In Parliament he bore honorable testimony to the virtues of his first schoolmaster. "He had been educated," he said in one of his speeches at the time of the No-Popery riots in 1780, "as a Protestant of the Church of England by a Dissenter who was an honor to his sect, though that sect was considered one of the purest. Under his eye he had read the Bible morning, noon, and night, and had ever since been the happier and better man for such reading." Early in 1743 he was entered of Trinity College, Dublin; and in 1748 he took his Bachelor's degree. But he does not appear to have distinguished himself at college. His reading had been desultory; he had a taste for versifying; and, with his impulsive nature, he was not likely to apply himself very closely to branches of learning in which he was not specially interested. Yet he enlarged and strengthened his mind by extensive reading in natural philosophy, logic, mathematics, history, and poetry, the last of which was his favorite study. He also took part in

a Debating Society, of which many of his college friends were members; and in 1747 he received a vote of thanks for declaiming in character Moloch's address to the fallen angels.

In 1747 he was admitted at the Middle Temple; and early in 1750 he went to London. For the law he had little inclination; and he kept his terms with great irregularity. Literature beguiled him from less agreeable professional studies, and ill-health was a sufficient plea for withdrawing for a time from the dust and turmoil of the great city. During his vacations he made several excursions to different parts of England, in company with his kinsman, William Burke; and in one of his letters to Shackleton he has given an amusing account of the curiosity excited in the country people by his studious and retired habits. The same unsatisfied curiosity has descended to our own time; and his biographers are as much in doubt respecting his way of life during his first years in England as was his landlady at Turlaine. "I believe that you be gentlemen," she said to Burke and his companion, "but I ask no questions." Indeed, it is not until he entered Parliament, in 1766, that we have much satisfactory information about his personal history. It seems probable that he derived a small income from his literary labors, and that he received some remittances from his father. But there are no existing traces of his having published anything previous to the appearance of the "Vindication of Natural Society." Manuscripts of an earlier date, however, were found among his papers, and are printed with his Works.

About this time he entertained a design of coming to this country; and it has been stated that he was offered a considerable employment in New York. The design was relinquished in consequence of his father's opposition; and in a letter printed by Mr. Prior he very dutifully says: "I have nothing nearer my heart than to make you easy; and I have no scheme or design, however reasonable it may seem to me, that I would not gladly sacrifice to your quiet, and submit to your judgment." Still he was not called to the bar, and he does not appear to have bestowed much further thought or time upon the study of the law. He had not been idle; and two years after the publication of Bolingbroke's posthumous

works, he gave to the world a little pamphlet entitled "A Vindication of Natural Society: or a View of the Miseries and Evils arising to Mankind from every Species of Civil Society, in a Letter to Lord * * * *, by a late Noble Writer." In this keen and pleasant satire he imitated the polished style of Lord Bolingbroke with so much success, that Chesterfield and Warburton at first believed it to be an authentic work. Its whole tone and spirit were skilfully copied from Bolingbroke's writings, and it shows at once Burke's power of mimicry and the extent and variety of his reading. Ancient and modern history are alike brought into the service of his argument, and, by an artful choice and arrangement of his materials, he easily makes the worse appear the better reason. Some writers, indeed, have supposed that in this essay Burke was arguing from his own convictions. But few persons will accept this view, who carefully consider the nature of the argument, or who are familiar with the character of Burke's mind. In truth, it can be regarded only as an evidence of the strength of his powers, and of the readiness with which he could find plausible arguments in defence of the most absurd opinions.

Encouraged by the success of this work, he published, a few months afterwards, a more elaborate production, which he had written many years before, but which had hitherto rested quietly in his desk. The "Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful" had even more success than his former work, and a second edition was published in the following year, to which he prefixed a brief introductory paper on Taste, and made large additions. But the theory propounded in this Inquiry was very narrow and fallacious, and has often been ridiculed with great severity by subsequent writers on the subject. Indeed, Lord Jeffrey does not hesitate to say, in his discourse upon Beauty: "Of all the suppositions that have been at any time hazarded to explain the phenomena of beauty, this, we think, is the most unfortunately imagined, and the most weakly supported. There is no philosophy in the doctrine, and the fundamental assumption is in every way contradicted by the most familiar experience." Burke was often importuned, in later years, to

reprint this treatise, but he always declined, though it does not appear that he ever doubted the correctness of his theory. Considered merely as the production of a young man at college, the essay is full of promise, and much of it may still be read with interest and profit, for the just observations and striking descriptions which it contains.

Not long after the publication of these two works, Burke married. Unsuccessful attempts have been made in London, Bristol, and Bath to ascertain the time and place of his marriage. But it is believed to have been in the early part of 1757; and, as Mrs. Burke was a Catholic, it is probable that the marriage ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Romish Church. The early part of his married life Burke spent in the family of his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent, a distinguished physician in London. In February, 1758, his first son, Richard Burke, was born. In the following December he again became a father, but the child died in infancy. The elder son, in whom all the father's hopes were centred, died in 1794, three years before his own death. "I live in an inverted order," he says, in reference to this great sorrow, in the "Letter to a Noble Lord." "They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent." Mrs. Burke survived her husband nearly fifteen years; and during his whole married life he seems to have found in her a congenial and helpful companion. She is described as a person of great sweetness of temper, accomplished, energetic, and devoted. Such we know was Burke's own opinion of her; for he has drawn her character in a well-remembered and beautiful sketch of a perfect wife, which he gave her upon the anniversary of their marriage.

In the same year in which he was married the "Account of the European Settlements in America" was first published. We have already expressed the opinion that Burke was not the sole author of this compilation. But we have little doubt

that he was concerned in its preparation; and this opinion, which is based partly upon internal evidence and partly upon contemporary testimony, is confirmed by the fact that the original assignment of the copyright for fifty guineas is in Burke's handwriting. The work claims to be little more than a compilation, but it is clearly and graphically written, and the curious reader will not fail to notice some judicious remarks upon colonial relations, and other subjects then agitating the public mind in England. The writers had collected much new and curious information both from public and private sources, and the work met an existing want, which insured the success of the publication. Some of its statements are still quoted as authoritative, particularly those relating to the British colonies; but other portions have been superseded by Dr. Robertson's History of America and the still more admirable labors of our own countrymen.

A few months later Burke gave to the world the "Essay towards an Abridgment of the English History." In this work he evidently designed to exhibit the gradual progress of the nation in its laws, manners, and social habits, rather than to present a full and rapid narrative of events. Accustomed to deal with large generalizations rather than with minute details, he made his essay a dissertation upon English history, and not a history in the common acceptation of the word. Unfortunately, he did not complete his design, and the work closes abruptly with the granting of Magna Charta. But it bears the marks of his resplendent powers, and as an historical fragment it possesses a value entirely independent of the fame of the writer. To the interest which he took in this study of the early annals of England we probably owe the first suggestion of another historical work, which he commenced in the same year, under the title of "The Annual Register." For this work he wrote the historical chapters for many years, and also contributed some other papers, for an annual salary of one hundred pounds. His history of current events, which was the most important feature in the work, is often quoted, and is justly admired; but it is a curious circumstance, that no part of it has ever been reprinted in his Works.

He had hitherto taken little share in the discussion of political questions, and was unconnected with any party. His tastes were for the most part literary, and the impression which he appears to have produced was that of a person who was more familiar with books than with men. "I dined with your secretary yesterday," said Horace Walpole, in a letter written in July, 1761; "there were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days." Yet, two years before he was thus described by this keen observer, he had evinced a disposition to enter public life, and in the Chatham Papers is a letter recommending him as a suitable person for a vacant consulship at Madrid. For some reason he failed to receive the appointment, and in the same year he formed a connection with William Gerard Hamilton, the exact nature of which has never been understood, though it is probable that Burke was to perform for Hamilton the same friendly service which Frederick the Great had recently exacted of Voltaire. Hamilton had entered Parliament some years before, and had almost immediately risen to distinction upon the extraordinary success of his first speech in the House of Commons. He had already held office, and was in the fair way of advancement, when Burke was introduced to him by Lord Charlemont, a friend of both, and a countryman of Burke. Two years afterward Hamilton's patron, Lord Halifax, was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Hamilton was appointed Chief Secretary. Burke accompanied his new friend to Ireland, and appears to have been an active and efficient laborer in Hamilton's service. When the change of ministry took place in England in 1762, upon the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle, the Lord Lieutenant, his Secretary, and Burke, whose position cannot easily be described, recrossed the Channel to look after their own interests. They were so far successful in the object of their visit that Hamilton was appointed Secretary to the Earl of Northumberland, the new Lord Lieutenant, and again returned to Ireland with Burke.

At first Burke had no ostensible office or salary, but in 1763 he received a pension of three hundred pounds per annum, chargeable upon the Irish treasury. This pension he afterwards assigned to Hamilton's attorney at the time of their rupture, although he distinctly asserts that he was less indebted for it to that gentleman than to either of the other three persons concerned in procuring it. Of Burke's history at this period, as we have remarked, very little is known, but whatever may have been the nature of his relations with Hamilton, the connection was productive of little satisfaction. At length, in the early part of 1765, they came to an open and violent rupture. Burke's version of the origin of the quarrel is, that Hamilton demanded of him services which would have deprived him of all moral and intellectual freedom, and have effectually closed all the avenues to advancement.

"The occasion of our difference," he says in a letter to Henry Flood, "was not any act whatsoever on my part; it was entirely upon his; by a voluntary, but most insolent and intolerable demand, amounting to no less than a claim of servitude during the whole course of my life, without leaving to me, at any time, a power of either getting forward with honor, or of retiring with tranquillity. This was really and truly the substance of his demand upon me, to which I need not tell you that I refused, with some degree of indignation, to submit."

Both parties were excessively angry. Hamilton refused to see Burke, alleging that he should not be able to control his temper, on account of his lively sense of the unkindness of the former "companion of his studies," and his friends circulated reports highly injurious to Burke. On the other hand, Burke, in his letters to his friends, aired his vocabulary with great freedom, and showed that he was a perfect master of the art of vituperation.

"I shall never," he says in one letter, "look upon those who, after hearing the whole story, do not think me *perfectly* right, and do not consider Hamilton as an infamous scoundrel, to be in the smallest degree my friends, or even to be persons for whom I am bound to have the slightest esteem, as fair or just estimators of the characters and conduct of men."

The breach was never healed, though both parties lived for more than thirty years after its occurrence.

Shortly after this rupture Burke formed a new connection, which became a source of permanent satisfaction to him, and influenced the whole course of his subsequent life. His friends naturally shared his indignation against Hamilton, and sought to procure for him a position in which his powers might have free exercise. Hamilton himself asserted that Burke had left him for the purpose of joining another patron, probably one of the Townshends; but the charge is emphatically denied by Burke, in a letter to a friend in Ireland. It is certain, however, that his friends made interest for him with the Marquis of Rockingham, to whom he was introduced by Mr. William Fitzherbert, a leading member in the party of that nobleman. The result of their recommendations was his appointment as private secretary to Lord Rockingham, in July, 1765, when the Rockingham Whigs came into office. Lord Rockingham himself, as head of the party, became prime minister. He was a nobleman of pure and disinterested patriotism, free from all personal aims, and of sound judgment upon most subjects; but he was feeble in body, disinclined to public speaking, and not of superior talents. No position, therefore, could at that time have been better suited to call out the strength of Burke's great powers as a writer. From the first his pen was enlisted in defence of the opinions and policy of the party; and when he entered Parliament, in the following December, as member for the borough of Wendover, he at once took a prominent rank as a speaker. Neither Mr. Dowdeswell nor Sir George Savile, the most distinguished members of the party in the Lower House, could aspire to equal oratorical power with him, and gradually Burke became the principal advocate of the views of the party in Parliament, thus uniting in his own person the dissimilar functions of writer and speaker.

His first speech was delivered in January, 1766, upon the question of receiving a petition of the Colonial Congress setting forth the grievances under which America was laboring. No report of this speech has been preserved; but it is known that Burke advocated the reception of the petition, upon the ground that it implied the plenary right of Parliament to govern America, and that Pitt publicly complimented

him upon the ability which he had displayed. In regard to the general question at issue between the Colonies and the parent country, it is clear that his views subsequently underwent a considerable modification. At this time he had "no doubt of the ability of Great Britain to crush, or even extirpate, the Colonies," nor had he any doubt as to the right of Parliament to tax America. In connection with Charles Yorke he advocated the introduction of the Declaratory Act, in opposition to the views of some of the other leaders of the party; and he assigned to its passage a prominent place among the services rendered by Lord Rockingham's administration. That ministry did not last long, — being dismissed in July, 1766, upon the formation of Lord Chatham's famous coalition ministry; but during its continuance Burke was one of the most active and zealous supporters of the measures of his party. His connection with Lord Rockingham did not terminate with the dismissal of the ministers; and he continued to hold the most intimate and confidential relations with him. Almost immediately after the change of ministers, he published an ingenious pamphlet under the title of "A Short Account of a late Short Administration," in which, in the apparently impartial character of a mere observer, he enumerates the measures adopted by the late ministry. This simple plan is managed with so much skill as to leave an impression upon the reader's mind that these measures had all been of signal importance and value, and that the dismissal of the ministers was a great loss to the country.

From this time Burke's career becomes identified with the political history of England; for though he never rose to high office, he took a conspicuous part in nearly every debate, and often enriched English literature by elaborate pamphlets discussing the questions of the day in the light of great principles. It is in his writings and speeches that we must look for the most masterly vindications of the principles of his party.

After the retirement of his political friends and the accession to office of Lord Chatham's new and unexampled combination, he made a short visit to Ireland. Here he spent three months in social enjoyments, reviving old friendships and making new acquaintance.

"They had," said Burke's mother, writing from Loughrea to one of her friends, "all the gentlemen and ladies of this town and neighborhood to visit them, and had as many invitations to dinner, had they accepted of them, as would take up a great many days. . . . . My dear Nelly, I believe you will think me very vain; but as you are a mother, I hope you will excuse it. I assure you that it 's no honor that is done him that makes me vain of him, but the goodness of his heart, which I believe no man living has a better; and sure there can't be a better son, nor can there be a better daughter-in-law than his wife."

One effect of this visit to Ireland was exhibited in the ability and success with which, in the next session of Parliament, he opposed a bill excluding Irish wool from some of the English markets. For his exertions upon this occasion and at other times in behalf of his native island, he was honored with the freedom of the city of Dublin, in January, 1767.

At the general election in the spring of 1768, he was again returned to Parliament for the borough of Wendover, by the same interest which had secured his former election. Having thus embarked once more on a public career, he determined "to cast a little root in the country." He accordingly "purchased a house, with an estate of about six hundred acres of land, in Buckinghamshire, twenty-four miles from London." Scarcely a trace now remains of this magnificent estate. But the house, which was destroyed by fire many years since, is described as having been a princely abode, with noble colonnades and graceful porticos, reminding the spectator of Buckingham Palace. It had formerly been the residence of the poet Waller, was enriched with paintings and sculpture, and was surrounded by excellent land, on which the new owner was fond of trying agricultural experiments. No place, indeed, on the score of beauty and of vicinity to London, could have been better adapted for the residence of a philosophical statesman of ample property and cultivated tastes. But Burke was not a man of fortune, and how he could have obtained the means of making so extensive a purchase is a question which has been often and sometimes acrimoniously discussed. It is well known that a portion of this sum was obtained from Lord Rockingham upon a bond, which was never paid, and which was probably among the

bonds cancelled by a codicil to that nobleman's will.* Another portion, it is said, was obtained by a mortgage, and the remainder Mr. Macknight thinks was borrowed of William and Richard Burke, who had been successful speculators in India stock. Burke himself says, in a letter to a Prussian gentleman, written in 1772: "I have never had any concern in the East India Company, nor have taken any part whatsoever in its affairs, except when they came before me in the course of Parliamentary proceedings." Yet there is very good reason for discrediting this statement, if it is to be understood in what seems to be its most obvious meaning; and it has been conjectured upon apparently sufficient grounds, that a portion of the purchase-money was the result of his own successful speculations. The whole matter, however, is involved in a hopeless obscurity, which neither Burke's friends nor his enemies have been able to dispel. It must still be regarded in the light of a curious and not unimportant inquiry.

Though Burke had thus become a landholder and an amateur farmer, politics continued to be his favorite pursuit. Upon the opening of the new Parliament, he at once entered with his accustomed warmth into the discussions upon the affairs of Corsica, the American questions, the case of John Wilkes, and other topics then violently agitating the country. Most of his speeches on these subjects are now lost; but some notes are preserved in the Cavendish Debates and the Parliamentary History, and allusions to them are occasionally to be found in other contemporary records. At a little later period, he again came before the public as a political pamphleteer. During the Parliamentary recess George Grenville had drawn up a party manifesto, under the title of "The Present State of the Nation," sharply attacking the policy of Lord Rockingham and his followers, and exhibiting the immense superiority of the policy advocated by Mr. Grenville. This attack called forth a reply from Burke in the form of an elaborate analysis and refutation, modestly styled "Observations on a late Publication intituled 'The Present State of

* Mr. Macknight, from information furnished by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, thinks that the bonds thus cancelled, all of which had been given within fourteen years, may have amounted to £30,000.

the Nation.'" It deals mainly with questions of a merely temporary interest, and is relieved by few passages of that rich and exuberant eloquence which we usually find in Burke's writings; but its exposure of Grenville's financial and economical blunders is marked by great skill. In certain respects its merits have been greatly exaggerated by Burke's admirers; but as a mere party pamphlet, it is among the most adroit publications of its kind ever written. Here and there we meet with some pointed sarcasm, which must have rankled in his opponent's bosom long after it was uttered, or some striking thought expressed in most felicitous language. By his occasional bursts of eloquence, and still more by the thorough mastery of his subject which he everywhere exhibits, he carries the reader along with him through a discussion necessarily somewhat dry and uninteresting. The pamphlet rendered any alliance between Mr. Grenville and the party of Lord Rockingham impossible; but it undoubtedly added much to Burke's reputation.

In the mean time two questions, not altogether dissimilar in the principles involved, were growing into an importance which overshadowed all other controverted subjects. These were the expulsion of Wilkes, and the expediency of raising a revenue by taxation in the American Colonies. After the condemnation by Parliament of the North Briton, No. 45, and his own outlawry, Wilkes had resided for some time in France; but upon the dissolution of Parliament he suddenly reappeared in London, and offered himself to the electors of the metropolis as a candidate for Parliament. Failing of an election here, he determined to contest the great county of Middlesex. At first, his arrival had created but little excitement. Soon, however, zeal in his behalf flamed up to a dangerous height; and this miserable demagogue, by identifying himself with popular rights, became a popular idol.

"When Wilkes first arrived in town," says Horace Walpole in his Memoirs of the Reign of George III., "I had seen him pass before my windows in a hackney-chair, attended but by a dozen children and women; now all Westminster was in a riot. It was not safe to pass through Piccadilly; and every family was forced to put out lights: the windows of every unilluminated house were demolished."

After a short struggle, he was triumphantly returned; but the ministry were determined that he should not enjoy the fruits of this victory. By their strenuous exertions a motion for his expulsion was carried in the House of Commons by a vote of 219 to 137, and a new election was ordered. Wilkes was again chosen; but the House declared the return null and void, and he was not allowed to take his seat. A third election followed, which resulted in the unanimous re-election of Wilkes, and the renewed refusal of the House to recognize the validity of the return. In the fourth election, Colonel Luttrell — a name familiar to every reader of Junius — came forward to oppose the popular favorite; but Wilkes was again chosen, having received 1,143 votes to 296 for Luttrell. The House of Commons, nevertheless, declared, after a debate which lasted until two o'clock on Sunday morning, and by a vote of 197 to 143, that Wilkes was incapacitated from being a candidate, and that consequently Luttrell had been duly chosen. This memorable contest extended through an entire year, and stirred the public mind both in Parliament and in the country to its lowest depth. Upon both sides the discussion was conducted with much zeal and ability. Among the speakers upon the court side was Charles James Fox, then a young man of twenty-one, who had just entered Parliament for the borough of Midhurst, and who now espoused the ministerial cause with the same warmth and energy which were afterwards freely given to the advocacy of popular rights and liberties and to the denunciation of every form of tyranny. Upon the side of the people Burke spoke several times with much ability. For Wilkes personally he had little respect; but he did not fail to perceive that the persecution of the demagogue was in reality an attack upon the liberties of the people, and he boldly stood up in defence of those liberties. He both spoke and voted with the powerless minority in Parliament, and in his correspondence he concerted measures for the adoption of petitions and remonstrances at various county meetings. The petition from Buckinghamshire was drawn up and presented by him, and he also assisted in the preparation of the Yorkshire petition.

In the various debates which took place within the same

period and in the following year upon American affairs, and upon other topics of less importance, he also took an active part. He opposed the Address in answer to the King's Speech at the opening of the session in November, 1768, with much warmth; and a few weeks later he strenuously opposed the Address and Resolutions for bringing to England for trial before a special Commission any person accused of treason committed in America. When Parliament met again in January, 1770, he spoke twice in opposition to the Address, vigorously attacking the ministerial policy, and defending that great light of the modern Whig party, Sir George Savile, who had been assailed by General Conway on account of words spoken in debate. Not long afterward he spoke at length upon the famous Remonstrance and Petition of the City of London to the King, and also in support of Mr. Grenville's bill for regulating the settlement of controverted elections, which he advocated with great ability and success. In May he introduced a series of eight resolutions condemning the ministerial policy in relation to American affairs. These resolutions he advocated with even more than his usual ability, and they had also the powerful support of George Grenville; but they were defeated by a majority of two to one.

Early in the same year Burke published his "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents." This celebrated pamphlet had been for a long time in preparation, and was designed to vindicate the propriety of party connections, and the necessity of government by party. Though its publication had been delayed in order that it might be submitted in manuscript to various members of the Rockingham connection, and Burke had accordingly received suggestions from them while he was engaged upon it, there can be no doubt that the plan was entirely his own, and that the language in which it is clothed was equally his own.* It bears upon

* In a letter to Lord Rockingham in July, 1769, Burke says: "I had some notion of casting it into the form of a letter, addressed to a person who had long been in Parliament, and is now retired with all his old principles and regards still fresh and alive; I mean old Mr. White. I wish to know whether your Lordship likes this." In another letter to the same nobleman he says: "I send you a good

every page the marks of his transcendent genius, and is an imperishable monument to his unrivalled powers as a political philosopher. Less extensive than the Observations upon Grenville's pamphlet, it is not less cogent in argument, and is far more brilliant in style. Indeed, no subject could have been better suited to Burke's genius, and certainly nothing could have been more admirable than his treatment. The magnificent sweep of his generalizations as he gathers up the history of the past or paints the existing condition of affairs, the profound political truths which he teaches with unrivalled clearness and force of statement, and the splendor of his eloquence in the rhetorical passages, render it one of the most remarkable and admirable of his numerous pamphlets. It naturally provoked many replies. Of these the most striking was by Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, a sister of Alderman Sawbridge, and author of a History of England which in its own day was far more popular than was Hume's great work. This lady had adopted strong republican principles, and, taking exception to some of Burke's views, she attacked him with ability and bitterness in a pamphlet which is now forgotten, but which had an extended reputation at the time.

During the next three or four years Burke spoke frequently, and often with great ability and animation, as is evident even from the imperfect reports now lying before us. Among the subjects thus discussed were a petition from certain clergymen praying for relief from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles,

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part of what I have been meditating about the system of the court, and which you were so earnest to see carried into execution. I thought it better to let you see what was finished, rather than to postpone it until the whole was completed. The design appears distinctly enough, from what has been done. If you and your friends approve of it, you will be so good to send it back, with your observations, as soon as possible, that it may go to the press." In a subsequent letter he says: "Since I began this letter, which was two or three days ago, I have done something not wholly to displease myself, in the beginning of the pamphlet. It was necessary to change it wholly from the manner in which you saw it, and I think the change has not been for the worse." Finally, in a letter dated December 5, 1769, he writes: "I wait, with some impatience, the return of the papers, with your observations and corrections. If ever, they ought to appear as soon as possible. I am drawing to a conclusion, but I do not send this manuscript; partly, because it is not yet arranged to my mind; partly, because I expect soon to see your Lordship in London."

a bill for the relief of the Dissenters, which he warmly supported, two bills for restraining the East India Company from the performance of certain acts, to which he gave an equally strenuous opposition, and the Boston Port Bill and the Quebec Bill, against both of which he spoke several times.* On the 19th of April, 1774, just one year before the skirmish at Lexington, he delivered a memorable speech on the general subject of American Taxation, in the debate on Mr. Rose Fuller's motion for a repeal of the duty on tea. This speech is reprinted in his Works, and is the earliest speech of which we have any adequate report. It made a deep impression on the House, and it was universally allowed that Burke had excelled himself, and had made the most masterly speech ever perhaps uttered in a public assembly. Nor need we feel surprised that this impression should have been produced upon those who heard it, when we consider how powerfully it fixes the reader's attention even now, after the lapse of more than three quarters of a century. The richness of its style, its freshness and its harmonious flow, and the variety and felicity of its illustrations, elevate it above the standard of Parliamentary eloquence not less certainly than do the breadth of its views and the depth of its wisdom place it among the finest productions of political philosophy. In truth, nothing can be happier than the characterization of George Grenville, the description of Lord Chatham's second ministry and of

* Several of his speeches on the Quebec Bill are deserving of especial notice, particularly those upon the clauses establishing the boundary line between Canada and New York, and allowing the free exercise of the Romish faith, and upon a motion for introducing a clause providing for trial by jury in civil causes. In one of these speeches, delivered on the 7th of June, 1774, he stated his views upon the general subject of toleration, at the same time maintaining that "every one ought to contribute to the support of some religion or other." Referring to home politics, he said: "There is but one healing, catholic principle of toleration which ought to find favor in this House. It is needed, not only in our Colonies, but here. The thirsty earth of our own country is gasping and gaping and crying out for that healing shower from heaven." And he added: "I look upon the people of Canada as coming, by the dispensation of God, under the British government. I would have us govern it in the same manner as the all-wise disposition of Providence would govern it. We know He suffers the sun to shine upon the righteous and unrighteous; and we ought to suffer all classes, without distinction, to enjoy equally the right of worshipping God according to the light he has been pleased to give them."

the confusion into which it was thrown when his controlling presence was withdrawn, the sketch of Charles Townshend's character, and the indignant reply to Lord Carmarthen. Nor would it be easy to find elsewhere a more profound philosophy applied to the discussion of political affairs, than presides over his whole treatment of the complicated questions with which he had to deal. But those winged words fell on unwilling ears; other counsels prevailed; and the motion was lost by a vote of 49 to 182.

Early in the autumn of 1774 Parliament was dissolved, and a new election was ordered, — a state of things for which Burke was by no means prepared. The pecuniary affairs of Lord Verney, through whose interest he had hitherto been returned free of expense, had become so much embarrassed, that it was necessary for Burke "either to quit public life or to find some other avenue to Parliament." In this emergency he had recourse to Lord Rockingham, in a long letter frankly stating all the circumstances of the case. The result was that Lord Rockingham placed his own borough of Malton at Burke's disposal, and he was at once elected. But scarcely had this arrangement been completed when he received a new honor, and a fresh mark of the estimation in which his services were held. Upon the very day of his return, he received an invitation to stand as one of the candidates for the great commercial city of Bristol. After a brief consultation with his new constituents he determined to accept the invitation, and at once set out for Bristol, where the poll was then in progress. The struggle was severe and protracted; but at its conclusion Burke was declared to be elected, and he accordingly took his seat in Parliament as member for Bristol. His speeches at Bristol upon the occasion of offering himself as a candidate and at the close of the poll were printed in a pamphlet at the time, and are reproduced in his collected Works. They are moderate and judicious in tone, and are chiefly noticeable as containing an explicit declaration that he should not feel bound by the instructions of his constituents to vote upon any question in a manner contrary to his own assured convictions. Upon this point he afterwards had occasion to repeat his opinions at greater length, and with even added force of

argument; but this early statement of them was an important and significant step.

American affairs at once engaged the attention of Parliament, and the whole course of the ministerial policy was vigorously assailed. Fox had not yet formally allied himself with the Rockingham Whigs, but throughout these debates he acted in entire harmony with Burke. Both took a conspicuous part in the discussions, and it is generally conceded that they never spoke with greater power, or with a more entire command of their resources, than they did during the American war. Mr. Grattan, who had often heard Fox speak, bore strong testimony in later years to the surpassing ability of his speeches upon American questions; and his judgment is confirmed by Burke, Gibbon, Horace Walpole, and others, who refer to particular speeches in terms of the highest praise. It is to this period that we likewise owe the finest of Burke's published speeches, and the imperfect reports of others show that they were equal to any of his subsequent speeches which were not revised for publication by himself. The warmth of his language sometimes indeed led him to the extreme verge of Parliamentary decorum; but even in his most passionate appeals the correctness of his general principles could not be denied. Among the more noticeable speeches which he delivered at the commencement of this session, was one upon the second Petition of the London merchants for reconciliation with America. In this speech he painted in strong colors the horrors of a civil war brought on by "the counsels of a ministry precipitate to dye the rivers of America with the blood of her inhabitants," and boldly told them that they could not accomplish the destruction of America, "without at the same time plunging a dagger into the vitals of Great Britain." At this time, in common with some of the other Opposition leaders, he appears to have contemplated an impeachment of the ministers, professedly reserving himself, in the words of the report before us, "for that day when, if properly supported by the people, he vowed, by all that was dear to him here and hereafter, he would pursue to condign punishment the advisers of measures fraught with every destructive consequence to the constitution,

the commerce, the rights and liberties of England." He also spoke with great earnestness and power in opposition to the bill for restraining the trade and commerce of the New England Colonies, and in opposition to Lord North's Conciliatory Proposition. But the ablest of all his speeches was delivered upon the 22d of March, 1775, in introducing his own plan for Conciliation with America. This celebrated speech produced but little effect upon Parliament, yet it is scarcely possible to exaggerate its merits. Fox, whose opinion upon such a subject must have the authority of a final judgment, pronounced it the greatest of Burke's speeches, and Sir James Mackintosh, whose criticism is scarcely less valuable, is equally strong in his praise. "It has," says that eminent man in his Journal, "the careful correctness of his first manner, joined to the splendor of his second; it was the highest flight of his genius under the guidance of taste. Except a few *Burkeisms* in the noble peroration, it contains few deviations from beauty." The perfect familiarity with the subject which it everywhere exhibits, the largeness of its views, the irresistible weight of its arguments, and the felicity of its style, must always render it a favorite among Burke's speeches. The ministerial majority, however, and even the country at large, were deaf to his warnings. A part of his resolutions were lost by a successful motion for the previous question, and the rest were voted down by an overwhelming majority.

It is a singular circumstance, that the American war was from the first one of the most popular wars in which England was ever engaged. Opposition to it presented few hopes of official honor or popular favor.

"I confess, too," says Lord Rockingham in a letter to Burke dated September 24th, 1775, "that from every information which I receive, and which the observations made both by Lord John and Lord George [Cavendish], and also by the Duke of Manchester and Sir George Savile, all confirm, the real fact is, that the generality of the people of England are now led away by the misrepresentations and arts of the ministry, the court, and their abettors; so that the violent measures towards America are fairly adopted and countenanced by a majority of individuals of all ranks, professions, or occupations in this country."

Burke, too, declared, in a letter to the Duke of Rich-

mond two days later, that he was "sensible of the shocking indifference and neutrality of a great part of the nation." In another letter he laments over the degeneracy of the people, and says that the merchants "consider the American war not so much their calamity, as their resource in an inevitable distress." Burke, however, was still the zealous champion of liberty, and on the 16th of November, 1775, he again came forward in behalf of the oppressed Colonists, with a motion for leave to bring in a bill "for composing the present troubles, and for quieting the minds of his Majesty's subjects in America." This motion he supported in another elaborate speech, which occupied more than three hours in the delivery; but upon a division it was defeated by a majority of two to one. In November of the following year he seconded Lord John Cavendish's motion for a "revisal of all Acts of Parliament, by which his Majesty's subjects in America think themselves aggrieved." Upon this motion he spoke twice in the same evening, — the second time in reply to Wedderburne, then Solicitor-General; and on both occasions he is said to have spoken with great animation. The second speech, in particular, appears to have been one of his most brilliant and pointed productions.

The minority, which had long been feeble and almost powerless, had diminished so much of late, that upon Lord John Cavendish's motion they only numbered 47 votes. In consequence of this result, Burke, Fox, and some of the other leaders of the party, strongly recommended a secession from Parliament. Early in January, 1777, Burke wrote an argumentative letter to Lord Rockingham upon the right and expediency of a secession under the existing circumstances. At the same time he drew up and enclosed to his Lordship an eloquent Address to the King, rehearsing in clear and dignified language the history of the American troubles, and strongly condemning the whole course of the ministerial policy; and he also prepared a Conciliatory Address to the Colonists designed for circulation upon this side of the Atlantic. But the plan of a general secession was not favorably received, and was only partially carried out. A few weeks later, Burke addressed a long and admirable letter to the

Sheriffs of Bristol upon the general subject of American affairs, with a special reference to the recent passage of a bill for the partial suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. This letter was at once published, and was not without effect in the country.

Shortly after the preparation of this letter a new question arose, which appeared to the Opposition leaders to afford a favorable opportunity for renewing their regular attendance in Parliament. On the 9th of April, Lord North brought down a message from the throne, representing for the second time in this reign that the king was laboring under pecuniary difficulties, and that the debts upon the Civil List amounted to more than £ 600,000. The debate in the Commons commenced a week after the message was delivered, and was conducted with much spirit on both sides. Burke now came forward in the character of an economical reformer; and in his speech in reply to Lord North he was very severe upon the noble lord for introducing the subject at a time when the country was already burdened with taxes, and proposing to add to their number. Beginning with a reply to the argument that the amount granted to the Civil List was insufficient for the expenses chargeable upon it, he went into a careful examination of the state of the Civil List under previous reigns, and in conclusion he maintained that "the debt incurred could not be for the royal dignity, but for purposes not fit to be avowed by the ministry, and therefore very fit to be inquired into by the House." During the next three years he seems not to have lost sight of the need of an economical and administrative reform; but the active part which he took in the various attacks on the ministry left him little time to mature a plan for the accomplishment of this object. It was not until February, 1780, that he brought forward a bill embodying the essential features of his plan. Among his principal speeches during this period were one in December, 1777, on Mr. Fox's motion for an Inquiry into the State of the Nation, and another in the following January in the debate on raising troops by subscription without the consent of Parliament. In February, 1778, he introduced a motion for an Address to the King relative to the employment of Indians

in the American war, and spoke for nearly three hours and a half with so much effect that one member expressed a desire that the speech might be affixed to all the church doors which contained the proclamation for a general fast. Many thought it superior to any previous speech of the great orator.* In May of the same year, he took a conspicuous part in the debates on the Irish Trade Bills, of which he was the most active and powerful supporter, though his constituents in Bristol were strongly opposed to them, and several of his principal friends wrote to him to express their dissatisfaction; and again in the same month he spoke at length upon Mr. Hartley's motion for putting an end to the war in America.

In the following year he took an equally important and conspicuous part in the discussions; but it is scarcely necessary or desirable to follow out in detail the history of his Parliamentary labors during this memorable year. It is sufficient to say, that in the numerous stormy debates upon the case of Admiral Keppel, and upon the various questions connected with the conduct of the American war, he was a prominent speaker, constantly assailing the ministry with argument, ridicule, and invective. In common with the other leaders of the Rockingham party, he vehemently espoused the cause of Keppel, and bitterly assailed Sir Hugh Palliser, Keppel's most active enemy. Not content with defending the Whig Admiral in Parliament, Burke went down to Portsmouth with Lord Rockingham, Fox, and other leaders of the party, to attend the court-martial convened for the trial of Keppel. Burke's son, who had just begun to keep his terms in London as a student of law, accompanied them; and both father and son were constant attendants in the court during the trial. So deeply sensible was the veteran warrior of Burke's sympathy, that he presented him with a portrait of himself by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which afterwards called forth one of the most striking passages in the "Letter to a Noble Lord."

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* Strangers were excluded from the galleries during this debate, and no adequate report of Burke's speech is extant; but enough remains to show that it contained many passages which must have sent a thrill through even the most sluggish assembly. Altogether, it seems to have been singularly brilliant in style and cogent in argument.

"I ever looked on Lord Keppel," he says near the close of this celebrated production, "as one of the greatest and best men of his age; and I loved and cultivated him accordingly. He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very last beat. It was at his trial at Portsmouth that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that his agony of glory, what part my son took in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue, and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connections, with what prodigality we both squandered ourselves in courting almost every sort of enmity for his sake, I believe he felt just as I should have felt such a friendship on such an occasion."

On the 15th of December in the same year he gave notice of his long-meditated plan of economical reform in a bold and manly speech, attributing all the grievances under which the country suffered to the "fatal and overgrown influence of the crown." A few weeks later, on the 11th of February, 1780, he brought forward his proposed plan; and so persuasive was his eloquence on this occasion that even Lord North said it was one of the ablest speeches he had ever heard, and such as he believed no other member of the House was capable of making. Lord George Gordon alone rose to oppose the motion, and even insisted upon dividing the House; but no other member voted with him, and leave was accordingly granted to bring in a bill "for the better regulation of his Majesty's Civil Establishments, and of certain Public Offices, for the limitation of pensions, and the suppression of sundry useless, expensive, and inconvenient places, and for applying the moneys saved thereby to the public service." Burke's speech on this motion is printed entire in his Works, is a masterpiece of ingenious and weighty argument, and by some persons is even now regarded as the finest of his productions. It has, indeed, many splendid passages; but too much of it is disfigured by the faults of his later manner. Still it is easy to see how strong an impression it must have produced upon those who heard it. A great historian, who then occupied a silent seat in Parliament, and filled one of the offices which Burke proposed to abolish, has told us with what emotions he listened to this speech. "Never," said Gibbon at a subsequent period, "can I forget the delight with which that

diffusive and ingenious orator, Mr. Burke, was heard by all sides of the house, and even by those whose existence he proscribed." Three days after this speech was delivered, Burke also obtained leave to bring in bills for the sale of the forest and other crown lands, with certain exceptions, for more perfectly uniting to the crown the Principality of Wales and the County Palatine of Chester, and for uniting to the crown the Duchy and County Palatine of Lancaster. He also moved for leave to bring in a bill for uniting the Duchy of Cornwall to the crown, but, objection being made, this motion was withdrawn. At first these measures were received with great favor, and Burke acquired an immense popularity. Gradually, however, the opposition to the proposed reform began to gain strength and courage. The result was a severe and protracted struggle. The clause in the first bill for abolishing the office of Third Secretary of State was the first upon which the House divided, and it was lost by a vote of 201 to 208. The clause abolishing the Board of Trade was carried by a majority of only eight votes; and after the rejection of a clause for reforming some of the offices in the royal household, Burke appears to have lost nearly all interest in the further progress of the bill, though he spoke several times in the subsequent debates. In the mean time, and in consequence of the opposition to Burke's plan, Mr. Dunning brought forward his celebrated motion, "that the influence of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," and in his opening speech he paid a merited tribute to his friend's "uncommon zeal, unrivalled industry, astonishing abilities, and invincible perseverance." Burke took no part in this debate, but he was one of the majority who voted in favor of Mr. Dunning's declaration.

On the 1st of September Parliament was suddenly dissolved; and, in consequence of the shortness of the interval allowed for the elections, the ministry materially increased their strength in the new House. Burke once more offered himself as a candidate for the city of Bristol, and in a speech delivered in the Guildhall previously to the election he vindicated with consummate ability the course which he had recently pursued in Parliament. In the course of his remarks

he met and answered successively the various charges brought against him. Nor did he neglect to refer in just terms to the only proper rules which can govern the relations between the representative and his constituents.

"I did not obey your instructions," he said. "No. I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interest, against your opinions, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look, indeed, to your opinions; but to such opinions as you and I must have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day. I knew that you chose me, in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of the state, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shiftings of every fashionable gale."

But the opposition was too strong, and Burke, having satisfied himself that he could not be chosen, determined to withdraw from the contest before the commencement of the poll. Compelled again to seek a new avenue to Parliament, he once more took refuge in Lord Rockingham's borough of Malton, from which he was promptly returned. After an animated struggle Fox was chosen for Westminster; and the Opposition to Lord North was strengthened by the election of two young men of scarcely less brilliant parts, who now entered Parliament for the first time, and who were destined to act a conspicuous part in history, — Richard Brinsley Sheridan and William Pitt.

The ministry was stronger in the new Parliament than it had been previously to the dissolution; but at length defeat and disaster to the British arms proved more powerful than the most eloquent lips. Lord North, too, became weary of office, and ineffectually besought the king to allow him to resign; and such was his anxiety to be relieved of the constant struggle which so heavily taxed his good nature, that in the course of this year overtures were made to Lord Rockingham with a view of enlarging the basis of the ministry. Some negotiations were accordingly carried on between the two parties; but the differences in regard to the details of the proposed arrangement were so great that the scheme failed. With the opening of the session the struggle was renewed with fresh

ardor; and so strongly was Lord North pressed by the king to remain in office, that it was not until March, 1782, that the Opposition succeeded in displacing the ministry. In this memorable struggle Burke was among the foremost speakers, taking an important part in the discussions upon the appointment of Sir Hugh Palliser as Governor of Greenwich Hospital, upon Lord North's propositions for the renewal of the East India Company's charter, upon the causes of the war in the Carnatic, upon the Public Accounts and the Ordnance Estimates, upon Mr. Hartley's bill for restoring peace with America, and upon the bill for reforming the Civil List, on which he spoke four times.

The struggle was now fast drawing to a close. In January, 1782, Mr. Fox brought forward a motion for an inquiry into "the causes of the want of success of his Majesty's naval forces during the war, and more particularly in the year 1781," and sustained it in a speech of great ability. So powerful were his arguments, and so strong had the minority become, that the ministers did not venture to oppose the inquiry. When the House went into committee upon the subject, Mr. Fox again spoke at length, attacking the conduct of the admiralty, and concluding with a resolution that "there had been gross mismanagement in the conduct of his Majesty's naval affairs in the year 1781"; but the motion was rejected by a majority of twenty-two. Burke did not take any conspicuous part in these debates; but a few weeks later, when General Conway brought forward a motion for putting an end to the war, he spoke at length, and with more than ordinary ability. The motion was defeated by only one vote. Alarmed at this result, the ministers at once determined to yield to the demands of the minority, so far at least as to enter into negotiations for peace. But such a course was not adapted to satisfy the Opposition; and on the 8th of March Lord John Cavendish introduced a series of resolutions, attributing the misfortunes of the war to "the want of foresight and ability in his Majesty's ministers." The motion was lost by a majority of ten. Still the feebleness of the ministry was so apparent, that the next week a motion was made that the House "can have no further confidence in the ministers who

have the direction of public affairs." This motion likewise failed; yet the Opposition felt so confident of success, that they gave immediate notice of their intention to renew the motion with the least possible delay. In the mean time Lord North determined to resign rather than continue the struggle; and having obtained the reluctant consent of the king, on the 20th he announced that the ministry was at an end.

Upon the resignation of Lord North, his Majesty sent for Lord Shelburne, whose views were less obnoxious to him than were those of the Rockingham Whigs, and offered him the first place in the government; but Lord Shelburne was true to his recent engagements with Lord Rockingham, and declined the proffered honor. After some delay the king was induced to communicate with Lord Rockingham; and at length a ministry was formed of which he became head. Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox were made Secretaries of State,—the Third Secretaryship being abolished.* Lord John Cavendish became Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Duke of Grafton returned to office as Lord Privy Seal; Admiral Keppel, whose recent trial had aroused so great an excitement, was created a Viscount and made First Lord of the Admiralty; the Duke of Richmond was made Master-General of the Ordnance; and General Conway was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, with a seat in the Cabinet. Lord Thurlow was unwisely retained in the Chancellorship, through the influence of the king and of Lord Shelburne. Burke was made Paymaster-General, an office which had been filled in previous administrations by the elder Pitt, Lord Holland, Lord North, and the brilliant and versatile Charles Townshend, and which in our own time has been adorned by the splendid abilities of Lord Macaulay. Among the other celebrated persons who were appointed to inferior places were Sheridan, Barré, and Thomas Townshend. The Duke of Portland was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and Fox's intimate friend, Richard Fitzpatrick, accompanied him as Secretary.

* Upon Mr. Fox's appointment he became the ministerial leader in the House of Commons, and Burke's relative position in the party was much changed. He never recovered his former influence. So long as the Whig party remained unbroken, Fox continued its sole and undisputed leader.

The ministry thus included many persons of great talents, and it possessed in a considerable degree the confidence of the nation; but it also had elements of weakness which soon produced changes in its constitution, and finally led to its downfall. Dissensions and mutual jealousies showed themselves even before the new ministry took office. The continuance of Lord Thurlow in the Chancellorship was undoubtedly a fatal mistake; since he not only differed widely in principles from the two great party connections that shared the principal offices, but did not hesitate to oppose in Parliament with the utmost bitterness the measures agreed upon in the Cabinet. His continuance seems to have been demanded by the king, and was assented to by Lord Shelburne without previous consultation with the Rockingham Whigs. In the same manner Lord Shelburne added to the original list of the Cabinet the name of his own friend and supporter, John Dunning, who was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Ashburton. This promotion excited the jealousy of the Rockingham party, though they acquiesced in it; and, in order to equalize the rewards, Sir Fletcher Norton, the late Speaker of the House of Commons, was also called to the Upper House, and created Lord Grantley. The same jealousy was likewise recognized in the disposition of other offices and honors; but the only pensions conferred by the new ministers were given to supporters of Lord Shelburne. Though sufficiently eager for places and titles, the Rockingham Whigs showed an honorable disregard for the mere emoluments of office. "The only jobs," said Mr. Fox after his rupture with Lord Shelburne, "in which the Rockingham administration were concerned, were jobs for two men, neither friendly to their persons nor principles."

The dissensions in the Cabinet were still more strongly felt in the negotiations at Paris for terminating the American war. There Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox maintained separate agents, from the unfortunate circumstance that the negotiations with France and those with the United States belonged to different departments.* The mutual jealousies

* The gentleman appointed by Lord Shelburne to conduct the negotiations with Dr. Franklin was Mr. Richard Oswald, a respectable London merchant. He con-

which these agents felt were soon transferred by Mr. Grenville to England; and the result was that Fox at once conceived a violent distrust of his colleague. Mr. Grenville himself was greatly exasperated at what he considered double-dealing on the part of Lord Shelburne, and was anxious to throw up his mission. In addition to this cause of suspicion and distrust, Mr. Fox entertained an entirely different opinion from Lord Shelburne in regard to the basis on which the negotiations should be conducted, and he had been twice outvoted in the Cabinet upon this important question. Under these circumstances he declared his intention of resigning, and was prevented from doing so at once only by the illness of Lord Rockingham, which terminated fatally on the 1st of July, a little more than three months after the ministers took office.

The death of Lord Rockingham brought matters to a crisis. On the following day Lord Shelburne announced to his colleagues that the king desired him to accept the Treasury; and he added, that from the manner in which the offer was made it would be impossible for him to decline, though he should have preferred the appointment of one of Lord Rockingham's friends.* This announcement was received with but little favor by the other Whig leaders, who were zealous for the appointment of the Duke of Portland, at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Finding the opposition of his colleagues so strong, Lord Shelburne begged that they would not determine upon any line of conduct until he had had an opportunity of conversing with his Majesty upon the subject. The king was resolute in resisting the dictation of the Whig aristocracy; and three days after the death of Lord Rockingham Mr. Fox resigned.

The resignation of Mr. Fox led to the most important results, and left a deep and permanent effect upon the political history of England. It separated men who had long acted

tinued in this mission until the negotiations were concluded. Mr. Fox's representative was Mr. Thomas Grenville, a younger son of the famous Chancellor of the Exchequer. After the appointment of Lord Shelburne as prime minister he was recalled at his own request.

* Lord Temple, however, states in a letter to his brother, Thomas Grenville, printed in the Buckingham Papers, that Lord Shelburne intimated to him a wish and intention to take the Treasury.

together in harmony; it divided and finally broke up the great Whig party; it brought forward a new and formidable rival to Mr. Fox; and it paved the way for his own memorable coalition with Lord North. The withdrawal of Mr. Fox and of Lord John Cavendish, who also resigned on account of his dislike of Lord Shelburne, was immediately followed by the resignation of Lord Robert Spencer, Burke, Sheridan, and most of their political and personal friends. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Camden, Lord Keppel, and General Conway, however, determined to continue in office. In the new arrangements rendered necessary by the appointment of Lord Shelburne as First Lord of the Treasury, and in consequence of these resignations, Mr. Thomas Townshend and Lord Grantham were made Secretaries of State. Colonel Barré succeeded Mr. Burke as Paymaster-General; and Mr. Dundas became Treasurer of the Navy. But a more important accession to Lord Shelburne's strength was the appointment of William Pitt, the second son of Lord Chatham, then a young man of twenty-three, to succeed Lord John Cavendish as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The subject of the ministerial changes was speedily brought forward in Parliament, and formed the principal topic in a debate to which the pension conferred upon Colonel Barré by the late administration had given rise.* In the course of this debate Fox made a violent attack upon the new ministers, stigmatizing them as "men whom neither promises could bind nor principles of honor could secure; they would abandon fifty principles for the sake of power, and forget fifty promises when they were no longer necessary to their ends." To this diatribe he added: "He had no doubt but that, to secure themselves in the power which they had by the labor of others obtained, they would now strive to strengthen themselves by any means which corruption could procure; and he expected to see that, in a very short time, they would be joined

* Lord Shelburne subsequently stated in the House of Lords that the pension was conferred upon Colonel Barré at the recommendation of Lord Rockingham, to compensate him for resigning his pretensions to the Pay Office in favor of Burke. On the very next day Burke indignantly denied the assertion in the House of Commons, and his denial was confirmed by Lord John Cavendish and Mr. Fox.

by those men whom that House had precipitated from their seats." Burke was equally violent, and "called heaven and earth to witness that he verily believed the present ministry would be fifty times worse than that of the noble Lord who lately had been reprobated and removed."* The debate was closed by Mr. Lee, the late Solicitor-General, who commented upon the youth and inexperience of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, declaring that, "though the honorable gentleman would adorn any scene in which his part was properly cast, yet he did not think the confidence of the people would be much increased by putting the complicated business of the finances into the hands of a boy." The speeches of Mr. Fox and his friends were certainly not wanting in violence and bitterness; but it must be conceded that they do not present a very satisfactory defence of the course taken by the Rockingham Whigs. It is only by the light of documents which have recently been published for the first time, that we are able to perceive the real and justifiable grounds of that action.

Shortly after this debate Parliament was prorogued; and during the recess the ministers industriously prosecuted the negotiations at Paris. After much delay the terms of the peace were adjusted; and on the 30th of November, 1782, a provisional treaty was signed by the Commissioners of Great Britain and the United States, but without the knowledge of the French government. Subsequently, on the 20th of January, 1783, preliminary articles of peace with France and Spain were also signed; and before the close of the month the three treaties were laid before Parliament. In the mean time it had become evident that, in order to carry on the government, the ministry must strengthen itself by gaining support from one or both of the other parties. According to an estimate circulated at the time, the ministers could count only 140 votes in their favor. The friends of Lord North numbered 120; and Mr. Fox was at the head of a party smaller than either of the other two, but superior in talents, and numbering 90 votes. In this balanced state of parties a union of any

* In one of his letters to Mr. Roget, Sir Samuel Romilly says, in reference to Burke's speech, that he spoke "with uncommon warmth, — uncommon rage I should rather say."

two would leave its opponents in a decided minority. Accordingly various negotiations were opened, all of which failed of success excepting one for a coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox. The first step towards the formation of this celebrated coalition was taken by George North, Lord North's son, and he was warmly seconded by Lord John Townshend. Burke also approved of the coalition; and according to Lord John Townshend, Sheridan was "one of the most eager and clamorous for it," though he afterwards boasted that he had always been opposed to it. The immediate result of this junction was the resignation of the ministers upon the passage of an amendment to the Address in answer to the King's Speech communicating the preliminary articles of peace.

The coalition, however, did not find it so easy to get into office as they had anticipated. A ministerial interregnum of unexampled length followed, in consequence of the king's unwillingness to admit Mr. Fox and his friends to office. Finally, on the 24th of March, Mr. Coke, the celebrated agriculturist, gave notice for the second time that he should move for an inquiry into the causes of the delay in forming a ministry, unless Mr. Pitt would say that he had accepted the seals of the Treasury. In answer to this question Pitt replied that he had not taken office, and was not aware that any arrangement had been made. The proposed Address was then moved, and adopted; and on the following day a vague answer was returned. But in consequence of its adoption, the negotiations with the coalition were once more resumed; and finally, after many delays and interruptions, his Majesty yielded to the necessity imposed upon him.* Throughout

* The king's feelings towards his new ministers were exceedingly bitter. In a letter to Lord Temple dated April 1st, 1783, and published in the first volume of the Buckingham Papers, his Majesty says: "Judge, therefore, of the uneasiness of my mind, at having been thwarted in every attempt to keep the administration out of the hands of the most unprincipled coalition the annals of this or any other nation can equal. I have withstood it till not a single man is willing to come to my assistance, and till the House of Commons has taken every step but insisting on this faction being by name elected ministers." In another place his Majesty intimates his intention of getting rid of his new ministers as soon as possible. "I hope," he says, "many months will not elapse before the Grenvilles, the Pitts, and other men of ability and character, will relieve me from a situation that nothing could have compelled me to submit to, but the supposition that no other means remained of preventing the public finances from being materially affected."

this protracted struggle Burke does not appear to have taken any active part, — probably on account of his being engaged at that time in the preparation of the Ninth Report on Indian Affairs; but that he approved of the course pursued by the coalition is sufficiently clear from the fact that he at once accepted a place under it.

On the 2d of April, thirty-seven days after the resignation of Lord Shelburne, the coalition ministry took office. In that famous ministry the Duke of Portland was First Lord of the Treasury, Lord North and Mr. Fox were the two Secretaries of State, Lord John Cavendish was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Stormont President of the Council, Lord Carlisle Privy Seal, and Admiral Keppel First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Thurlow was deprived of the Chancellorship, and the Great Seal was put into commission. Burke was again made Paymaster-General; and the other offices were divided among the adherents of the two Secretaries. So ill-assorted a union had not been seen since the second ministry of Lord Chatham, which Burke had admirably characterized some years before in an often-quoted passage. "He made an administration," we are told in the speech on American Taxation, "so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; — that it was, indeed, a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on."

It was natural that the country should regard the coalition with but little favor. "Unless a real good government is the consequence," wrote Fox's friend and kinsman, Richard Fitzpatrick, "nothing can justify it to the public." Even this poor justification it was not destined to have; and in the end it was ruinous to the reputation and future usefulness of those most largely concerned in it. It doomed Fox to more than twenty years of fruitless opposition; for the king never forgave or forgot the constraint put upon him at this time. Nor

was Fox compensated in public estimation for the ill-will with which he was regarded by George III. The recollection of the coalition and of his course upon the India Bill clung to him for many years, and both were associated in the public mind with dishonor and an eager grasping for power. The coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox is only a more conspicuous illustration of the general truth which all history teaches, that coalitions are rarely if ever popular. It added nothing to the reputation of Lord North, although, as Horace Walpole wittily observed, "he got himself whitewashed by his bitterest enemies." In the case of Mr. Fox it has always given his eulogists infinite trouble; and very few persons at the present day will think of defending his course. Nor did even Burke's reputation escape without suffering some severe and damaging attacks. The most important of these was based upon his course in reference to two clerks in the Pay Office, named Powell and Bembridge, who had been dismissed by the late Paymaster-General on account of alleged malpractices. When Burke returned to office he immediately reappointed them; and on the 2d of May the subject was brought to the notice of the House of Commons. A brief and animated conversation ensued, in the course of which one member remarked, "that, when he heard from the highest authority, that two considerable clerks in office had been dismissed for gross misbehavior, and that they were afterwards restored, he could not help looking upon their restoration as a gross and daring insult to the public." Burke immediately rose in a violent fit of passion, exclaiming, "It is a gross and daring —"; but before he could finish the sentence Sheridan drew him down into his seat, "lest his heat," says the Parliamentary History, "should betray him into some intemperate expressions that might offend the House." No action was taken at this time; but the subject was again brought before the House several times before it was finally settled. Meanwhile Powell committed suicide; and though the House refused to condemn Burke's conduct, the feeling upon the subject was so strong that his friends advised him to accept Bembridge's resignation. He accordingly did so; and in the following month Bembridge was

convicted by the Court of King's Bench upon a charge of conniving at the concealment of more than £ 48,000, and was sentenced to pay a fine and to be imprisoned for six months.

In the course of the year, and subsequently to his return to office, Burke presented to the House two masterly Reports from the Select Committee on the Affairs of India, designed to prepare the way for Mr. Fox's East India Bill. In the first of these reports he gave an elaborate survey of the actual condition of the East India Company's affairs abroad, of the relations of Great Britain and India, and of the effects of the revenue investment of the Company. He then discussed at great length the trade and government of India, everywhere exhibiting the most perfect familiarity with his subject, and sharply criticising the conduct of Hastings, at that time Governor-General. The Eleventh Report followed at a later date, and is almost exclusively devoted to the conduct of Hastings, which is thoroughly scrutinized and elaborately described. From the date of these Reports to the close of his Parliamentary career, Indian affairs were among the chief subjects which engaged Burke's thoughts; and the part which he took in them forms one of the most important chapters in his life.

On the 19th of November, Mr. Fox moved for leave to bring in two bills, one "for vesting the affairs of the East India Company in the hands of certain Commissioners," and the other "for the better government of the territorial possessions and dependencies in India." These bills had been drawn with much care, and were designed to effect a radical reform in Indian affairs. By whom they were originally drafted is uncertain. It has sometimes been asserted that the first sketch was prepared by Burke, and that the bills were then drawn by Mr. Pigot, afterward Attorney-General under Lord Grenville; but the evidence for this statement is not conclusive. It is known, however, that Lord North, Lord Loughborough, and Mr. Pigot were consulted in regard to the details; and there can be no doubt that Burke also contributed his advice and information. After a very able and elaborate speech by Mr. Fox, discussing the affairs of the

East at much length, and dwelling with great severity upon the policy of Hastings, and a few remarks by other members, leave was granted to bring in the proposed bills. Accordingly two days afterward Mr. Fox introduced his first bill. The motion for the second reading was opposed by Mr. William Wyndham Grenville and others; but it seems to have been carried without a division, and on the 27th the great struggle commenced. Fox opened the debate in a speech even more powerful and elaborate than that which he delivered upon the introduction of the bill, sharply assailing the management of the East India Company, and declaring "that, if he should fall in this, he should fall in a great and glorious cause, struggling not only for the Company, but for the people of Great Britain and India, — for many, many millions of souls." The motion that the bill be referred to a committee of the whole House was opposed by Mr. Pitt, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, but it was carried by a majority of 109. On the 1st of December the debate was resumed, upon a motion that the House resolve itself into a committee upon the bill. The opposition was very ably conducted by William Pitt, Dundas, Thomas Pitt, and others. On the other side, the bill was supported by Fox, Lord John Cavendish, Burke, and other prominent leaders of the coalition. It was in this debate that Burke delivered his celebrated panegyric on Mr. Fox, at the close of a splendid argument in favor of the bill, which was afterwards written out and published. "Let him use his time," said Burke. "Let him give the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He never can exceed what he does this day."

In the division the ministry was sustained by a majority of 114. On the 8th of December, the third reading was carried by a majority of 106; and on the following day the bill was presented at the bar of the House of Lords by Mr. Fox, attended by a great number of Commons. Upon the first reading Lords Thurlow and Temple took occasion to avow a strong opposition to the bill; and not only did they oppose it in debate, but they also made use of their influence with the

king to overthrow its authors. The king eagerly availed himself of an opportunity which seemed so propitious for gratifying his resentment, and previously to the second reading he placed a written memorandum in the hands of Lord Temple, "that he should deem those who should vote for it, not only not his friends, but his enemies; and that, if Lord Temple could put this in stronger words, he had full authority to do so." In consequence of this interference of his Majesty some of the peers withdrew their proxies from the ministers, and others who had been supposed to be friendly to the bill voted with the Opposition. Upon the 15th of December an adjournment was carried against the ministry by a majority of 87 to 79. On the same day the king's interference formed the subject of a debate in the House of Commons, and a resolution was introduced, "that it is now necessary to declare, that to report any opinion, or any pretended opinion, of his Majesty, upon any bill or other proceeding depending in either House of Parliament, with a view to influence the votes of the members, is a high crime and misdemeanor, derogatory to the honor of the crown, a breach of the fundamental privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the constitution of this country." This resolution, which was strenuously opposed by William Pitt, was carried by a majority of 73. Two days afterward the bill was rejected in the Upper House by a majority of 95 to 76; and at twelve o'clock on the following night a message was sent to the two Secretaries of State by the king, "that they should deliver up the seals of their offices, and send them by the Under Secretaries, Mr. Frazer and Mr. Nepean, as a personal interview on the occasion would be disagreeable to him." The seals were immediately given to Earl Temple; and the next day the other members of the Cabinet were dismissed.

Upon the dismission of the ministers William Pitt was made First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Marquis of Carmarthen Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, and Lord Sydney Secretary for the Home Department. Lord Thurlow returned to the Chancellorship. The other Cabinet Ministers were Earl Gower, Lord Howe, and the Duke of Rutland, who was afterward

appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Temple declined to accept a place in the Cabinet in consequence of the indignation excited by his unconstitutional conduct. In inferior places were Kenyon, afterward Chief Justice, William Wyndham Grenville, Henry Dundas, and Lord Mulgrave. With the accession of the new ministers commenced another remarkable struggle between the two great English parties. Upon one side was Fox, at the head of a great majority of the House of Commons, eager to drive from power the ministers who had obtained office by such disgraceful means. On the other side was Pitt, sustained by all the weight of the king's personal influence, equally determined not to suffer any successful attack upon the royal prerogatives. In this unequal contest Fox was finally defeated; and the great party which he had so long led dwindled to a mere handful of attached and devoted followers.

Having failed in their attempt to reform the abuses of the Indian government by means of Mr. Fox's bills, and hopelessly defeated in their long and wasting struggle to regain power, the Whig leaders determined to bring to punishment the authors of the abuses which they had so strongly condemned. On the 28th of February, 1785, Mr. Fox brought forward a motion for papers relative to the course pursued by the ministers in regard to the private debts of the Nabob of Arcot. In the course of the debate Burke delivered a powerful speech upon the particular question then at issue, displaying throughout a familiarity with the affairs of India which few persons then possessed. This speech is in some respects one of the most remarkable of Burke's Parliamentary efforts, and, though disfigured by his worst faults of style, it contains passages of the most brilliant and moving eloquence. Still the motion was lost by a majority of 164 to 69. In April of the following year he presented to the House of Commons an elaborate series of Articles of Charge against Hastings, rehearsing under appropriate heads the various topics which entered into the charges, and drawing out in detail the special offences committed under each. In May Hastings was heard at the bar of the House in reply to the charges; and during the course of the year they were at various times thoroughly

discussed in committee of the whole House. The several speeches of Burke on the Rohilla charge, of Fox on the Benares charge, and of Sheridan on the Begum charge, in particular, were masterpieces of brilliant invective and cogent argument. On the 3d of April, 1787, it was voted that the articles of charge furnished ground for impeaching Warren Hastings, Esq., late Governor-General of Bengal, and that a committee of twenty should be appointed to prepare articles of impeachment. Burke was placed at the head of this committee; and among his associates were Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Philip Francis, George North, and Charles Grey, then a young man of twenty-three, just beginning a long and faithful career in the service of the state, to be crowned forty-five years later by the passage of the Reform Bill. The Committee reported with considerable despatch, and on the 10th of May it was voted to impeach Hastings, and "that Mr. Burke do go to the Lords, and at their bar, in the name of the House of Commons, do impeach Warren Hastings, Esq., late Governor-General of Bengal, of High Crimes and Misdemeanors." In pursuance of this vote Burke, attended by a majority of the Commons, immediately proceeded to the bar of the House of Lords, and there impeached Hastings in the prescribed form.

On the 13th of February, 1788, the trial commenced in Westminster Hall, and it was continued with numerous intermissions until April, 1795, when the Lords voted that the charges were not proved. Burke's closing argument, which lasted for nine days, had been delivered in May and June of the preceding year; and immediately afterward, on the 20th of June, 1794, the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Pitt, passed a vote of thanks to "the managers of the impeachment against Warren Hastings, Esq., for their faithful management in their discharge of the trust reposed in them." This was the last day on which Burke appeared in his seat as a member of Parliament. Having conducted the trial to a close, so far as it depended upon the managers, he immediately applied for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and resigned his seat. It has formed no part of our intention to describe the details of this memorable trial; for that duty

has long since been discharged by the greatest of living historians, in a manner which no subsequent writer can hope to rival. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon Burke's connection with the trial. It is sufficient to say, that neither in the House of Commons when vindicating the propriety of his own course as a manager or seeking to obtain new evidence against the great culprit, nor when arguing before the Peers, did he spare any exertion to secure the punishment of Hastings. The voluminous collection of his speeches in Westminster Hall, with all their wealth of fancy and imagination, their splendor of invective, and their weight of argument, and the still more numerous speeches which he delivered in the House of Commons upon questions growing out of the trial, are an imperishable monument of his zeal, eloquence, and fidelity on this memorable occasion. To Burke, Hastings was, indeed, the incarnation of all the misgovernment India had ever suffered from Englishmen ; and though we may condemn the extravagance of language with which he advocated a just cause, it may be doubted whether any statesman was ever actuated by purer motives than he was in the prosecution of Hastings. Yet he became extremely unpopular, and was constantly assailed with every form of obloquy, on account of the part which he took. Madame D'Arblay has recorded in her Diary the feelings with which she saw Burke enter Westminster Hall, and listened to his eloquence.

"I shuddered, and drew involuntarily back," she says, "when, as the doors were flung open, I saw Mr. Burke, as head of the Committee, make his solemn entry. He held a scroll in his hand, and walked alone, his brow knit with corroding care and deep laboring thought, — a brow how different to that which had proved so alluring to my warmest admiration when first I met him! So highly as he had been my favorite, so captivating as I had found his manners and conversation in our first acquaintance, and so much as I had owed to his zeal and kindness to me and my affairs in its progress, — how did I grieve to behold him now the cruel prosecutor (such to me he appeared) of an injured and innocent man! .... Were talents such as these exercised in the service of truth, unbiassed by party and prejudice, how could we sufficiently applaud their exalted possessor? But though frequently he made me tremble by his strong and horrible representations, his own violence recovered me, by stigmatizing his assertions with personal ill-will and

designing illiberality. Yet, at times, I confess, with all that I felt, wished, and thought concerning Mr. Hastings, the whirlwind of his eloquence nearly drew me into its vortex."

Doubtless Madame D'Arblay in describing her own feelings has faithfully represented those of a large number of Burke's fair auditors. But he was subjected to much harsher criticism than this. The Parliamentary debates bear abundant testimony to the activity and bitterness of Hastings's friends. Once, indeed, in May, 1789, they succeeded in passing a direct vote of censure upon Burke's conduct as a manager, and in several instances placed serious obstacles in his way.

In the long and fierce struggle between the ministry and the Opposition growing out of the king's illness and the introduction of the Regency Bill, Burke took a very earnest part, in support of the theory of Lord Loughborough and Mr. Fox, and in opposition to Mr. Pitt's doctrine that the Prince of Wales had no better title to the Regency than any other individual in the kingdom. On one occasion, in particular, he came into sharp collision with Mr. Pitt, who replied in his usual supercilious manner, but with scathing severity. Following these angry discussions a new question arose, which divided Burke's attention, alienated him from the friends with whom he had so long acted, and threw him into new and strange company. From the first outbreak of the French Revolution, Fox, Sheridan, and Grey espoused the cause of the Revolutionists. Burke, on the other hand, departing from the principles of his earlier years, and pardoning very little to the spirit of liberty, entered warmly into the support of the monarchy. The result was a violent rupture of all those ties of friendship and affection which had so long united him with Fox in the common advocacy of common objects. In his place in Parliament and by numerous pamphlets he assailed with great and increasing acrimony the principles and the doings of the Revolutionists, and sharply condemned the course of those who sympathized with them. His first and least violent publication upon the subject was a pamphlet entitled "Reflections on the Revolution in France," which was given to the world in the latter part of the year 1790. It was certainly a very able and brilliant argument on the side

which Burke had espoused with all the ardor of a recent convert; but few readers can fail to notice how much its whole tone and spirit are at variance with his former writings. It called out numerous replies, of which all but two are forgotten, Paine's "Rights of Man," and the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" of Sir James Mackintosh, a work which at once gave its author a reputation and opened the way for a splendid career.

On the 6th of May in the following year occurred the memorable rupture between Burke and Fox. The former had already broken with Sheridan, in consequence of a difference of opinion in regard to the French Revolution; and in a debate on the Army Estimates in 1790 the want of sympathy between Burke and Fox had also been clearly shown. With the lapse of time the opinions of both strengthened, and their differences widened. Finally, in the course of a debate upon the Quebec Government Bill, they came to an open rupture, under circumstances of painful acrimony, which might well move the stoutest heart. "It certainly was indiscretion," said Burke, "at any period, but especially at his time of life, to provoke enemies, or give his friends occasion to desert him; yet if his firm and steady adherence to the British constitution placed him in such a dilemma, he would risk all, and, as public duty and public prudence taught him, with his last breath exclaim, 'Fly from the French constitution.'" At this point Fox whispered, "There is no loss of friends." Burke immediately answered, that "there was a loss of friends; he knew the price of his conduct; he had done his duty at the price of his friend; their friendship was at an end." After such a termination of a personal friendship which had lasted for more than a quarter of a century, commencing even before Fox entered public life, it was natural that both should be deeply moved. The Parliamentary History tells us that, when Fox rose to reply, "his mind was so much agitated, and his heart so much affected by what had fallen from Mr. Burke, that it was some minutes before he could proceed. Tears trickled down his cheeks, and he strove in vain to give utterance to feelings that dignified and exalted his nature. The sensibility of every member in the House appeared uncommonly excited on the occasion." Superior as Burke was to

Fox in intellectual force, it must be conceded that the latter possessed a sweetness of temper to which the great political philosopher could never lay claim. A coolness must necessarily have existed between them in consequence of the divergence of their opinions; but Fox would certainly have maintained friendly relations with his former teacher and ally, if Burke's vehemence would have permitted it.

Two months after this memorable breach Burke published another pamphlet on the Revolution, the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," designed to show that his own opinions were in accordance with established Whig principles. In December of the same year he drew up and submitted to the ministry a brief paper, entitled "Thoughts on French Affairs," in which he discussed the character and aims of the Revolution, and maintained that the principles then prevalent in France were dangerous and hostile to other governments; and in the course of the next four years he drew up and submitted to the ministry several other papers. Among them were the "Heads for Consideration on the Present State of Affairs," and the "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity," the latter of which was presented to Mr. Pitt in November, 1795, and discussed with great ability the existing condition of the agricultural population, with some remarks on the evils to be apprehended from the spread of French principles. The "Observations on the Conduct of the Minority," in which he sharply criticised the course of Mr. Fox, under fifty-four specifications, and which was drawn up in 1793, was also privately submitted to the Duke of Portland, and was originally published without Burke's consent or knowledge. In 1796 he published his eloquent and touching "Letter to a Noble Lord," in reply to the attacks upon him in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, in consequence of the recent grant of three pensions to him by the ministry. This celebrated production has been much and justly admired, and certainly few even of Burke's writings are more remarkable specimens of mingled argument, invective, pathos, low conceits, and lofty eloquence. This was followed by three "Letters on a Regicide Peace," the last of which was passing through the press at

the time of his death; and a fourth letter was also in preparation at the same time, and was published in his collected Works.

Though Burke was thus busy with his pen, he was not idle in Parliament during the years which intervened between his rupture with Mr. Fox and his withdrawal from public life. In May, 1792, he strongly opposed a reform of the representation in Parliament, in the debate upon Mr. Grey's notice of a motion on that subject; and a few days later he spoke at length in opposition to Mr. Fox's motion for leave to bring in a bill to repeal and alter certain statutes which weighed heavily upon the Unitarian Dissenters. After this time, however, his speeches had reference almost exclusively to the impeachment of Hastings, the conduct of the war with France, and the measures of domestic coercion by which the ministry sought to quench the rising complaints of the people. Though often marked by his accustomed power, these speeches show how completely Burke's imagination had gained the victory over his reasoning faculties. The famous dagger scene was only a more conspicuous illustration of the ardor of imagination and vehemence of tone which characterized nearly all his Parliamentary efforts at this time.

At length Burke's health gave way under these incessant labors, and under the burden of grief laid upon him by the death of his son on the 2d of August, 1794. This blow fell with terrible severity upon the veteran statesman, and from that time his own strength began to decay. It was in vain that he sought relief from the waters of Bath, where he spent a part of the winter and spring of 1797. As summer approached, all hope of recovery vanished; but it was not thought that his life was in immediate danger. He returned to Beaconsfield at the end of May; and there he died on the 9th of July following, calmly and peacefully, with a blessing on his lips, and the last words of one of Addison's admirable essays on the immortality of the soul still lingering in his ears. On the 15th he was buried in Beaconsfield church, in the same grave in which had recently been laid the mortal remains of his brother and his son. The pall was borne by eight eminent noblemen and commoners, among whom were the Dukes of

Devonshire and Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, nephew and heir of the Marquis of Rockingham, Mr. Windham, and Lord Loughborough; and the funeral was attended by a large concourse of the neighboring gentry. Fox, with characteristic generosity, proposed that the body of his former friend and recent antagonist should be interred in that venerable abbey where moulder the perishable remains of so much of England's true grandeur; but the terms of Burke's will did not permit such an honor, and it was declined.

In considering the relations of Burke with his contemporaries, it is important to observe that, notwithstanding the admiration which many of his speeches excited, he was never a favorite speaker in the House of Commons. His indiscriminate eulogists, indeed, have often attempted to overrule the popular impression on this point. Yet it remains clear and indisputable that those magnificent orations, which received the plaudits of the most competent critics in his own day, and which stir the blood of every reader now with a livelier pulsation, were often delivered to empty benches or to unwilling and inattentive listeners. Goldsmith's famous distich was not a mere figment of the imagination; and Burke's speeches were often interrupted by the impatient movements and violent coughing of members. Nor was this interruption caused solely by the desire on the part of his hearers to secure good English dinners. Their disorderly conduct frequently showed that they had left the House for a less reputable purpose. Burke spoke with a marked brogue; his voice was always sharp and shrill, and in his more passionate appeals it became a scream. Undoubtedly the intemperance of his manner in speaking, and the too great frequency of his speeches, contributed to weaken his immediate influence over the House. But it is also obvious that his personal and party connections were not such as to give him great popularity and weight in the country. When he entered public life, he allied himself with the party of Lord Rockingham, perhaps the most aristocratic connection in English history. When the first Rockingham ministry was broken up a few months afterward, the party fell into a small minority; and through the whole course of the American war it was exceedingly unpopular both in Par-

liament and throughout the country. During Lord Rockingham's second ministry, Burke held a lucrative appointment, though he was not in the Cabinet; but upon the death of his noble patron he followed Mr. Fox into retirement, and soon afterward he advocated the famous coalition with Lord North. In the new ministry he again held a subordinate place, which he resigned on the dismissal of the ministers. From that time until his rupture with Mr. Fox he was in a minority which daily grew weaker and more unpopular. After this memorable breach Burke stood alone. He had separated from his old friends, and he had not cordially united with his old opponents. It is clear, therefore, that at no time was his position such as to give him much official weight, or any direct influence over the great body of his contemporaries. At no time was he personally popular, excepting at that comparatively brief period when he was engaged on the question of economical reform. Yet he took a very active part in devising and defending the plans adopted by his political friends. Fox himself acknowledged the weight of his obligations to Burke; and the influence which that great man frankly avowed had been of eminent value to him, was not wholly unfelt by others. It may, indeed, seem strange, that, when Burke's friends came into office, they never gave him any place in the Cabinet; but it must not be forgotten that he was regarded by many as a mere adventurer, — that he had neither birth, fortune, nor powerful family connections. The principal offices in the state were considered as in some measure belonging to the great families which had upheld the Revolution Settlement, and the chief places in the government were reserved for the scions of those houses. The great political philosopher, therefore, who had labored with such untiring zeal in defence of Whig principles, always gave precedence to the mere men of social position.

It is certain that Burke's reputation has steadily increased since his death; yet it is a noteworthy circumstance, that even now he is held in higher admiration in America than in England. Nor need we be surprised at this, since we stand in the relation of a more remote posterity to Burke than do the English people, and are free from the disturbing influences

which must necessarily be felt by English writers. In England family traditions have still sufficient vitality to color the popular impression of Burke and his contemporaries. It was natural that the immediate descendants of those who were brought into contact or collision with him should inherit the opinions of his own day. In many instances, as in the case of the late Lord Holland, the influence of these transmitted opinions has very largely affected contemporary judgments. Added to this, Burke was always a zealous partisan, and in attempting to measure his powers English writers have attached a chief importance to his opinions on party questions of comparatively temporary moment. Upon this side of the Atlantic we are not influenced by these personal and party considerations, and are, therefore, more attracted by the essential and immutable principles which he always connected with the discussion even of the most unimportant party questions. In other words, it is more easy and natural for American readers to regard Burke as a great political philosopher than as a partisan; and under these circumstances we are sometimes apt to consider him exclusively in the former capacity, forgetting that he united both characters. In the one character of a political philosopher he stands unrivalled among English statesmen. In the other, as a mere party leader, he was certainly inferior to many of his contemporaries.

The real value of Burke's writings does not consist in the soundness of his views on the particular questions discussed in them, nor in the general harmony and consistency of his opinions. Few English statesmen, indeed, are less entitled to the praise of consistency. His earlier and his later views are often directly antagonistic; and, as Lord Brougham has well observed, "It would, indeed, be difficult to select one leading principle or prevailing sentiment in Mr. Burke's latest writings, to which something extremely adverse may not be found in his former, we can hardly say his early, works; excepting only on the subject of Parliamentary reform." But whatever may be the immediate question before him, he always brings to its discussion a vast amount of information upon every collateral topic. We see at once that his arguments are drawn from a long and careful study of the abstract

principles of political science; and however doubtful or fallacious may be the particular application of these principles, their real importance cannot be questioned, nor has any statesman of modern times clothed his arguments in more brilliant language. In that rich and exuberant rhetoric which is everywhere colored by an imagination more lofty and impassioned than any other great statesman has ever possessed, familiar truths assume a new force and vitality, and even the most questionable views present themselves to the mind with a persuasive appeal which cannot be easily resisted. It is, we conceive, because all of Burke's political writings deal more or less directly with general principles, and are cast in a form suited to attract cultivated minds, that he must be regarded as superior to all other English statesmen. It is certain that the splendor of his imagination was an important element of his power; but it was also a cause of weakness, especially in his later years, when it was less under his control than it had been in the early part of his Parliamentary career. Both in regard to Warren Hastings and to the French Revolution his imagination seems to have usurped the place of his judgment, and he expressed opinions which can be traced only to the feverish workings of an ungoverned fancy. It was his course upon these questions which, more than anything else, justifies Lord Macaulay's assertion, that "he generally chose his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher."

In all the relations of private life Burke's conduct was irreproachable. His own writings and the testimony of his contemporaries bear witness to the warmth of his affections and the humanity of his sentiments. Indeed, the keenness of his sensibilities is scarcely less remarkable than the strength of his intellect and the gorgeousness of his fancy. From the fashionable vices of his age he was singularly free, presenting in this respect a marked contrast to most of his distinguished contemporaries. Though he was fond of wine, he never drank enough to be affected by it; and he does not seem ever to have frequented the gaming-table. Burke, however, was a poor man with expensive tastes; and there is reason to believe that all of his pecuniary transactions would not bear a very close scrutiny. The late Lord Holland used to say that

he was always a jobber; but this assertion was doubtless prompted by personal ill-will, and it must be taken with large allowance. Still, it is clear that Burke's hands were not entirely free from stains, and that the suspicions which attach to his pecuniary dealings are not wholly unfounded. It would be a gross perversion of language to say that he was ever bribed; but his relations with Lord Rockingham were certainly not those which should exist between statesmen. Nor are the circumstances attending the purchase of Beaconsfield so easily explained as some of his eulogists have contended.

ART. IV. — *Writings of* THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1854 – 59. 21 vols.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY is a man of mark and power, who has silently grown, out of the costly toil of nearly half a century of culture and literary achievement, to his present high rank and intellectual proportions. As a thinker and a scholar he has few living equals; as a literary artist he is without a rival. He has traversed with more or less profundity of insight and research the grandest provinces in the empire of human speculation; and his familiarity with metaphysics, and the subtile distinctions involved in them, is so close and intimate, and his expositions are so elaborate and lucid, as almost to produce the impression that we are holding converse with a mind contemporary with the aboriginal secrets of nature.

This remarkable man was born at Greenhay, then a suburb of Manchester, although now densely populated, and absorbed, indeed, into the arterial life of that city. His father was a merchant of high standing, exclusively engaged in foreign commerce, and possessed of a considerable fortune. He died when De Quincey was seven years old, leaving him and his five brothers and sisters to the care of four guardians, with an income of £ 1,600 a year. His mother was one of those high-born dames who belong of right to the olden time

of England, and are now very rarely to be met with even in the best society of that country. Her manners were courtly, and she stood firmly by her rank; holding no intercourse with the menials of her house, save through a goodly matron who had the general charge of its economy. She was, in the legitimate sense of the word, an "intellectual" as well as a pious woman, and had the highest sense of honor and propriety in all things. De Quincey speaks of her in terms both of reverence and of affection, and remembers her counsels and admonitions in long-after years, when she is in the grave, and he fighting in an "Iliad of woes."

Notwithstanding the means at her command, she conducted her house with a wise prudence and watchfulness of expense; although she amply provided for the elegant enjoyment, culture, health, and happiness of her children. She trained them to a Spartan simplicity of diet, and they fared very much less sumptuously than the servants. "And if," adds De Quincey, —"if (after the model of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius) I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, these four I would single out as worthy of special commemoration; — that I lived in a rustic solitude; that this solitude was in England; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters, and not by horrid, pugilistic brothers; finally, that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent church."

The solitude in which his childhood was passed very powerfully affected his subsequent life, deepening the naturally solemn tone of his mind, and coloring his entire character. He marks, indeed, all the events which occurred to him at this early period in such emphatic and startling outline and detail, that they assume dramatic proportions, and, taken in connection with his after years, stand there like portentous heralds, ushering a dire tragedy upon the stage. They recur in all his experience, and are alternately accessories and principals, amid the awful scenery of his dreams; the key, in fact, which alone unlocks the portals of his opium creation, and renders its apocalypse intelligible. He was precocious and premature, and seems to have known no childhood. The eye of consciousness was always open and

full-orbed within him; and thoughts, too big for entertainment, although not for transient visitation, haunted his mind continually, and shook him with unspeakable trepidations. Solitude was not good for him, nor yet the exclusive companionship of his sisters, notwithstanding his proclaimed gratitude for these privileges. He relates circumstances in connection with the death of his two eldest sisters which, however incredible they may be to persons of common experience, as trespassing upon the very boundaries of the supernatural, are yet deeply interesting as illustrations of the natively morbid constitution of his mind; for we maintain that his tendencies to opium had an organic origin, as these narratives duly pondered may sufficiently prove.

When he was about one year and a half old his sister Jane, aged three and a half, died; and the event to him was not, he says, so much sorrowful, as unintelligible. He had no idea, could form no conception, of death in its essential mystery and calamity. Little Jane had disappeared, but how, or wherefore, he knew not. "I was sad for her absence; but still in my heart I trusted that she would come again. Summer and winter came again, — crocuses and roses; why not little Jane?"

The feeling with which he thus associated the return of crocuses and roses with the possible return of his sister, will, in one of such tender years, scarcely admit of philosophical explanation, unless, indeed, we refer it to intuition as its source. The idea which underlies this floral analogy appertains to the profoundest mysteries of man's nature, — to resurrection and immortality, — and could not consciously, therefore, without some preternatural and unheard-of gift of insight, belong to the mind of an infant. That the return of the flowers, however, was, in a symbolic sense, associated in his mind with the reappearance of his sister, he is fully persuaded. But this is not all. Jane, during her illness, had been intrusted to the care of a nurse who was impatient of the child's complainings, and treated the little thing with unnecessary, if not cruel harshness. The rumor of this treatment spread naturally through the house, causing much talk among the servants, and thus reaching the ears of

De Quincey, who pondered it in his heart, brooding over it night and day, as something awful, and altogether foreign to his own nature and conceptions. He had known nothing up to this time but the pure delights, the love and the beauty of childhood, and could have no suspicion of the taints of sin in that holy atmosphere which surrounded him. But now, and gradually, the dim consciousness that he "was in a world of evil and strife" painfully oppressed him; and he dates that "passion of sorrows" which consumed the subsequent period of his childhood from this revelation.

Strange and inexplicable as all this may probably appear to the reader, De Quincey not only believes it, but upon it — and the other and more important experience into which this minor one runs, carrying with it the full inflection of its feeling — he builds, as we have stated, the entire system and machinery of his visions.

The supplementary experience alluded to was derived from another mournful spectacle of mortality. His eldest surviving sister, Elizabeth, a girl of marvellous intellect, whom he loved with all the affection of his sensitive and confiding nature, died after a brief illness, from disease of the brain, when he was about six years old. She had been all in all to him, and his love for her amounted to an almost religious idolatry. Her death, therefore, affected him with emotions of grief and anguish corresponding to the depth and measure of his love. He felt what it was to be alone; for his soul was desolate, and his young life was suddenly hung with funeral gloom. And now mark what follows; for it is in every way important to the proper understanding of his development and career, as well as intensely interesting in itself, in a purely psychological aspect. The day after his sister's death, he resolved, in his intensely excited state, to visit her corpse, and with this purpose he stole unperceived into the silent chamber where it lay. The window was "wide open, through which the sun of midsummer, at midday, was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive, any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life." From the

gorgeous sunlight he turned to the corpse, and gazed long upon the frozen eyelids, "the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish." And as he gazed, "a solemn wind began to blow — the saddest that ear ever heard. *It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries*"; whose "hollow, sad, Memnonian, but saintly swell," he calls "the one great *audible* symbol of eternity"! Then, in his own words, "a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them. I slept — for how long I cannot say: slowly I recovered my self-possession; and, when I woke, found myself *standing*, as before, close to my sister's bed." This strange apparition, amidst the solemnities of death on the one hand, and the beauties of summer on the other, conjured up by the breathings of that mighty wind, is in itself — considered as a psychological manifestation produced under the pressure of profound grief and intense imaginative excitement — quite as wonderful, startling, and suggestive, as anything to be found in the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater."

The presence of great and exciting circumstances, however, although in the instance alluded to they were doubtless the immediate causes of the vision, was not at all essential as operative or condition, in the ordinary dreamings of De Quincey's childhood. His mind seems to have been in a state always bordering on ecstasy, — especially after the death of his sister; and "trailing clouds of glory" attended his outgoings and incomings, like some surpassing heavenly pageant. He loved solitude and silence. "The awful stillness oftentimes of summer noons, when no winds were abroad, the appealing silence of gray or misty afternoons, — these were fascinations as of witchcraft. Into the woods, into the desert air I gazed," he says, "as if some comfort lay hid in *them*. Obstinately I tormented the blue depths with my scrutiny, sweeping them for ever with my eyes, and searching them for one angelic face that might, perhaps, have

permission to reveal itself for a moment." His deep grief consumed him as with Promethean fire. The natural, beautiful, and most mysterious intuitions of childhood, which give glory and supersensuous meaning to the grass and the flowers, to clouds and sunlight, to solitude and the song of birds, were very vital and vivid to De Quincey, and, aided by his imagination and the dream-faculty, enabled him to live in the splendor, if also in the sorrow, of more than mortal experience. Sorrow is distinguished from grief by its submission and repose. Grief in her has been transfigured by faith and love; and hence her divinity, and silent, irresistible power. De Quincey had not yet, at least, known sorrow in this sense; his was "rapacious grief, that grasped at what it could not obtain." And yet under its influence "the faculty of shaping images in the distance out of slight elements, and grouping them after the yearnings of his heart," grew upon him in morbid excess. He gives in the "Suspiria" a magnificent picture of this faculty, whose more than Titian splendor of outline and coloring would vanish by mutilation, and it is too long to quote entire. The subject is his Sunday morning dreams while in an old English church, "having aisles, galleries, organ, all things ancient and venerable, and the proportions majestic."

It is remarkable that these scenes, and the drama of his childhood, are continually recurring in his after life and his writings; and he gives us affecting proofs of their abiding power in his "Autobiographical Sketches."

As soon as he was old enough he was sent to school, passing from one school to another, with very little discretion as to the choice on the part of his guardians. He made most proficiency, however, at the Bath Grammar School, where he had the advantage of an Etonian master, under whose instruction he achieved a rapid progress, especially in Greek, which he wrote at thirteen with ease, and spoke at fifteen as fluently as his mother tongue. Alluding to this remarkable acquirement, his master once said to a person with whom he was conversing, "That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I an English one." He had a natural gift for this language, and he obtained his mastery over it—

so far as knowledge of words and their structure is concerned, although not in the high sense of criticism — by extensive reading of Greek writers, by compositions, and the daily translation of English books and newspapers into the Attic tongue. The last public school to which he was sent was the Grammar School at Manchester, then presided over by a "clumsy and inelegant," though a respectable scholar. He could teach De Quincey nothing, however; and being now seventeen years of age, and having long and unavailingly desired his guardians, who had quarrelled with him, — or with whom he had quarrelled, — to allow him sufficient funds to support him at college, he resolved that at all events he would be a schoolboy no longer; that he would work his way to London, in short, and try the doubtful, and even, when successful, ruinous experiment of borrowing money for his college expenses of the Jews. During one of his vacations he had been invited by Lord Westport, then a young man about his own age, to spend a few weeks with him in Ireland; during the visit he made what might be called an intimate acquaintance with Lady Carbery, — a name familiar to all readers of Jeremy Taylor; and to her he now applied for the loan of five pounds, without telling her for what purpose the money was wanted. A few posts brought him an answer, and an enclosure of ten pounds, and with this sum he ventured to abscond, and cast himself adrift upon the world, bending his steps towards North Wales. He wandered through various parts of the Principality, — meeting with some curious adventures by the way, — until his resources were nearly exhausted. He suffered much from hunger and exposure, often sleeping out of doors at night, until he finally found himself in London, penniless and alone.

Here he became acquainted with a lawyer who was a sort of jackal to the Jews, to whom, although he received no pecuniary relief from him, or through him, he was nevertheless indebted for shelter, and an occasional crust, which, if it were not given to him, he did not scruple to take from the lawyer's breakfast-table, as the occasion served. The shelter afforded to him was that of a large house, uninhabited except by one poor, lonely, and friendless child, — a little girl about ten

years old. She was also hunger-bitten, as well as ragged and desolate; for her master — if he were not her father, as he probably was — utterly neglected her, never sleeping in the house, and, indeed, often changing his lodging for purposes best known to himself, and very scantily providing her with food and clothing. Great was her joy when she found she was to have a companion to make the loneliness of that empty house less fearfully dreary. For superadded to her great and touching physical misery was the appalling fear of ghosts, which in the silence of the night — broken only by the unearthly noise of rats in their infernal revels — haunted the mind of the poor, weak child with perpetual and inconceivable terror. And so at night they lay down together, their pillow "a bundle of cursed law papers," their covering a "large horseman's cloak," or fragment of a worn-out rug. He speaks of the tumultuousness of his dreams at this time as scarcely less awful than his subsequent opium dreams. He was attacked also by a "twitching" sensation in the region of the stomach, which was horrible to bear; and the result was utter prostration both of mind and body. In this mysterious house De Quincey spent the nights of many weeks; he a "famishing scholar," with no other companion save a neglected child, whom "I loved," he says, "because she was the partner of my wretchedness." His days were passed, for the most part, in the parks and street-wildernesses of the mighty city.

Misery touches springs in the human heart which open infinite depths of sympathy, and reveal to us how mighty and far-reaching and wide-circling are the roots of our common nature. For man, wherever and under what circumstances soever he may be placed, is still man; and the highest and the lowest are bound together by the common ties of blood and primordial ancestry, by the traditions and history of the common race, and by the spiritualities and profundities of the common human nature. And even in cases of sad profligacy and crime, purity herself has no right to withhold the words of love and consolation, and the promises which God himself has vouchsafed to the repentant sinner. We will not hesitate, therefore, to unfold one more scene in the revelation of De Quincey's waking visions and experience of London misery,

although it is not one of which we should voluntarily have chosen to speak. It is, indeed, all-important, in its issues, to De Quincey's history; for in the absence of the chief actor in this scene he would have had no subsequent history at all, but would have perished upon the stage.

In his street wanderings he had become acquainted — not with any impure purpose, but by accident — with an unfortunate girl, known to him only by her Christian name of Ann. She was not more than sixteen years old, and pacing with her up and down Oxford Street, he learned her story. She had been cruelly treated, and robbed of her little property by a villain who seduced her, and then turned her out of doors. De Quincey was to have gone with her, and spoken for her to a magistrate, and this was arranged between them, but destined never to take place. In the mean while, the following touching scene occurred, which will show how fearfully hunger, and its accompanying symptoms and consequences, had seized upon his constitution, and how all this was silently preparing the way for the advent and mission of opium to him and his experience. We quote De Quincey's words: —

"One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt unusually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square. Thither we went; and we sat down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble act which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse. I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind, that without some powerful and reviving stimulus I should either have died on the spot, or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent, under my friendless circumstances, would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined returned to me with a glass of port-wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration; and for this glass the

generous girl, without a murmur, paid out of her own humble purse, at a time, be it remembered, when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her."

It is moving to see, as in this instance, how the human heart, great in its lowest condition and circumstances, great to the last, vibrates at the touch of misery to the old melody in which it was originally tuned by God, — the melody of heaven's own tenderness and love, whose mighty breathings sustain the burdens of humanity and are the very pulses of its life. And this is especially the case in woman, whose nature, being more finely set and harmoniously adjusted than that of man, is, on this account, more sensitive to impression, and more beautiful and touching in its passionate responses, its marvellous heights and depths of affection. God has mercifully ordained that sin itself shall not be omnipotent in its malevolence; but that earthly glories, bursting even from the ruins of the human heart, shall have power to mitigate its austerity, and to illuminate its baleful darkness; — not to speak of that mightier and supernatural glory, which, as through a shaft sunk from heaven to earth, and to its lowest abysses of pollution, streams for ever, in sublime symbolism, from the blood and passion, the agony and the triumphs of Calvary. Otherwise, sad indeed would be the lot of man upon this earth. Sad it is, at the best; but hopeless it is not.

Shortly after the scene in Soho Square, above described, De Quincey chanced to meet a gentleman of the King's Household who had known his father, and had received hospitalities at various times from his family. He challenged him on the strength of his family likeness; and De Quincey confessed all to him, on condition that he should not betray him to his guardians. The next morning he received a ten-pound note from this gentleman, and with the money he resolved to go to Eton, and try to interest some of his patrician friends there to aid him in getting to the University. After fruitless applications to these noble persons, and also to more ignoble Jews, he is finally reconciled to his guardians, and commences his University career. Those who desire to know the history of his intermediate adventures, and how he parted from Ann,

and lost her for ever in the chaos and darkness of London, may find them written in the "Confessions," and Ann's story, at least, a tragedy of tears.

Taking into consideration his original nature, the precocity of his childhood, his indigenous dream faculty, and the wondrous waking visions which haunted his nursery days, — his extreme Æolian sensibility to natural objects, — to love also, and pity, and the passion of sorrow, — a sensibility which is the very aroma of feeling, and which coarser and more healthy minds cannot so much as imagine, — considering all these things, we perceive at once his predisposition to opium-excitement. Living as he did in a world of emotions and imagery far removed from actual life, it was no wonder that, when he came into contact with life, his mind should shrink from its savage and terrible reality, as from something unholy. When, therefore, he found that through the instrumentality of opium he could not only indulge in his Oriental dreams at pleasure, but multiply them in extent, number, and voluptuousness, he readily fell into its lures.

His "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," in which he describes the effect of this drug upon his mind, burst upon the world like a new Apocalypse; and such indeed it essentially was. For no one before him had ventured to proclaim his experience of this power; and few were ever gifted with such faculties of analysis and description as he possesses, even had they been inclined to be thus venturesome. Amid the darkest and most shadowy regions of his imagination, however, before whose dread and solemn pageantry the heart of man shrinks appalled, as if it were orphaned and alone in some universe of woe abandoned by God, he walks with philosophic calmness. He is familiar with the colossal scenery of the spiritual world; looks down with clear and steady eye into bottomless starry gulfs; and walks unscathed amid solar systems and burning planets, trampling, under arching galaxies, the aisles of measureless space, surrounded by all the vast, unbuilt magnificence, the cathedral pomp of the universe. It is his privilege to wander thus, the Alone with the Alone, and hold therewith his awful and unspeakable communions; — his privilege, and also his punishment; — a sublime punishment, which

words cannot picture, under the immensity of whose grandeur even an archangel might stagger; and which he can support only by the agency of that dreadful magician whom he apostrophizes as "just, subtile, and mighty," to give and to sustain. That magician, as we have before seen, is Opium; and herein lies the secret of his preternatural power, the splendor of his visions, his divine ecstasies, his satanic agonies. He has bartered the normal condition of his great and marvellous faculties, the natural health and vigor of his mind and body, for an abnormal, clairvoyant state, in which the soul magnifies the phenomena of nature, and incorporates them with its own feelings and images, until the universe becomes one mighty consciousness of inconceivable rapture and pure intellectual blessedness, or of the most appalling gloom, horror, and despair. All his experiences are sublime and vast; attended in their history and progress by unearthly accessories, by beings of an unknown creation, of an undistinguishable sex; — now sweeping through cloud-lands of fire and splendor, and anon through regions of tumultuous, unimaginable darkness.

Words, indeed, are altogether inadequate to paint the scenery and companions of this mighty dreamer's march through the regions of the imagination. He, himself, with all his opulence of language, and power of description and coloring, does little more than to suggest the fiery outline, leaving the reader to fill up and frame the interior picture as he best may. Never before, however, were such bold and vivid limnings of gorgeous visions traced by pen or pencil; and the wonder of the performance is expanded and deepened by the profound spirituality with which he invests them. They are but shadows projected by the soul, which thus seeks to give expression to its surging aspirations, and to absorb time, space, the universe, and God in its own immense existence.

In a purely psychological sense, how intensely interesting are these preternatural, fire-wrought experiences, and what new, strange, and startling speculations do they suggest! Here is a man who possesses the secret by which he can and does live in a state of unutterable splendor and glory, both of intellect and feeling, alternating with unutterable gloom and terror: this last, however, not the necessary product of any

forces of the mind reacting from a previous beatific condition, but resulting from causes over which the agent has, in the first instance at least, an absolute control; inasmuch as they spring only from an excessive abuse of the enchanted drug, and need not constitute the staple, therefore, of the opium-eater's dreams, or form any part of the phantasms of his visions. So at least we gather from the "Confessions"; for De Quincey says that for ten years he "lived on earth the life of a Demiurgus, and kept the keys of Paradise."

One dread epoch, however, there seems to be in opium experience, as the result of its long-continued use and excessive abuse, — and that is the termination of all splendid scenes and visions, and the commencement of an eternity of gloom and cryptic horror; peopled by dreadful human faces, shadowy, pursuing hands, and fiendish forms of Miltonic bulk, longitude, and deformity.

In the atmosphere of opium, and with this full, final, and fatal experience of its operations, De Quincey's life has been passed. His writings are everywhere stained with its colors, and flame with its illuminations. Nor does he regret his acquaintance with it, but rejoices over it rather, as a new inlet of power, and an introduction for him to occult scenes and knowledge, hidden to merely mortal eyes behind the veils of the universe. He mourns, it is true, over his *abuse* of its bounteous gifts, but he lays no guilt at the threshold of that dark abode which it inhabits. Nor does he impugn its veracity or integrity, or pretend that he has been cheated by any false promises which it held out to him. What it professed it performed, under the sole condition that he should use it for love, and not for lust. If he violated this condition, he must accept the penalty; and accordingly he is just to its character, by proclaiming that the accumulated agonies of his later mental and physical existence were but the result of his own voluntary transgression. This, however, if true, which we vehemently doubt, is but an individual experience, and an exception to the known dealings of opium with the human mind. It is commonly a cheat and a liar; mocking misery with a brief delusion, and crime with a brief oblivion, as if the prince of darkness himself had brought the

accursed drug to man in order to disturb by its subtile working the harmony and economy of God's government of the world. For even while it heightens the moral perceptions, and augments, as in De Quincey's case, the grandeur and intensity of the moral aspirations and of the intellect, it paralyzes the will, and makes the living man a powerless corpse.

It was in the year 1804, during one of his University vacations, that, being distracted with toothache, he first took opium as a palliative. The scene of this irreversible step was a druggist's shop in London; and he relates all the circumstances with the minuteness of a Pre-Raphaelite, throwing over them also the air and the coloring of a profound mystery, unwilling, as he says, to connect any mortal remembrances with the hour, place, and creature that first brought him acquainted with the celestial drug. And under its influence he sought for pleasures of a purely æsthetic and intellectual nature. Grassini sang at the opera in those days, and thither De Quincey went, feasting his soul with melody such as Mahomet never dreamed of in the atmosphere of his enchanted paradise, — melody which built up for him palaces of inconceivable splendor, and surrounded him with a new creation of feeling, intellect, and imagination. He mixed also on Saturday nights with the poor, lingered in pure sympathy over their marketings, and heard all their disappointments, hopes, and rejoicings, in the same spirit of unalloyed human love. Or he wandered for hours and miles, absorbed in contemplation, through the thoroughfares and Sphinxine labyrinths of London.

It was in solitude, however, that he sought and obtained his most serene and elaborate pleasures. Often he has sat for hours in delicious reveries; and "more than once," he says, "it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, that I have sat from sunset to sunrise, motionless, and without wishing to move."

In 1812 De Quincey is living at Grasmere, in the companionship of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, and has become acquainted with Professor Wilson. Here, in his

pretty cottage, — once occupied by Wordsworth, — with the lake at his feet and the mountain heights and woods behind and around him, he studies, in his library, consisting of some five thousand volumes, the metaphysics of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling; or he revels in the dream phantasies and imaginative wildernesses of Jean Paul. We see, indeed, in all his serious writings, how deeply he has been affected by German thinking and literature; although he never for a moment drops his own individuality, or bows his regal intellect before the kings of these mighty revelations. He is their peer and equal. And at this period he has no conception, he says, of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its leniency. Hitherto, he has been a dilettante opium-eater, of eight years' practice certainly, but always allowing time for the system to recover, partially at least, from one debauch before he commenced another. He has taken opium like a man of science and an artist; but in the middle of 1813 he is attacked by that horrible gnawing of the stomach, which flung him into such sleeping and waking agonies in the great, lone house in London, before he had tampered with opium at all. This sensation, originally induced by extreme hunger, now returns to him, and will yield to nothing but opium constantly exhibited.

From this time laudanum entered regularly into the articles of his daily consumption, and was consumed by him, for the next three years at least, at the rate of eight thousand drops per day. Suddenly, about the year 1816, he descended from this enormous quantity to one thousand drops per day. Twice he broke loose from the thraldom altogether; and the struggle which he made to effect this is one of the most heroic in its progress and triumph to be found in the records of human agony. Again, however, he tumbles into the abyss, and arrives at last at an "Iliad of woes." At night, as he lay in bed, vast processions moved along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories that to his feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam, — before Tyre, before Memphis. He descended nightly into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that he should

ever reascend. Nor did he by waking feel that he had reascended. Buildings and landscapes were exhibited in proportions more vast than the bodily eye is fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. All the incidents of his childhood and entire life were ever recurring to him. His life had many lives, and he was familiar with death, and eternity, and all the dreadful retributions of God.

Such, in imperfect outline, is the story of De Quincey's opium experience. He now lives in a village about twelve miles from Edinburgh, and makes occasional additions to the numerous volumes which his collected Works at present comprise. That he should have effected so much under the pressure of such mental horrors as we have described, and the disadvantages of pain, suffering, and that lethargy, and often utter impotence, of volition and action which opium induces, is little short of miraculous. This lethargy, however, alternates with periods of great activity, and De Quincey seems to have taken advantage of them. There is no sign of decay visible in any of his later productions, which is also marvellous. He is as vigorous as ever.

We have no space left to enter upon a critical examination of his writings with a view of ascertaining his body of thought and opinion, and assigning to him his true historical position. This is, however, a work to be done; although the fragmentary character of his compositions, scattered over so wide a field of inquiry, will render the task somewhat difficult. He has no great work to which we can point as his *Opus*, and by which he can be judged. He lies, broad and vast through these volumes, *disjecta membra* of colossal proportions, which require to be gathered up, as we said, and put into human fashion. But no living man has written, on so many questions, so much and so well. He knows many things, and all of them thoroughly, so that he has always a wise word to speak concerning them. He is a mathematician as well as a metaphysician; he is not only a philologist, but equally an accomplished and profound logician. He delights in the higher geometry, and loves to face those abstract truths upon which Nature rests, with all her forces,

creatures, powers, and empires. He has studied with a critical eye the philosophy of Plato and Kant; of Aristotle and Bacon; and he is a master in the science of political economy. Long before Ricardo had published his "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation," — that is to say, earlier than the year 1811, Ricardo publishing in 1817, — De Quincey was in that field. And it is singular, as evincing the nature and elasticity of his mind, that he took to the study of political economy as an *amusement*, at a time when his intellect was weakened and broken by his opium excesses. He read all the books and miscellaneous writings on the subject which nearly two centuries had produced, in hope of finding some ray of light to illuminate the dark foundations of that science. But he found authors, and pamphleteers, and parliamentary debaters, alike ignorant of its first principles, — their productions "the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect," — and he turned from them in disgust. At last Ricardo's book appeared, and before he had finished the first chapter, "I said," he writes, "'Thou art the man!'" He saw at once the worthy claims of this new candidate for honors, who "had deduced, *à priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis."

This book made an epoch in De Quincey's mind, and he gave an exposition of its principles in a paper called "The Templar's Dialogues," which is one of the finest pieces of reasoning in the language. "He who has fully mastered the doctrine of Value, is already a good political economist." These are his words, and this doctrine is the subject of his elucidation. Arid as the subject is, he has made it interesting, and even attractive, by his genius and matchless colloquial power. He turns from it with perfect ease to descant on "The Theory of the Greek Drama," "On the Poets of England," and "On Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," or he asserts his manliness and hatred of cant, somewhat preposterously, indeed, by a philosophical apology for war.

Indeed, on whatever platform he appears, he always makes

some original and genuine contribution to the discussion. As an historian he has given hints of unrivalled powers, and it is much to be regretted that he has not devoted himself to some great section of ancient or modern history. He infuses the breath of life into his characters; and the scenery which surrounds them glows with natural beauty, is atmospheric, and sunny with the golden light of day. His "Revolt of the Tartars" leaves nothing to be desired as a dramatic representation of a great and affecting historical event. It is instinct with life, and the portraiture of fierce passions, agonies, and tragic results. Nor can anything be finer than his imperatorial history of "The Cæsars," in the course of which there are many indications of neglected difficulties, which ought not, as he elsewhere says, to have been left unremoved to any one in the nineteenth century.

He excels also as a biographer, and is perhaps, from his long study of and intimate acquaintance with the subject, the only living man who could write a life of Milton. His papers on classical subjects, "The Sphinx's Riddle," for example, are not only learned and philosophical, but they often elucidate the hidden meaning of the symbolism of mythology from a deeper insight than any other writer, with whom we are acquainted, has attained. This is, perhaps, natural to him; for his genius is cryptic, and instinctively reads the ciphers and hieroglyphs of dark and mythic things. Whatever possesses mysterious and sublime features and lineaments is also peculiarly attractive to him. His creative faculty is so active and suggestive of phenomena, that he fills up the most shadowy outlines of such mysteries with the form and pressure of bodily reality. His paper "On the Revelations of Lord Rosse's Telescope" is a case in point. The nebulæ of Orion, discovered at last in those fearful distances which separate them from the solar system and all mental conception, assume in his eyes the shape of an apparition, abominable and utterly revolting. His mind is populous with this kind of creation; and also with that of beauty. Witness his "Dream Fugues," suggested no doubt by Jean Paul's essays at Dream Creation, and other analects from his writings, but far superior to them as to art, in the superb chastity and beauty of their finish. Richter, indeed, loses

the dream character of his effusions in the elaborate details with which he crowds them; while De Quincey in this most difficult of all the forms of composition, rendered so from its floating subjectivity, never fails in his effect, because he seizes upon the great features of the drama, and centres all the interest of evolution upon them. Jean Paul and De Quincey divide between them the kingdom of our dream literature.

As a moralist De Quincey takes his stand upon Christianity, and his whole system of belief is built upon it. He is a sincere Christian believer, without compromise or reserve. To what extent he is orthodox by any ecclesiastical standard we do not certainly know. But he everywhere extols the Christian religion, is jealous for its character and sanctity, dreading to be classed with unbelievers, and going painfully out of his way sometimes to defend himself from imputations of that kind, as in his long note to the Lord Rosse paper. In his tract on the "Essenes," he evinces his zeal for Christianity by attempting to prove that the Essenes were Christians under another name, and not an earlier or a distinct sect; for he sees that Christianity *before* Christ means also Christianity *without* Christ; and in his own words, "If, therefore, Essenism could make good its pretensions, there at one blow would be an end of Christianity, which in that case is not only superseded, as an idle repetition of a religious system already published, but also as a criminal plagiarism." Hence De Quincey to the rescue! not this time, we think, with satisfactory issue, although with bravest knighthood.

We should scarcely be pardoned by those who know and love De Quincey, if we neglected to note here the fine vein of humor which runs through his writings. For, strange as it may appear to those who know him only by his Opium Confessions, and the majority of readers are shut down in their knowledge of him within these limits, he is essentially a humorist, and cannot restrain himself. Humor is in him, and must out. It pervades all his essays, intruding occasionally even into the sacred precincts of sorrow and tragic catastrophe, where clearly it can have no functional rights, and must therefore be a fatal and unpardonable mistake of judgment; but otherwise manifesting itself in a legitimate and endless

variety of forms, now gay and lively, now caustic and severe, now bursting out in multitudinous ringing laughter.

In person he is anything but prepossessing; being diminutive in stature and awkward in his movements, with a shrivelled, yellow, parchment skin. His head, however, is superb, and his face remarkably sensitive and expressive; the eyes sunken, but brilliant with the fire of genius and the illuminations of opium. In manners he is a mode of decorum, urbanity, and natural, unaffected gentility. He is a magnificent talker, and a fine reader, — which last quality he notes as a rare accomplishment, whether among men or women. He is genial and hospitable in his household. He performs set tasks of walking, day by day, in his garden, and marks his progress by deposits of stones. He has offered his body, after death, to the surgeons, for dissection, as his contribution to physiological science. He seriously believes that the dreadful gnawing of the stomach already alluded to, which arises perhaps from the collapse and impotency of that organ through the use of opium, is caused by the ravages of a living animal. He is singular in his habits, often disappears from his home for days together, — no inquiry being made after him by his friends, — and returns as mysteriously as he went. He has two daughters, one of whom is married to an officer in the Indian army; the other and eldest presides over the house, and acts as his amanuensis.

Art. V. — 1. *Abelard.* Par Charles de Rémusat. Vols. I., II. Paris: Librairie Philosophique de Ladrange. 1845. 8vo. pp. 509, 563.

2. *Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen oder die Kirchengeschichte in Biographien, durch* Friedrich Böhringer. 2ter Band, 2te Abtheilung. Zurich: Verlag von Meyer und Zeller. 1854. 8vo. pp. 662.

The second of the above-named works may be dismissed with the general remark, that the volume is in every respect worthy of the series to which it belongs. Beside the biogra-

phy of Abelard and Heloise, it contains Lives of St. Francis, Pope Innocent III., and that singular saint, Elizabeth of Hungary. The style and the method of Böhringer cannot be too highly commended, and his candor is so impartial, that we have not yet found from his works to what church he belongs, or what are his religious opinions.

His account of the French philosopher, however, is only a condensed translation of the great work of Rémusat, from which all his facts and most of his opinions are drawn. The source is excellent. When a writer like Rémusat gives the results of a biographical study, there will be little left of value for any new explorer in the field. To minuteness of research, to breadth of view, to a masterly power of grouping facts and conceiving scenes, he joins a diction at once masculine and musical. No writer handles more easily, more lovingly, or more intelligently the hard subtilties of the scholastic philosophy. No man can more delight in threading the mazes of mediæval disputes, and reducing to shape and comeliness their tangled web. It is Charles de Rémusat who has best made known to France the convent life and political disputes of England in the eleventh century, the scholastic life of the Continent in the twelfth century, and the later philosophies of Germany, from Kant to Hegel; while another of the name, Abel de Rémusat, has gathered up the fragments of Indian philosophy. Among French *savans* the name of Rémusat deserves honor equal to that of St. Hilaire, and second only to that of Cousin.

We shall not attempt to indicate the manifold and differing authorities which M. Rémusat was compelled, in preparing his work, to examine, understand, compare, and harmonize. No subject of biography has been written about more frequently, more learnedly, more obscurely, and more absurdly. Folios, quartos, octavos, duodecimos, and diamond pocket editions, in bad Latin, indifferent French, antiquated English, and, worst of all, genuine philosophic German, warned the enthusiast to pause at the threshold of his task. The treasures of the Parisian libraries terrify, while they aid; and stout nerves are needed to undertake a work of which the materials are so complex and redundant. To separate myth from fact in

the biography was not easy; but this was a light and pleasant task compared with that of reducing to system the philosophy, the theology, and the ethics of the great scholastic teacher. The second task has, nevertheless, been as successfully accomplished as the first.

M. Rémusat divides his work into three books. The first treats of the life of Abelard, and tells all that is certainly known concerning him, his fortunes, his controversies, his labors, and his love. The second, in ten chapters, treats of his philosophy, dialectics, psychology, and metaphysics. The first of these chapters is a remarkable summary of the history of scholasticism previously to the twelfth century, and the second is an equally remarkable statement of the great scholastic question as Abelard found it. The influence of Aristotle is ingeniously traced, and the reasons for the triumph of nominalism are fully set forth. The third division of the work, which is the longest, ablest, and most striking in the display of copious erudition, treats of the doctrine of Abelard in theology and morals, with a criticism of some of his miscellaneous writings. To give even a synopsis of the scientific part of M. Rémusat's work would require more space than we have at command. We prefer to spare our readers, and to confine ourselves to the more entertaining portion contained in the first book. It were presumptuous for any but a skilled metaphysician to criticise or mutilate what must be fully read to be well comprehended.

In the cemetery of Paris, which bears the name of Père la Chaise, at the right of the small gate on the Rue St. André, and close to the narrow strip of earth where the graves of Jews are crowded together, is the monument which every visitor first seeks and longest remembers, — that of Heloise and Abelard. The dingy, florid canopy, pinnacled and crocketed, which covers it, is not in the purest style of Gothic art, nor have the recumbent statues, however faithful in their likeness, the merit of remarkable beauty. The interest of the monument lies in the romantic story which it symbolizes, and the evident popular reverence of which it is the centre. At almost any hour of the day, some man or woman of the people may be found waiting and gazing there. The work-

man spares a few sous to hang on the railing his votive wreath, the offering of his holiday, and the flower-girl saves from her stock a handful of roses to drop upon this tomb. The rough artisans of the Faubourg St. Antoine love to come hither; and, if they cannot explain the rude Greek inscription,* or see in this pair of figures the eternal marriage of philosophy and religion, they can discover a charm which tames them into courtesy. There are in the cemetery of Père la Chaise numberless famous monuments, of generals, statesmen, poets, orators, and men of letters, but none for which the people seem to care as for this. If honors at his tomb can make a man a hero, Abelard in his own land will come next to Charlemagne and Napoleon. Even the excesses of the first Revolution, which tore up and scattered the sacred relics of kings, and profaned the vaults of St. Denis, spared the bones of the philosopher and scholar.

The popular association of the name of Abelard is with that of Heloise. When one of these is mentioned, the other is instantly suggested. But, historically, Abelard's name has other and larger associations, — with that of Roscelin in the first grand protest of reason against authority, the inauguration and prophecy of the triumph of science, — with that of Bernard, in the battle of knowledge with creed, of ideas with formulas, of the soul against the Church, — with that of Arnold of Brescia in suffering for opinion's sake. His correspondence with a nun, which was in his own day the scandal of his life, now makes his chief renown; but his truest record is in the reforms of these later centuries, of which he was the pioneer. With Abelard modern rationalism practically began. He first, in the darkness of the Middle Age, spoke the word of promise for the days to come, proved that all wisdom was not in the cloister, that inquiry had rights which monkery might not silence, and ventured to criticise established methods of thought and teaching. In modern civilization the life of Abelard is one of the earliest and most important factors, marking the first successes of mind in breaking away from the trammels of ecclesiastical teaching.

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* ΑΕΙ ΣΥΜΠΕΠΛΕΓΜΕΝΟΙ. "For ever united."

We cannot read it with the same feeling with which we read the lives of Catholic saints, or those of great men who were workers chiefly inward for their own time. It is to be interpreted by the progress of thought and discovery in Europe, not merely in the schools of French philosophy, but in all the great movements for reform in Germany, Holland, and England. His proper companions are not so much Descartes, Voltaire, and D'Alembert, as Pascal, Grotius, Erasmus, Bacon, and Wickliffe.

Abelard was born at a time when the power of the Catholic Church seemed to have reached its height, and assumed its definite proportions. The capture of Jerusalem by the Turks had put an end to all Christian possession there, the schism of the Greek Church had become irrevocably fixed, and the successor of St. Peter had exacted from all the monarchs of Western Europe the confession of his independent rights. Scarcely a year had passed since Henry of Germany had waited with bare feet at the door of Gregory's palace, and had stooped to meaner humiliation than the legendary submission of Theodosius before Ambrose. William of Normandy, as a faithful vassal of the Pope, had just conquered England from its rebellious Saxon kings. Philip of France was loyal, and agreed to all that Hildebrand would claim. The tribute of "Peter's pence," which King Ina of Wessex had some centuries before invented, had now become an institution; and to fail in its payment was to fail in religious duty and to risk terrible punishment. The new College of Cardinals was the body-guard and the instrument of Roman sovereignty, and the monastic institutions, set on the finest sites of every land, were so many fortresses defending Catholic unity. To question the least practice of the Roman ritual, or the boldest form of Roman dogma, to allegorize or spiritualize any portion of the creed or worship, was a crime to be watched, to be denounced, to be punished. In the year 1078 the heretic Berenger, who for more than thirty years had fought against the literal doctrine of transubstantiation, solemnly at Rome renounced his falsehood, and testified upon oath, that the bread and wine, when the priest had sanctified them by his prayer, became the actual body and blood of

Christ. When Abelard was born, all teaching and all influence were in the hands of the Church.

Abelard was of noble parentage. His father, Count Berenger, inherited a spacious domain in the region of the Loire, and was owner of a conspicuous castle in what is now the small village of Pallet, about fifteen miles southeast of Nantes. In this castle (the site of which is still marked by an old stone cross), in the year 1079, his eldest son, Peter, first saw the light. Though destined from birth to the profession of arms, the child was not deprived of anything that could make an accomplished scholar and gentleman. His father was, for that age, a cultivated man,—unusually so for an inhabitant of the rude and brutal province of Brittany.* But it soon became evident that the small supply of knowledge which the neighborhood, with its scanty manuscript treasures and its indifferent teachers, could furnish, would not satisfy the marvellous capacity and the boundless desire of the growing boy. Relinquishing speedily the thought of a military life, he set himself to be a knight-errant of philosophy, and travelled over the whole region, seeking scholastic adventures, disputing by the wayside, holding controversy with learned wranglers, and venturing upon all questions, however grave, subtile, or mystical. He went to the schools of the dialectic masters only to hear, to vanquish, and to forsake them. How far his travels extended, it is impossible to tell, or in what part of France it was that he first met with the condemned heretic Roscelin, the champion of the Nominalists. Certain it is, that before the age of twenty he had heard this renowned master, had refuted his arguments, and had adopted many of his views. As yet, his education had been provincial. He had not ventured to the capital, and had only in his wanderings drilled his wit and his speech for the keener encounters of logic in the famous school of Nôtre Dame.

The rector of this school at that time — the close of the eleventh century — was the Archdeacon William of Champeaux, called, from his towering ability as a dialectician, the "Column of the Teachers." The fame of his instruction had

* "Brito dictus est quasi brutus."

made Paris to the rest of Europe what Athens was to Rome in the age of Augustus. Students from Italy, Germany, and England flocked to the cloisters of the island in the Seine, and went back with large report of the wit and wisdom in those halls of logic. The master was gracious to his pupils, and honored those who were quick and intelligent with special notice and favor; — though it was observed that his favor was not very lasting. No pupil was more prepossessing than was Peter Berenger, then in the flower of his youth, comely in countenance, eloquent in address, instant in apprehension, of surprising memory, and of a wisdom strangely precocious. He might long have remained the favorite, had he been content to listen, and not dared to dispute. But Peter was never a docile pupil; — the weapons of argument against which fellow-pupils could bring no match were speedily turned upon the teacher himself, and the favor of the Archdeacon was changed to indignation. The evident and perfect victory, however, was not at once on the side of the young upstart. He was an adept in the ways of the *Trivium*, but in the *Quadrivium** he was as yet untaught; and ignorance of these branches exposed him often to mortification. For a while he endeavored by a course of private lessons with an obscure teacher to make up for this lack; but his mind was already too full, and his tastes were too far decided; and the chief result of his lessons in the *Quadrivium*, which he vainly endeavored to conceal, was the surname by which he was ever after known. †

Abelard could not long remain in the position of a learner. Two years have hardly passed before we find him at the head of a rival school at Melun, a royal residence, some five and twenty miles from Paris; and not much later, at Corbeil, still

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* The scientific division of the Middle Age separated studies into the *Trivium*, comprehending rhetoric, grammar, and dialectics, and the *Quadrivium*, comprehending arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music.

† The popular notion of Abelard's surname derives it from the French word *abeille*, the application of which to him seemed as fit as the application of the same epithet to the great Athenian. Its true origin was in the jest of his teacher, who told him one day, to cheer his despondency, that a great scholar like himself, like a full dog, could do nothing but *bajare lardum*, "lick up the fat," which was taken up as a nickname by his fellow-students, and corrupted finally into "Abelardus."

farther down the Seine, and within comfortable walking-distance of the episcopal house at Nôtre Dame. Party jealousies among the students of Paris aided his success. The Archdeacon began to tremble at the rising fame of this brilliant and intrepid rival, and was relieved only by learning that the physical powers of the young teacher were not equal to his excessive labors, and that ill-health had forced him to suspend hostilities.

After a few years spent in various study and travel, Abelard came back to Paris and enrolled himself once more with the students of his former master, who now enlivened the solitude of a monastic life by classes in rhetoric and philosophy. The pupil was no longer a presumptuous youth, but a man of mature years, noted, skilful, and formidable, to whom even a prelate of the Church might fitly defer. A discussion soon arose upon the question of Nominalism and Realism, which the condemnation of Roscelin had made the great question of science. William of Champeaux was a Realist, thorough and zealous. He maintained most sturdily that ideas are essences; that names are things; that man is as much a reality as individual men are realities; that *universals* as truly as particulars are positive existences. He believed that there are no such things as abstract conceptions. The essence of the whole enters into every part. The ideal sheep or horse is to be found in every individual of the species, yet has an independent life of its own. This view, Abelard as a Nominalist delighted to refute and to ridicule. "If the race," said he, "is the essence of the individual, if *man* is an essence entire in every man, and individuality is only an accident, it follows that this essence is at the same time *entire in every man at once;* that when Plato is at Rome, and Socrates at Athens, it is all with Plato at Rome, and all at Athens with Socrates. In like manner, the *universal* man, being the essence of the individual, is the individual himself, and carries with him everywhere the individual; so that when Plato is at Rome, Socrates is there also, and when Socrates is at Athens, Plato is with him and in him." Reasoning like this soon silenced the Realist, and destroyed his influence with his pupils. To be vanquished in this argument was to lose the prestige of dialectic skill. The

humiliation of William was complete, when he saw his rival established as a teacher in the very city of Paris, on the Mount St. Geneviève, in the very cloisters of the patron saint of the city, looking down from this height upon the inferior school of Nôtre ame on the island, and defying his impotent threats and slanders.

The position of Abelard in this new school was splendid enough to satisfy even his boundless ambition. The idol of a crowd of pupils who thronged to his lessons from every part of the land, — the wonder of those who had exhausted the wisdom of other teachers, — invincible in argument, invulnerable to the attacks of the most cunning sophists, day by day he rose in fame, in pride, and in consciousness of power. One by one, his enemies ceased to make their cavils heard. William of Champeaux went off to bury his shame in the cares of a distant bishopric. If filial duty called Abelard away for a season, to dismiss his parents to the convent life, which they had both embraced, he could find on his return that no one remained to dispute his supremacy. In the year 1113,* at the age of thirty-four, he was acknowledged the intellectual ruler of Paris, and virtually of Europe, — the highest authority in all the popular branches of human science, a "dictator in the republic of letters."

The praise which his contemporaries lavished upon his universal knowledge was not quite deserved. Though he had read extensively in ancient authors, and knew something of almost every subject, he did not "know all which any one could know," as his epitaph reads.† For the science of mathematics he had no fancy or aptitude, and was never quick at figures. Of law, he had but limited knowledge; for in his time it was not much studied. The great school of Bologna did not exist. He was master of no ancient tongue but the Latin; the Greek, of which there were at this time but few students, was known to him only by a few philosophical terms, and all its authors he read in translations; while in Hebrew he had

* In the same year, the young monk Bernard was planting at Clairvaux his famous convent.

† "Ille sciens quicquid fuit ulli scibile. Non homini, sed scientiæ deest quod nescivit."

no instruction. Yet his philosophical knowledge seems to justify the most extravagant praise. It comprehended all writers, from the pupils of Socrates down to the latest of the Church Fathers. His brilliant teaching showed as much the fruits of extensive study as the keenness of a sharp logical insight. Citations from classic and Christian authors, from Cicero and Priscian, from Porphyry and St. Augustine, lent grace and strength to his clear propositions. Nor were playful witticisms excluded. In his frequent literary digressions, which relieved the dryness of abstract reasoning, he did not disdain to own the charm of heathen poetry. The verses of Virgil and Horace, Ovid and Lucan, were woven like golden threads into his ingenious pleadings, and he even quoted passages from them as "authority."

Philosophy was the department of teaching for which Abelard had the most remarkable genius, and in this he is claimed as the inventor of the theory of *Conceptualism*,* which is a sort of compromise between the Nominalists and the Realists, an application of the idealism of Plato to the dialectics of Aristotle. Abelard eulogized the Academic philosopher, while he closely followed the Stagirite. All the Church Fathers borrowed Aristotle's method, but Abelard was his chief interpreter to the mind of Europe.

As yet, Abelard had not ventured upon the ground of theology, the province of monks and priests, to whose life he had no inclination. It remained the only field in which he had not conquered. At this time the leading teacher in theology in France was Anselm of Laon, a namesake and a former pupil of the great Archbishop of Canterbury. For a while, he had taught in Paris, but for some years had lived in retirement at Laon, where the magnificent Cathedral still keeps his memory as one of the fathers of Gothic architecture. Crowds of students came from all parts of Europe to hear his commentaries on the Scriptures, and to be charmed by his seductive eloquence. Among the rest Abelard resorted to him, but

* The formula of this theory is "that universal ideas are the expression of *conceptions* founded on real facts." It is singular that this word *conceptualism* was used in histories of philosophy which were written before the manuscript fragments of Abelard which explain the system had been brought to light.

soon discovered that his showy rhetoric had no depth or force. "Fine foliage in the distance, but near at hand nothing but a barren fig-tree. When he kindled his fire, he made smoke enough, but brought out no light."

"I could not long," says Abelard, "waste my time in the shadow of such a man." And very soon he made it known that he stood ready, without a teacher, to expound passages of Scripture harder than any that Anslem attempted. The incredulous scorn which greeted his proposals was changed to admiring enthusiasm at his signal success. In a single night, he had mastered the profoundest secrets of Ezekiel's prophecy, and had proved that insight, rather than theologic lore, is needed to understand the Divine Word. His notes were recorded as they fell from his lips. The students of Anselm transferred their attachment from the old priest to the young philosopher, and Pompey could only rail with desperate wrath against the Cæsar who had spoiled him of his honors. When Abelard returned to Paris, he carried with him a theological fame which before him only years of cloistral study had been able to earn, and seemed to have compassed the circle of the sciences. He came back the recognized head of all the schools of Paris, fit to teach in any, — to receive, though not a priest, the office of "canon" of the city.*

M. Rémusat gives a glowing description of the Cité of Paris at this culminating period of Abelard's glory. The island in the Seine was at that time the centre of religion, justice, authority, and letters to all the city. Around the cathedral were fifteen churches, besides convents, palaces, and royal gardens, crowding all the narrow space with sacred and splendid associations.

"There, under the shadow of those churches and the cathedral, in solemn cloisters, in vast halls, or on the turf of the court-yards, walked to and fro the sacred band, who seemed to live only for science and faith, yet were animated equally by the love of argument and of influence. Along with these priests, and under their sometimes jealous, but often impotent oversight, went the turbulent crowd of students of

* Some writers deny that he was made canon of Paris thus early. Others insist that he was canon of Sens and not of Paris.

all ranks, of all callings, of all races, of all countries, whom, for studies sacred or profane, the European renown of the school of Paris had called together. In this school, and in the midst of this attentive and obedient nation, was often to be seen a man of broad forehead, quick, proud glance, and noble bearing, whose beauty still kept the bloom of youth, while it bore the darker hues and the more decided lines of mature manhood. His sober yet carefully ordered costume, the severe elegance of his whole exterior, the simple dignity of his address, by turns affable and lofty, an imposing and graceful manner, marked by that indolent ease which follows the confidence of success and the habit of command, the deference of his attendants, haughty to all except to him, the curious eagerness of the crowd, who made way as he walked along to his lessons or returned to his dwelling, followed by disciples still excited by his eloquence, — all gave sign of a master, most mighty in the school, most famous in the world, most popular in the Cité. Everywhere they talked of him. From the remotest regions, from Brittany, from England, from the lands of the Suevi and the Teutons, they flocked to hear him. Even Rome sent scholars to him. The throngs of the street, anxious to look at him, stopped while he passed; the people in their houses came down to the threshold of the doorway, and women drew back the curtain from the little panes of their narrow window. Paris had adopted him as her child, her ornament, and her light; and now made universal boast of that name, which, after seven centuries, the city which has boasted so much, and forgotten so much, still keeps in her public remembrance." — Vol. I. p. 43.

It was indeed a proud eminence to occupy; the prouder, from the reflection that all this greatness he himself had achieved. He had no one on earth to envy. Riches flowed in upon him from the five thousand students, whom it is not probable that he taught gratuitously.* He looked around, and there was no one in the world but himself who seemed worthy the name of "philosopher."† He had no fear of foes, whether in the halls of knowledge or in the conclaves of the Church. He seemed to have reached a place so high, so strong, so inaccessible to other men, that nothing but his own will could overthrow him. But there was one fatal force with which he had not yet been called to strive. The

* This seemingly fabulous number of Abelard's pupils is attested by numerous and trustworthy witnesses, foes not less than friends.

† "Cum jam me solum in mundo superesse philosophum æstimarem." — Epist. I.

passion which Bernard was in youth so careful to extinguish, conquered the great teacher in the maturity of his years. When Abelard stooped to love, he ceased to rule.

That the life of Abelard, up to the period of his acquaintance with Heloise, had been that of an ascetic, it is not safe to affirm. For the irregular pleasures of worldly scholars he had always professed a proud disdain; yet there is reason to suppose, from a friend's letter to him still extant, that in his dealings with the other sex he had not been a model of austere purity.* No scandal, however, had attached to his name. Although he was a canon of the Church, he had not received priest's orders, and some degree of license might have been overlooked, and pardoned. But now he was to appear in a new character, which at once mortified, saddened, and alarmed the friends who idolized him.

In a house on the northeast corner of the isle of the Cité, portions of which are still remaining, lived at this time an old canon, Fulbert by name, whose chief pride and joy was the beautiful niece who dwelt with him, and whose education he had cared for so far, that she had become a prodigy of learning in the sciences and the tongues, "famous through all the kingdom." To the honor of her noble birth were added the charms of a graceful form and a sweet disposition. Large deduction may be made from Abelard's encomiums, and yet enough will be left to prove the rare fascination of one who could captivate the master of sciences. Her youth (for at the time when Abelard's acquaintance with her began she was not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age) only increased the marvel of her accomplishments. Abelard resolved to win to himself such a prize. The way was not difficult; for the vanity of Fulbert grasped eagerly at the privilege of such instruction for his favorite, and the philosopher found a home in the old canon's house, with the liberty of unrestricted association and unreserved authority, as regarded his lovely pupil. There was no suspicion, and no watch of their movements.

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* A couplet in one of his poems runs:

"Gratior est humilis meretrix quam casta superba,
Perturbatque domum sæpius ista suum."

The consequence was natural and inevitable. Their studies were shared, they read together, they sang together, their hearts met with their eyes, and soon all bounds of love were passed, and duty and honor were lost in the delirium of passion. There was no attempt on the part of Abelard to conceal his sentiment. His lessons in the school grew careless, his expositions were tame and mechanical, and love-songs were the productions which amazed his scholars. He became "the first of the Trouvères." After a while, reports created suspicions, and the lovers were parted. But they continued to hold stolen interviews, and felt it a kind of duty to maintain their thwarted passion.

We need not dwell upon the subsequent steps of the catastrophe; — how Heloise, carried off to the early home of her lover, there became mother of his son; how she argued and expostulated to prevent the marriage which remorse and affection made him urge, but which she knew would blight his prospects and defeat his ambition; how reluctantly she consented to the "sacrifice" which restored her own honor, and sought to keep secret in the seclusion of a convent that which another woman would have hastened to make public; how the jealous Fulbert at last found opportunity for satisfying his vengeance; the shame and doubt and despair which overwhelmed Abelard; the solemn grief of Heloise, as she took, in the convent of Argenteuil (the place of her early education), the black habit of a nun, pronouncing that plaint with which, in the Pharsalia, Cornelia greets Pompey on his return from Pharsalia.* These rapid changes are as a short and troubled dream, from which one awakes to terrible reality. This brief year of passion divides the life of Abelard. The years before were mainly years of triumph and hope, of rising fame and growing ambition. The years that follow are mainly years of trial and pain, in which victories only flash out from the prevailing darkness. Before was the steady summer effulgence;

* "O maxime conjux,
O thalamis indigne meis, hoc juris habebat
In tantum Fortuna caput! Cur impia nupsi,
Si miserum factura fui? Nunc accipe pœnas,
Sed quas sponte luam."

now is the lowering autumn, when the brightest days are clouded and sad. When Abelard ceased to love, the climax of his life was passed.

The place of retreat which Abelard chose was the great abbey of St. Denis, the most important convent in the kingdom. Here, when the first flush of shame and the first deep broodings of vengeance were gone, he hoped to give himself to the silence and meditation of a true monastic life. But his own nature was too restless for such a seclusion. Scandalized by the profane excesses of the holy abbot and his brethren, he complained so boldly, that those who had received him as a guest of honor in their house now found him a nuisance whose presence burdened their hospitality. To the pressing instances of his former disciples was soon added the disinterested urgency of his convent friends, who thought it shameful that so much learning and ability should be wasted in the exercises of the cloister. After a year at St. Denis, we find him again at the head of a school, in the priory of Maisoncelle, in Champagne, with a crowd of students around him hardly less than in his day of glory. Paris came out to listen to him in his solitude. The other schools began at once to decline, and the poor monk could know, that, though the world had heard of his disgrace, it had not forgotten his genius. His new teachings were more in theology than in dialectics, his reasonings gathered themselves around the substance of religious doctrine, and men could say, with emphasis, that the Church had again its Origen.

The new position was a dangerous one; and the moral power of Abelard to sustain himself was not what it had formerly been. He was no longer a master, who could despise his enemies, but a simple private teacher, whose act, moreover, in establishing a school without authority, was illegal by the canon law. A fierce storm rose around him. He was accused of arrogance, of heresy, of blasphemy, of profaning the truth of God by worldly science, and of setting philosophy above faith. It was affirmed that he gave to Grecian sages equal honor with Christian saints, admitted salvation for heathen philosophers, even questioned the mystery of the Trinity, and reasoned into abstract attributes the high persons

of the Godhead. The arm of the Church was bidden to crush this disciple of Plato, who taught another Gospel than that of the Fathers.

At first Abelard despised the clamor, and flung back the charges with vigorous sarcasms. He instanced the old fable of the fox and the grapes in reply to their abuse of his profane philosophy, challenged them to argue with him on the doctrines of faith, and plied them with reasons for what they called his heresies. But it soon appeared that he must apologize for, rather than defend, his views, and must do this before a tribunal new to him, and fatal to heretics from Arius downward, — a *Synod* of the Church. At Soissons,* noted already in the previous generation for the condemnation of Roscelin, he was called to stand before an imposing Council, gathered from the magnates of the French Church, and presided over by a papal legate, the Bishop Conon, a skilful hunter of heretics. In this city and before this assembly Abelard stood almost alone, conscious that the prejudices and passions of all around were combined to destroy him. The first charge against him was, that he "denied the Trinity." He refuted this by proving from his writings that he had advocated the doctrine and sustained it by large use of the Fathers, of Origen, of Augustine, even of Athanasius, and by actual words of the Holy Scripture. They then reproached him that he had reasoned at all about the ineffable mystery; but he turned upon them with such a flood of ingenious eloquence, that many were captivated and some were converted. The majority of voices, nevertheless, condemned him, and at the closing session of the Council the solemn farce was ordered that he should burn his books and retract his errors. The Inquisition had not yet begun to burn the bodies of heretics. The scene as it is described has ludicrous features.

"While Abelard sadly looked upon his burning roll, the silence of the judges was suddenly broken, and one of the most hostile said, in an undertone, that he had somewhere read that God the Father alone was omnipotent. Amazed, the legate rejoined, 'I cannot believe it. Every child knows that the universal faith of the Church declares that

* The populace of Soissons were extremely fanatical. A few years before, they had burned a man who was only suspected of Manicheism.

there are three omnipotent beings.' On this, a scholastic teacher, Thierry by name, laughed, and repeated in a loud whisper the words of the Athanasian Creed, 'And yet there are not three omnipotent beings, but only one.' Reproached for this untimely and irreverent remark, he boldly paraphrased the words of Daniel in the Apocryphal story: 'Thus, foolish sons of Israel, without examination or knowledge of the truth, ye have condemned one of your own brethren. Return again to the place of judgment and condemn the judge, whose own mouth has condemned him.' Then the Archbishop, rising, justified, as well as he could, in other language, the legate's idea, and endeavored to show, that, as the Father, Son, and Spirit were all omnipotent, whoever departed from this position ought not to be listened to. But *if 'the brother' admitted this,* he might explain his faith in their presence, so that it could be finally pronounced what portion was true and what portion false. At this apparent change of affairs Abelard took hope and courage. He thought of St. Paul before the Areopagus and the Jewish Council. If he could only speak, all might be saved. His enemies saw his plan, promptly parried it, cried out that all that he needed to do was to recite the Athanasian Creed, and, to forestall his plea that he did not know it by heart, thrust a copy of it before his eyes. His head sank, he sighed, and in broken accents read what he could." — Vol. I. p. 93.

Condemned to imprisonment as a heretic, Abelard was sent first to the sacred convent of St. Medard, one of the richest, most orderly, and most respected of the French religious foundations.* His short residence here was embittered by thoughts of the depth of his downfall, and by the disputes which he was compelled to hold with a former vanquished rival in the school of Paris, who now, as Prior of the Convent, undertook to "tame down the rhinoceros"; using sometimes the argument of logic, and sometimes that of the scourge, to which the helpless prisoner was forced to submit. Public clamor, which did not justify the sentence of the Council, soon released Abelard from his imprisonment at St. Medard, and brought him back to St. Denis, to quarrel again with the monks about questions of scholarship and practices of morality. His gravest sin was in affirming, on the authority of the venerable Bede, that Dionysius the Areopagite,

* This convent was remarkable as the burial-place of several of the old Gallic kings. The crypt still remains, but above it has been built a large asylum for the deaf and dumb, a conspicuous object on the bank of the river Aisne.

their cherished St. Denis, was bishop of Corinth, and not of Athens.*

He was now allowed to try the experiment of a hermit life, which he had before vainly longed for. On the borders of a tributary of the Seine, about ninety miles from Paris, in a wild region, fertile, but unfrequented, the counterpart to the valley of Clairvaux, he chose his place of retreat, built a little hut of straw and reeds, and dedicated it to the Trinity, hoping to pass the rest of his troubled life far from the haunts of men.† If this were his real hope, it was doomed to swift disappointment. The people could not so readily forget their hero. His cell was soon discovered, and surrounded by huts of innumerable scholars, some even pitching tents that they might follow him more easily if he should attempt to change his retreat, and all content to lie on the bare ground and live on the rudest fare, if they might so listen to the unsurpassed teacher. This turn in his fortune did not much distress the recluse, but rather revived his old proud joy. It was St. Jerome's life renewed, — priests and scholars coming to learn of the poor hermit and to hear his mandates. His frail oratory soon became a substantial structure of wood and stone, built, furnished, and adorned by the hands of disciples. The name by which this oratory is known in history (and few of its kind have been more widely known) is that of Paraclete, or Comforter; for here the sufferer had been consoled in his sorrows, and had learned how reason may conquer the trials of body and mind, and wisdom be justified in her children. To attest his orthodoxy, he caused to be set up on the altar of the oratory a symbolic group, representing the Trinity, — three figures carved from a single block of stone, each with its appropriate costume and inscription. This remarkable group remained entire for nearly seven hundred years, and was destroyed only in the excesses of the first French Revolution. ‡

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* The honor of St. Denis of Athens is now shared by a new St. Denis, the Archbishop of Paris, who fell in the insurrection of 1848. Their figures are set opposite to each other on the painted windows of the church of St. Roch.

† Petrarch, in his essay on "A Life of Solitude," cites Abelard as the most illustrious modern instance.

‡ The group was composed of three figures set back to back, the Father in the

The retreat of the Paraclete recalled now the monasteries of the Thebaid, with this difference, that study rather than prayer was its ruling purpose. The discipline was novel, as the rules were few, quite unlike both discipline and rules in the convent of Bernard. The hardest penalty for irregular conduct was to be deprived of the master's lessons, and some curious instances are told of the pain which this privation caused. Abelard was a lenient censor, and more ready to forgive practical sins than to pass by intellectual errors. Men went to Clairvaux to learn obedience and to practise self-denial. They went to Paraclete to learn philosophy, and the principle of spiritual triumph over fleshly appetite. Truth was more than discipline here, study more than penance and fasting, the class more than the cell. Bernard taught his disciples how to conform, Abelard taught his disciples how to inquire; the one guided them backward through practice into faith, the other forward through faith into practice. The fame of this new kind of convent was noised abroad, and came to the ears of that man who now had reached the foremost position in the Church, and was by common consent set as dictator of doctrine and duty to all the faithful. Paraclete and Clairvaux were not very far apart, scarcely fifty miles, and their differing systems soon brought their differing leaders into strong antagonism. Abelard had been in strife with many famous doctors, but never yet had been matched with such a giant as the monk Bernard.

The famous champion of the established faith and order was still young in years; but his crowded labors, restless zeal, and signal austerities, had given him the renown of a

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middle, clothed in a long gown, a stole hanging from his neck, crossed upon his breast, and fastened to his girdle, a mantle upon his shoulders, which reached to each of the others, from the clasp of which hung a gilded band, on which were the words, "Filius meus es tu." On the right of the Father, the Son, in a similar robe, but without a girdle, held in his hands a cross resting on his breast, and on the left a band with the words, "Pater meus es tu." The figure of the Holy Spirit had the hands crossed upon the breast, and bore the legend, "Ego utriusque spiraculum." All wore crowns, the Holy Spirit a crown of olive, the Son a crown of thorns, and the Father a solid crown. In the Father's hand was the globe, the sign of supreme power. He alone had covered feet. The design of the group was superior to the mechanical execution.

"father" in the Church. No heresy could escape his sleepless searching. The epithet "Watch-dog of the Faith" he deserved and justified. Long before he had met Abelard in person, he had resolved to silence this daring thinker. He had waited only to gain a firm authority, that the warfare which should be ventured against the master of all knowledge might not fail of success. Abelard, too, had cherished a secret fear of one who seemed to be helped in his undertakings by superhuman power. To the exciting desire of conflict with such an enemy was opposed a troublesome doubt of its issue. What if Hector, defiant of all other foes and rivals, should be the victim of this invulnerable Achilles? Reports from time to time came of an impending blow, which this terrible scourger of heretics was preparing for him. His suspicions fastened to every provincial synod of the region some plot for his destruction. The suspense became intolerable to him; his lessons lost their interest; it seemed as if all the forces of the world and the Church were in league against him. He began to meditate how he should escape altogether from Catholic lands, and go to live among the heathen as a missionary of Christ. There, if he might not find charity, he might at least live unknown and be forgotten. A fortunate chance seemed for the time to relieve his anxiety, and to postpone the conflict which he dreaded. He knew the monk of Clairvaux too well to believe that his suspicion, once awakened, could be lulled. But he hoped by change of scene and work to avert the danger.

On a desolate cliff of the bay of Morbihan,* in the province of Lower Brittany, are still to be seen the ruins of the abbey of St. Gildas de Ruys. In the year 1125, this convent was already of high antiquity, and had among the foundations of France an honorable rank. To be the head of such a house, and successor of such a line of priors, reaching back over six centuries of history, was a distinction which even Abelard might covet. This position was offered to him. He was too glad of an asylum to hesitate long. Discharged by the con-

* This, one of the least frequented localities of France, is remarkable for the number and interest of its historical monuments. The Celtic stones of Carnac are the most wonderful of all existing Druidical remains.

vent of St. Denis, he entered with zeal upon his new duties, which were not likely to be either pleasant or easy. The customs of the monks were not congenial to the tastes of a scholar, nor were their morals tolerable to his austere decorum. Their language was barbarous, their behavior wild and reckless, and they were impatient of all restraint. Oppressed by the exactions of a feudal robber lord who dwelt in the neighborhood, they consoled themselves for paying one half of their revenue in tribute, by spending the other half in debauchery. Abelard soon found that his scholastic lore was worth nothing in the management of such a gross and unlettered company. His teachings they would not hear, his discipline they despised. Without the walls was danger, within was discouragement. Melancholy now took the place of his former anxiety. The influences of nature in that lonely region helped to make him sad and thoughtful. He felt profoundly that sense of desolation which Chateaubriand has described in his romantic memoirs. His days were spent in brooding reverie, in sorrowful review of his past misfortunes, in fruitless repining over his errors. The elegiac verses which record these sorrows of his heart are not the least unworthy monument of his fame.

While he was abandoning himself to this luxury of grief, listening to the monotonous plash of waves upon the rocks, which he translated into upbraidings of Heaven upon his folly, vexing himself with fruitless remorse that he had left Paraclete for this dismal exile, he was again restored to better duties and a happier experience, and enabled to do tardy justice to one whom he knew that he had wronged. Heloise had now become a recluse, eminent for wisdom, purity, and sanctity. A reform in the nunneries of France had driven her, with her companions, from their home at Argenteuil.* Abelard took the opportunity of making over to her his property at Paraclete, the oratory, the woods, the neighboring hamlet, and the fruit-bearing orchards. The gift was solemnly ratified by the Pope, and in the year 1126 Heloise became the

* The nuns of Argenteuil were not all like their abbess, and her experience there bore some resemblance to that of Abelard at St. Gildas.

first abbess in that long line of noble ladies, the last of whom died within the memory of living men.

The correspondence between Abelard and Heloise, long interrupted, was now resumed. Few literary remains of the Middle Age are more curious than these remarkable letters. They are still models of a chaste, ardent, and dignified epistolary style. There are in them at once a warmth and a reserve which show enduring attachment tempered by profound remorse. They are the letters of a spiritual adviser and a trustful pupil; of high religious friendship, and yet, at least on the side of Heloise, having the glow of a deep tenderness. They are the letters of love regenerated, of love sublimed by sorrow. Great as is the variety of topics, yet their highest interest is in the personalities of the writers. If Heloise asks the wise Abbot to advise her on some point of convent management, it is yet clear that she cares more for him who answers than for the answer which he gives. If Abelard rehearses some passage of his former fortunes, it is evident that he loves best to remember the season when Heloise was his pupil. He rejoices to come down from the dignified position of spiritual guide, to praise the grace and virtue of this pure servant of God. She is an exception to all women. She has changed the curse of Eve to the blessing of Mary. Her name,* unconsciously borrowed from the "Elohim," is prophetic of her divine loveliness. For him is justly the cross, but for her as fitly the crown. Even in forbidding her to write to him as belonging to him, Abelard loves to write of her while he writes to her.

We must not suppose, however, that the more modern versions of the letters of Abelard and Heloise are a fair representation of the tone of their language and sentiment. Neither the light brilliancy of Bussy Rabutin, nor the sentimental verse of Colardean,† nor the stately and polished rhythm of Pope, gives an adequate idea of the simple elegance of these

* The name Heloise is really the same as Louisa.

† Colardean was one of the most brilliant and versatile writers of the last century, — a poet of extraordinary wit, and singular faculty of imitation. He reproduced in France the style of Tasso, of Pope, and of Young, with equal facility. He died in 1776.

Latin epistles of the twelfth century. The legendary history of the affection of these lovers has added to their correspondence many things which were never written, and changed many common expressions into the language of passion. A comparison of manuscripts existing in the libraries of France and Italy with the cheap translations sold on the quays of Paris, shows that the story of Abelard and Heloise has fared in its passage through the ages like the stories of wonder-working saints. The sentimental chapter of Chateaubriand is hardly justified by what these lovers really wrote.*

With the renewal of their correspondence their acquaintance was renewed. Abelard became the visitor of the convent at Paraclete, and its spiritual director. It was a delightful relief from the harsh associations and duties of his own abbey to witness the pious austerities, the exemplary labors and prayers, of these holy sisters. It was cheering to see how earnest they were in imitation of her who walked before them an example of every Christian grace. To the nuns Abelard seemed a father in God. They waited reverently for his word; they used the liturgy which he wrote for them; and his ingenious discourse about some theological question often charmed their hours away. Daily, as his interest in the new religious house increased, the contrast of his own rude and riotous home became more repulsive. His efforts for reform were met with plots against his life, and more than once he narrowly escaped death by poison. Even the last resort of excommunication did not secure him, and his own brethren were ready to violate their solemn oath, if they might so rid themselves of his presence. Before he obtained a final release from his monastic duties, he had become an exile from his convent, and a guest in the house of a lord of the country. Here he composed that history of his misfortunes (*Historia Calamitatum*), which, midway in time between the Confessions of Augustine and of Rousseau, unites the mystic piety of the one to the morbid philosophy of the other. It is a tale of weaknesses, sufferings, and sins, — an outpouring of sentimental miseries.

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* Genie du Christianisme, Part II. Book III. Chap. V.

A short season of quiet, though not of idleness, followed Abelard's release from the convent of St. Gildas. He tasted now the joys of friendship, and was comforted in finding that not all the noble were ungrateful, or unmindful of genius. One book after another came from his busy pen, and his systems of theology and philosophy, reviewed with care, took their final shape and fashion. He seemed to be happy, and could hope that his enemies had ceased to watch for his frailties and heresies. But the old ambition of the scholar was only smothered, not quenched. It was easy to persuade him to venture again into the arena of letters, and renew the glory of his youth. In the year 1136, at the age of fifty-seven, he astonished the world by opening his school on Mount St. Geneviève, the scene of his earliest triumph. The surprise was followed by a success as sudden. Students flocked from all directions to hear the gray-haired sage whose fame their fathers had rehearsed. A new generation came to listen to the Nestor of philosophy. An English prelate* has told of the enthusiasm with which he assisted in these lessons of the "Peripatetic Paladin," as he calls Abelard.

More than eleven years had now passed since first Abelard began to tremble beneath that terrible eye which seemed to be fastened upon him from out the gloom of the ancient Church. For a time he had seemed to escape it; but he was soon made conscious that it was still upon him. In this interval, he had once met with Bernard, on the occasion of a proselyting journey of the Pope through France. The confident bearing of Abelard at that time, and his apparent indifference to the person of the Father of Christendom, left an unfavorable impression upon the suspicious guardian of the honor of St Peter. At a subsequent visit to Paraclete, Bernard had noticed a change in the words of the Lord's Prayer, which he learned with indignation had been suggested by Abelard. His feeling, openly expressed, was of course not long in reaching the ears of the friend of Heloise, and a quarrel arose, in which sarcasm only provoked zeal to bitterness. Bernard had the advantage of position, and had also the ad-

* John of Salisbury, afterwards Bishop of Chartres, himself a "peripatetic" scholar.

vantage in temper and cunning. He was willing to relent and be reconciled, if Abelard would yield all the points of his heresy. In this, as in every similar difficulty, the conservative could be satisfied only by the reformer's thorough submission; the concessions must be all on one side. Abelard was ready to meet his adversary half-way, but found soon that Bernard was not a man to make or accept compromises. Their warfare in a little time became a warfare of parties, a public concern. A throng of followers applauded the eloquent invectives of the monk of Clairvaux, denouncing the vengeance of Heaven on the perfidious dogmatizer. A strong band of friends could sympathize with the contempt which the fearless teacher expressed for one who was a foe to freedom. On one side were piety and numbers, on the other genius and enthusiasm. A crowded majority cheered on Bernard to crush the heretic who dared to neglect and improve upon "the Fathers"; a noble minority stood ready to help Abelard in his defence of philosophy, in his apology for liberty. But the contest was unequal, and Abelard soon saw that the best argument was no match for adroit management, backed by religious bigotry. Four centuries yet must pass before reason could justify itself in the ways of the world against authority. He had no alternative but to dare his enemy to a public trial.

The reigning king of France at this time, Louis VII., a devout lover of religious spectacles, had decreed for the octave of Pentecost in the year 1140 a special season for the adoration of the numerous and precious relics in the metropolitan church at Sens, a city some fifteen leagues south of Paris. This city, the Canterbury of France, and destined a few years later to be associated more nearly with the Canterbury of England, through the fame of Thomas à Becket, which each still continues to claim,* and this occasion, which the presence of royalty, of so many nobles of the court, so many dignitaries of the Church, and such a concourse of the people was likely to make brilliant in the highest degree, were chosen by Abelard for the scene of his public controversy. He asked that this splendid gathering should become a council to hear his defence of the

* Among the treasures of the cathedral are the ecclesiastical robes of Becket, and the altar at which he ministered remains.

faith and his personal vindication. The zealots of his party, at the head of whom, perhaps, was the famous Arnold of Brescia,* a fugitive from persecution in Italy, urged him on with their rash persuasions. Bernard was not quite at ease; for he had some differences with the bishops around Paris which prejudiced his cause. He went to work at once, however, with shrewdness and energy, to create an opinion in his own favor, and to pack the council with his own friends, wrote letters in all directions, had his emissaries busy with the doubtful, and consented even to meet in person the arch-heretic on the field of his trial. The pious sentences of the Psalmist and the Saviour, which he went up to Sens humbly repeating, seem more suitable to the case of his adversary than to his own. It was for the accused rather than the accuser to say, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak."

Few notices of this important Council have come down to us. We learn its doings from the report of Bernard's party, and not from official documents. If we may believe these, Abelard's whole demeanor justified the sentence which had been previously determined. The saint, they say, walked with downcast eyes, with sad countenance, coarsely clad, dispensing benedictions to the kneeling crowds, who saw heavenly meekness and love in his humility. The heretic, unbroken by suffering, marched with head erect, with haughty mien, frightening by his majestic glance those who dared to gaze curiously at him. Even the magnificent ceremonies of the first day, given up to processions and music and panegyric upon the martyrs, skilfully contrived to dazzle the multitude and fasten them to the splendid ritual of the Church, were less remarkable than the contrast between these two great men, which forced itself upon the eyes of all the spectators. And on the second day, the day of trial, it was evident enough that Abelard stood before his rival as a condemned criminal before his prosecutor. Solemnly, in the great church of St. Stephen, around the king on his throne, the princes and prelates, priests and scholars,—the crowd behind filling all the aisles,—waited

* Arnold of Brescia is one of those early reformers to whom history has never done justice. He was the Luther of the twelfth century.

almost breathlessly for the heretic to appear. He passed on toward the altar, but stopped midway, as he saw in the pulpit before him Bernard holding in his hand the guilty volumes. Seventeen heretical doctrines had been selected by the keen accuser. The attending clerk began in a loud voice to read them. Suddenly Abelard bade him desist, protested angrily that he would hear no further, that he "appealed to the Pope," and disappeared from the assembly. Whether it was by design, or from a sudden impulse of fear, that Abelard thus acted, we have no means of knowing. It is likely that he had resolved beforehand, if, like Paul at Jerusalem, he should find no hope of justice from his own people, to carry his appeal at last to Rome.

The Council at first were in consternation. Should they go on and sentence one who had transferred his cause to the higher tribunal? Could they anticipate the judgment of the Lateran? Many doubted, some feared; but Bernard overruled all scruples by pleading the disgrace of thus leaving the victory to the heretic. On the following days the various counts were taken up, discussed, and finally condemned, to the number of fourteen. It was decreed, on the ground of garbled extracts and forced constructions, that the accused had taught heresy, in denying, like Sabellius, the doctrine of a Trinity of persons; in denying, like Nestorius, that the Christ is a person of the Trinity; in denying, like Pelagius, the doctrine of special saving grace; in asserting that Jesus saves by his example and his life more than by his vicarious sacrifice; in asserting that God cannot prevent evil; and in teaching that sin is rather in the will than in the acts of men, and that ignorance is not sin. The discussions were not violent, nor was any penalty pronounced against the offender. There was no Te Deum sung when the laudable task was finished. Yet Bernard aimed here a blow which should destroy the influence of his foe, and make it impossible for him to regain in the Church the rank of a master. He had yet to deal with the pending appeal to Rome, and with the apologies for Abelard, which were not few nor contemptible. The sentence of the Council might satisfy the bishops, but it could not silence the scholars of the Church.

Abelard had many friends at Rome. An eminent Cardinal of the Sacred College, who, four years later, became Celestine II., was his steadfast defender. The scholars might be expected to favor his cause. But the flatteries, the persuasions, the warnings, the persistent entreaties, the magical authority of the monk of Clairvaux, were greater at Rome than all the influences which supported the cause of his rival. In vain Heloise could show the sound and orthodox confession which her friend had prepared for her use. In vain a young student * could smite with his sarcasms the solid fame of the guardian of orthodoxy, and show that Bernard more even than Abelard was false to Scripture and to truth, — could ridicule the Council as an assembly of stupid sots, and their leader as a malicious plotter. Bernard took care that the Pope should so decide that the unity of the Church should stand, and an undivided front be shown against this, as against every heresy. A double mandate came from the Papal palace; — one order, forbidding Abelard to teach in public, and another secret order, condemning his books to be burned, and commanding his imprisonment. In this last order, Arnold of Brescia was joined.

Before this decision was made known in France, Abelard had commenced his journey to Rome. It had for him all the toil, with none of the joy, of a pilgrimage. A few days of travel brought him to that famous monastery of the Benedictines, the ruins of which still invite the voyager off from his beaten track. Cluny had been for two centuries the home of learning, the refuge of misfortune, the nursery of temperate piety. Its present Abbot, Peter the Venerable, was a father in the Church beloved for his virtues, respected for his scholarship, and everywhere praised for his serene and pacific charity.† The brotherhood of Cluny, under his control, were not severe ascetics, and their Abbot was no friend to the rigid Bernard. Here Abelard stopped for some days to rest, and here first learned that public decision of Rome concerning his heresy which made his farther journey needless. It required no long argu-

* Peter Berenger, the namesake and pupil of Abelard, whose brilliant defence of his teacher excited the admiration of Europe, became afterwards one of the most bitter foes of the great philosopher.

† The noble remark of Peter in his letter to Bernard is, "The rule of St. Benedict is subordinate to the rule of charity."

ment to reconcile the weary and desponding sufferer to his inevitable fate. Cluny was not so much his prison as his happy retreat, where he might now finish the remnant of his checkered and broken career. Waiving his rank as an abbot, and dismissing his pride of philosophy, he enrolled himself with the brethren of the convent, gave himself to the quiet routine of a cloistral life, and humbled himself to the place of a servant. They began to celebrate Abelard's piety,—to tell how the former heretic was now a saint, and the once proud scholar was a model of the Christian beatitudes. To the eyes of his brethren he seemed to have died to all fleshly lusts, to all worldly ambition. Bernard had already been satisfied by the new confession of faith which misfortune had extorted, and the good Abbot Peter was now edified by the spectacle of a converted and experienced Christian. How delusive these appearances were, the great work of Abelard on the Scholastic Philosophy, to which he here gave the finishing touches, proves. In his self-communing, the unconquerable pride still breaks forth; he defies the envious world, asserts the truth of his lessons, predicts that the future will avenge his fame and recognize his power. The victim, uncrowned and defeated, will be lifted hereafter to his rightful place, and the world shall in him know the vindicator of science and the prophet of freedom. His age has ungratefully rejected him, but humanity shall accept and honor him.*

A few months of struggle with disease and pain were yet left to him. He spent them in constant literary labor. Friends waited to write from his dictation, and to hear the fragments of his wisdom. For better air, he was sent to the priory of St. Marcellus, where they vainly hoped that his waning force might be revived. His death, which took place here, on the 21st of April, 1142, was tranquil, and seemed triumphant. We need not follow the fortune of his relics, the history of which is not a little curious, or tell of the sentimental letters which passed between the Abbot of Cluny and the Abbess of Paraclete, or of the miracles observed when the

* It has been more than once remarked, that, though Abelard seemed to have retracted his heresies, yet no one of the offensive opinions or passages was expurgated from his writings. His secret reservation anticipated the "e pur si muove" of Galileo.

tomb from time to time has been opened. After many changes, the translations of piety and the fury of revolutions, the remains of the philosopher and of her who shared his truest affection rest where the great and the wise and the holy of the land are laid down together.

Abelard's character is made up of contrasts, and is not easy to be analyzed. He was a man to win respect and kindle enthusiasm, but not one to be deeply loved, or thoroughly understood. His friends were fascinated by his genius more than they were drawn by his kindliness. In him the gifts of mind towered so high above the graces of heart, that his affections, if true and tender, had no chance to prove themselves so. That he was a leader by natural right, all allowed. That he was ambitious, arrogant, and haughty, men forgot in the splendor of his intellectual daring. He vindicated his conceit by his marvellous achievements. His thirst for knowledge was the compensation for his lack of reverence, and his diligent searching was the complement of his defective prayer. Men saw that he who reasoned about mysteries was not a scoffing iconoclast, but a steadfast student of wisdom. Men knew that he who claimed to dictate was constant to hear the truth above him. If they beheld him sometimes timid before men, they saw him always brave before opinions. He was intellectually the boldest of men. He knew no proper bound to investigation, no just hinderance to inquiry. There was no dogma too sacred to be tried by his reason, no theme too high to be brought into his discussion.

Like all innovators, Abelard was arbitrary and impatient of contradiction. Prudence of thought or word or action was not a virtue with him. He could command, but he could not manage, his followers. While his scrutiny was close, so that no abuse escaped his eye, he wanted tact to deal with abuses, and could only expose, but not correct them. With a critical intellect, he had not practical skill, — not even skill to hide his own defects of temper. His enemies believed that he was jealous, his friends mourned that he was heedless. Ready for any enterprise, he was unequal to any crisis. Love of command made him intolerant of all rivalry, and love of renown led him into needless quarrels; yet none could accuse him of

the meaner forms of selfishness, — of avarice, cunning, or vindictiveness. He might be insolent, but he was not malicious. His anger might be easily aroused, but hatred did not find place in his heart. They called him fickle, in his frequent changes from the school to the cloister, and the cloister to the school. The last impression of his life, on the contrary, is that of a steady and loyal devotion to learning and philosophy, which the most severe calamities could not break.

His industry was extraordinary. It did not, indeed, show itself in such voluminous writings as those of the Schoolmen, who were later interpreters of the new science which Abelard announced, but rather in the study of the Greek philosophers and the Christian Fathers. His works all together make but a single quarto, while many folios are the marvellous monument of some who were formed by his influence. Abelard was rather a reader and a critic, than the expositor of a new theory. His labor was rather in arranging the materials for controversy, than in recording its results and fruits. His method of teaching was to cite, to review, to discuss what earlier writers had maintained, and then to give with brevity his own decision. His books are therefore more like judgments than like treatises, — fragmentary opinions rather than a digested system.

Abelard was the founder, though not the organizer, of a new school both in philosophy and theology. The method and the direction which learning took in the subsequent age were his in the beginning. The great teachers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were virtually his pupils. The "Master of Sentences" was wont to say that Abelard's "*Sic et Non*" was his breviary. Even those who opposed his theories confessed their indebtedness to him. The Realists made use of the arms which the first champion of the Nominalists furnished. It was the crime of Abelard that he reconciled the Gospel with Aristotle, and converted heathen maxims into Christian dogmas. But in the next century, that great light of the Catholic Church, whose works are still the text-book of faith to all the brotherhood of Rome, St. Thomas Aquinas, proved, as a strict follower of him who taught in Paris before, that Aristotle was orthodox; — and all the people said, Amen!

Not much can be said in praise of the style of Abelard's philosophical writings. It is as good as the style of his age, but that was hard, dry, unadorned, and uninspired. The thought is exact enough, but the words are abstract and the sentences obscure in their prolixity. It needed his voice and manner to make his ideas attractive. He wrote at a time when the Latin tongue had reached the climax of ruggedness and corruption. Except in his correspondence, and in a few passages of his *Historia Calamitatum*, we look in vain for that nervous brilliancy which marks the pleading of Jerome of Bethlehem, or that graceful elegance which brings Erasmus of Rotterdam close to the golden age of Roman letters. To both these remarkable men he bears resemblance, as well in the points of his character as in the circumstances of his life. The same pedantry, vanity, and arrogance, the same consciousness of power, the same dread of persecution, which we have marked in him, we find in them as strikingly exemplified. As a scholar he was hardly their inferior. But as a writer he must yield to them the palm.

A candid examination of his writings will not justify the stigma of heresy which was fastened to the name of Abelard. On the contrary, his opinions are quite as orthodox as the necessities of sainthood require. It is his spirit, and not his dogma, which is heretical. His crime was that he would be a prophet, and not a priest; that he made men think, when he should have made them worship. He might be loyal, yet his influence was dangerous. Bernard could see latent heresy and the promise of a rebellion, even where the present conclusion accorded with established formulas. The *discussion itself*, not merely its issue, was sinful. The genius of the teacher was revolutionary, though its work might not be perfected in many ages. Abelard's condemnation was the beginning of that warfare of the Church with rationalism, the end of which is not yet. It was the opening of that sharp controversy of reason with authority, of learning with faith, which has separated for the modern Church what the tendencies of the ancient Church would have happily joined. It marks the time when the Church distinctly announces itself as the enemy of freedom, in thought not less than in action. The sentence

of Abelard is the complement to the submission of Henry of Germany. Science, as well as the state, must now bend to the ecclesiastic sway. The school, with the court, must consent to be an appendage to the altar and the cloister. Nay, the cloister itself must lose its scholastic glories, and must limit hereafter its studies to the measure of its symbols and its prayers. The renown of the old Benedictines shall wane before the zeal of the followers of St. Dominic, and before the austerities of the brethren of St. Francis. The preachers and the friars shall silence the scholars and vex the colleges. Abelard, though not himself a martyr like those whom the Inquisition murdered, was the pioneer of the noblest martyrs, the martyrs of knowledge and light and liberty. His sentence prophesied the scattering of Wickliffe's ashes, the burning of Huss on the plain of Constance, the awful day of St. Bartholomew, the exile of Grotius, and the prison of Galileo, as much as his teaching prophesied the philosophy of Pascal, of Descartes, and of Francis Bacon.

Abelard's life had not, it may seem to us, an heroic close. He died, they say, humiliated and repentant, undoing that work of reform which at best he had only half completed. But, with all his reverses, he had a nobler hope than Bernard with all his successes. The busy guardian of the Church could see only trouble for the flock of Christ, when his strong arm should fall from its defence, — only fear and danger in the future. The philosophic scholar could find consolation in the assurance that disciples had not forgotten the word of their master, and that the truth which he had declared would not die with him. The sadness of Bernard was all in the prospect; the sadness of Abelard was all in the retrospect. The present victory of the one was darkened by the shadow of coming heresies and growing scandals; the present defeat of the other was brightened by the confidence that the emancipation of thought was near to its dawning. He might be weak; he might be forsaken. But he knew that the encounter of truth with falsehood should come; that champions should arise for her; that the Almighty was on her side; that now she might be bound, but the bonds could not hold for ever; that against policies and stratagems and licensings of the Church her word should

stand and her triumph be sealed. The victories of science in this latter day are proving, even more than the homage of a nation at his tomb, how wise was the hope of the defeated scholar, how much wiser than the anathemas of the zealot of the twelfth century. The majestic periods of the Areopagitica of Milton are the expression of the sufficient comfort of Abelard's last years.

We cannot better close this imperfect sketch than by translating a passage from M. Cousin's Introduction to the unpublished works of Abelard, in which with admirable precision he states the philosophic position and influence of this philosopher and scholar.

"A hero of romance in the Church, a man of refinement in a barbarous age, a chief of a school, and almost a martyr for opinion's sake, everything united to make of Abelard an extraordinary person. But of all his claims, that which gives him a special place in the history of the human soul is the invention of a new philosophical system, and the application of this system, and, in general, of philosophy, to theology. Doubtless we can find, before Abelard, some rare examples of such an application, perilous, but useful, even in its fragments, to the progress of reason. But it was Abelard that erected it into a *principle;* and it was he, therefore, who most contributed to found scholasticism; for scholasticism is nothing else than this. From the time of Charlemagne, and even before, in many places a little grammar and logic were taught, and religious teaching was not lacking; but this teaching was limited to a more or less regular exposition of the sacred dogmas; it was enough for faith, but did not fructify the understanding. Only the introduction of dialectics into theology could arouse that controversial spirit, which is at once the vice and the glory of scholasticism. Abelard is the principal author of this introduction; he is therefore the chief founder of mediæval philosophy; so that France has furnished to Europe both the scholasticism of the twelfth century by Abelard, and in Descartes at the beginning of the seventeenth century the destroyer of this very scholasticism and the father of modern philosophy. In this there is no inconsistency; for the same spirit which had raised ordinary religious teaching to the systematic and rational form which is called scholasticism, could readily go further, and produce philosophy properly so called. The same land has fitly produced at some ages of distance apart Abelard and Descartes; and between these two men we may remark, along with many differences, a striking resemblance. Abelard endeavored to make himself fully conversant with the only thing that in his age could be studied, — *theology;* Descartes investigated what in his age might

best be studied, — *man and nature.* The latter recognized no authority but reason; while the former undertook to carry reason over into authority. Both doubt, both examine, both wish to understand all that they can, and to be satisfied only by evidence, — a common temper which they borrow from the French mind, and a fundamental trait which brings with it many minor marks of resemblance; for instance, that clearness of speech which comes spontaneously from clearness and precision of ideas. Add to this, that Abelard and Descartes are not only Frenchmen, but that they belong to the same province, to that Brittany whose people are distinguished by so quick a sentiment of freedom and such strong personality. Hence, in these two illustrious compatriots, with their natural originality, with their disposition to admire but moderately what had been done before them and what was doing in their own time, we find independence pushed often to the quarrelsome spirit, confidence in their own strength and contempt of their adversaries, more consistency than weight in their opinions, more sagacity than breadth, more vigor in the stamp of mind and temper than elevation and profoundness in thought, more ingenuity than common sense. In fine, they are fruitful in their own notions rather than lifted to universal reason, obstinate, venturesome, radical, revolutionary."

Art. VI. — *The History and Antiquities of Boston, and the Villages of Skirbeck, Fishtoft, Freiston, Butterwick, Benington, Leverton, Leake, and Wrangle; comprising the Hundred of Skirbeck, in the County of Lincoln. Including also a History of the East, West, and Wildmore Fens, and Copious Notices of the Holland or Haut-Huntre Fen; a History of the River Witham; the Biography of celebrated Persons, Natives of, or connected with, the Neighborhood; Sketches of the Geology, Natural History, Botany, and Agriculture of the District; a very extensive Collection of Archaisms and Provincial Words, Local Dialect, Phrases, Proverbs, Omens, Superstitions, etc.* By Pishey Thompson. Illustrated with one hundred Engravings. Boston: John Noble, Jr. 1856. 8vo. pp. 824.

We have had much to say in our pages about the value, the charm, the richness of local histories, the claims of their authors to lasting and growing gratitude, and their essential

services to the historiographer of nations and eras, in furnishing particulars for generalization, and in determining the due tone, shading, and perspective of the picture designed to comprehend a broad extent of time or territory. Let our readers intensify whatever has been thus said to the utmost point which their idea of a book's capacity can reach, and they will only thus form an adequate conception of the volume before us. This high grade of interest and merit is due equally to the author and to the subject. The author has made this the work of a lifetime. He began to collect his materials in 1804, and in 1820 published a volume, entitled "Collections for a Topographical and Historical Account of Boston, and the Hundred of Skirbeck, in the County of Lincoln." During a residence of twenty-seven years in the United States, he was still employed in gathering such materials as could be obtained on this side of the Atlantic. On his return to England, in 1846, he found that a new edition of his former work was called for, and he determined to make it as thorough and comprehensive as possible. The present work is the result of this purpose, carried into execution by the special labor of ten years, added to the researches of the previous forty. Thus we have the results of more than half a century of enlightened, judicious, and diligent toil condensed in this massive and elegant volume.

Mr. Thompson was fortunate in his subject. In population and business the Boston of the Old World bears but an insignificant proportion to her sister city of the same name in the New; but in the materials of history the proportion is much more than reversed. Traditions and ruins that date back at least as far as the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar form the dim and semi-mythical background of the narrative, while from the Norman conquest downward every age has left some vestiges of itself, — names, foundations, guilds, charities, architectural monuments, municipal customs, — to be traced in the town as it is. The cumulative power of centuries is profoundly felt as we turn over these pages, and then reflect that time has wrought the same work for every rood of ground in our mother country, constituting the elements of substantial greatness in every dimension, heaping up wealth

from the surplus earnings of every year's industry, creating permanent funds for almost every conceivable purpose of utility and beneficence, multiplying enduring public works and institutions indurated by immemorial prescription, covering the soil with structures whose costly foundations could have been laid only by the treasured resources of long antecedent generations, and whose successive additions and repairs far transcend the ordinary outlay of the most magnificent edifices in a new country. In this last particular alone, the town of Boston contains probably a much larger number of buildings deserving special commemoration than could be found in the entire State of Massachusetts. Mr. Thompson's plan embraces the most generous scope, and seems to have left no opening for the labors of any successor in the same field, till years shall have furnished a fresh supply of materials. In addition to a minute detail of the antiquities, history, geography, and topography of the town and the whole circumjacent region, he has given us ably and thoroughly written chapters on its geology, natural history, and archaisms, under the last head including provincialisms of speech, and local proverbs, customs, and superstitions. To these he has added the genealogies of all the principal families, and biographies of distinguished residents and natives of Boston and its vicinity. He furnishes also copious extracts from the municipal records, statistics of trade and manufactures, prices, rates and amounts of taxation, and numerous other particulars which appertain not merely to the history of that one locality, but are often the best exponents of the general condition of the country at their respective periods.

The mechanical execution of the work is in every respect worthy of its contents. The style of typography is such as is rarely issued except from the best English presses, and in point of accuracy leaves nothing to be desired. The engravings are all excellent in their kind, and the drawings on wood are as clear and firm in outline and detail as if they had been cut in steel. Such a book it is a luxury to possess and examine, in the throng of cheaply and tawdrily printed and illustrated works which are hardly worth the cost of binding.

The earliest historical notice of Boston occurs in an old

Saxon chronicle, in which it is said that "St. Botolph built a monastery here, A. D. 654, upon a desert piece of ground given him for that purpose by Ethelmund, king of the South Angles"; and though this statement has been riddled through and through by sceptical antiquaries, we think it beyond doubt that at some obscure period of British history a pious monk named Botolph built a monastery somewhere in that neighborhood, that this religious house became the nucleus of a growing population, and that, with the decline of reverence in general and a special obtuseness as to the merits of the Saxon saint, the cluster of dwellings which rejoiced in the designation of St. Botolph's town, by successive abbreviations, became Boston. In process of time it was made the site of several wealthy ecclesiastical establishments, which were dissolved by Henry VIII., who granted the fee of their lands to the town, then first incorporated as a free borough. Prior to this period it had a flourishing trade, especially in wool and leather, and was extensively engaged as early as the twelfth century in the manufacture of woollen cloth. We find during that century traces of some of the less reputable habits of trade, — "priscæ vestigia fraudis," — which have not yet become obsolete. Some of the king's justiciaries came to Boston to seize certain cloths of less than statutable width; but the merchants succeeded in bribing the ministers of justice to leave the cloth in their hands, to the detriment of their purchasers. About the same time, we find a statute which, if we are rightly informed, might not unaptly be enacted in our own land and day, ordering "that dyed cloths should be of equal quality throughout, and that the merchants who sold such goods should not hang up red or black cloths at their windows, nor darken them by penthouses, to prevent any from having a good light in buying their cloths." In 1205, of a tax of one fifteenth levied on goods in the hands of merchants, London paid £836, and Boston, being then in relative importance the second port in the kingdom, paid £780. At this time the town was surrounded by a wall, no vestiges of which can now be seen, but which has left evidences of its former existence in the names of several streets derived from the gates at which they terminated, as Bargate, Wormgate. The in-

habitants of the town were probably early driven to the sea by the impracticability of land-carriage; for the whole surrounding country was an undrained marsh or fen, exposed to frequent and disastrous inundations, and with causeways so ill-constructed, or so ruinous, that travellers were often drowned on the "king's highway." Carriages of course were out of the question, and pack-horses were deemed a less safe conveyance for goods than human shoulders. Thus, as in such numerous instances in all time, the very restrictions and disabilities which seemed insurmountable were the motives and stimulants to bolder and more lucrative enterprise than would else have been initiated.

Camden, writing in 1607, says of Boston: —

"Where the river Witham, enclosed on both sides with artificial banks, runs with a full stream into the sea, stands the flourishing town of Boston, more truly Botolph's town, for it took that name, as Bede testifies, from Botolph, a pious Saxon, who had a monastery at Icanhoe. It is a famous town, and built on both sides the river Witham, over which there is a very high wooden bridge; it has a commodious and well-frequented haven, a great market, a beautiful and large church, the tower of which is very high, and does as it were salute travellers at a great distance, and direct mariners. It was miserably ruined in Edward I.'s reign; for in that degenerate age, n universal corruption of manners throughout the kingdom, certain warlike men, whilst a tournament was proclaiming at fair-time, came under the disguise of monks and canons, set the town on fire in many places, broke in upon the merchants with sudden violence, and carried away many things, but burned more: insomuch that our historians write (as the ancients did of Corinth when it was demolished) that veins of gold and silver ran mixed together in one common current. Their ringleader, Robert Chamberlain, after he had confessed the fact, and detested the crime, was hanged; but could not by any means be brought to discover his accomplices. However, Boston recovered itself again, and a staple for wool, which they call Woolstaple, was here settled; which very much enriched it, and drew hither the merchants of the Hanse Company, who fixed here their guild. At this time it is a fair-built, and a trading rich town; for the inhabitants apply themselves wholly to merchandise and grazing." — *Camden's Britannia*, Gibson's ed. (London, 1695), p. 462.

The church of St. Botolph, mentioned by Camden, is the

most spacious and magnificent parish church in the kingdom. It stands on the site of an earlier church, of which we find mention in 1090. The foundation of the present tower was laid in 1309, and the nave, aisles, and a part of the chancel are believed to have been erected in the reign of Edward III. In 1843, the edifice having become much dilapidated, arrangements were made for effecting the needed repairs, which occupied a period of not less than ten years, at the cost of nearly £ 11,000. The entire building is 282 feet in length, 99 feet in breadth, with a steeple 292 feet high. Mr. Thompson enters into the most minute and elaborate detail with reference to this church, and gives us numerous drawings of its exterior aspects, its sepulchral monuments, its windows, interior *coup d'œil*, ceiling, and organ. Without resort to other than verbal painting, we can give no idea of so vast and venerable a structure within reasonable limits. But there is one portion of it in which we have a special interest. Our readers need not to be reminded that Rev. John Cotton, after having held, for the space of twenty years, the vicariate of St. Botolph's, became an exile for conscience' sake, and, as a Christian teacher and pastor in our own Boston, was largely and beneficently influential in the ordering alike of our ecclesiastical polity and of our humble essays at organized self-government. Mr. Thompson has copied from Drake's History of our Boston a woodcut, representing the low, unadorned shed, far beneath the proportions and dignity of a barn, in which he dispensed the word of life to his New England flock. In 1854, at the instance of Mr. Thompson, Rev. George Beatson Blenkin, the present vicar of St. Botolph's, wrote to Hon. Edward Everett, suggesting that the descendants of John Cotton, (among whom are the Everett family and many other of our influential New England families,) and such persons as might be disposed to unite with them, should defray the expense of restoring a chapel in the ancient church, to be called the Cotton Chapel, and to be held sacred to the memory of the holy man from whom it should derive its name. The suggestion was cordially received, and the sum of nearly £ 600 was raised for the purpose, George Peabody, with characteristic generosity, being the largest subscriber. Of the apartment designated for this use Mr. Thompson gives the following account.

"The chapel on the west side of the porch opens into the nave through two arches, the lower parts of which are fitted with a neat wooden screen, and are now [i. e. prior to the restoration] used as a vestry and record-room; it is traditionally called the Founder's Chapel, we do not know upon what authority. It was formerly used for the teaching of the school founded by Mr. John Laughton, in 1707. The vestry-books, &c., are now contained in a fine old oak-chest." — p. 188.

The large and handsome window at the western end of this chapel has been filled with glass stained in appropriate devices. The other windows have been repaired, the floor levelled and relaid, the walls scraped and cleaned, and the ceiling renewed. A monumental tablet of marble has been erected, with the following inscription, whose elegant Latinity and discriminating panegyric are due to the good judgment that designated Mr. Everett for the pious office of its preparation: * —

IN PERPETUAM **JOHANNIS COTTONI** MEMORIAM,
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ ANTIQUÆ BOSTONIENSIS
MULTOS PER ANNOS, REGNANTIBUS JACOBO ET CAROLO PRIMO,
VICARII GRAVIS, DISERTI, LABORIOSI;
DEIN PROPTER RES SACRAS IN PATRIA MISERE TURBATAS,
NOVIS SEDIBUS IN NOVO ORBE QUÆSITIS,
ECCLESIÆ PRIMARIÆ **BOSTONIÆ** NOV-ANGLORUM,
NOMEN HOC VENERABILE
A BOSTONIA HAC PRISCA BRITANNICA
IN COTTONI HONOREM DEDUCENTIS,
USQUE AD FINEM VITÆ SUMMA LAUDE,
SUMMAQUE IN REBUS TAM HUMANIS QUAM DIVINIS AUCTORITATE,
PASTORIS ET DOCTORIS;
ANNIS CCXXV POST MIGRATIONEM EJUS PERACTIS,
PROGNATI EJUS CIVESQUE BOSTONIENSES AMERICANI,
A FRATRIBUS ANGLICIS AD HOC PIUM MUNUS PROVOCATI,
NE VIRI EXIMII NOMEN,
UTRIUSQUE ORBIS DESIDERII ET DECORIS,
DIUTIUS A Ttemplo NOBILI EXULARET,
IN QUO PER TOT ANNOS ORACULA DIVINA
DILIGENTER DOCTE SANCTEQUE ENUNTIAVISSET,
HOC SACELLUM RESTAURANDUM ET HANC TABULAM PONENDAM,
ANNO SALUTIS RECUPERATÆ CIↃIↃCCCLV,
LIBENTER GRATE CURAVERUNT.

* This chapel, on the completion of the repairs, was opened, with fitting rites, religious and festal, on the 17th of August, 1857. Several distinguished Americans were present, and made appropriate speeches, *more patrio*.

In the long line of vicars of the old church, of whom we have a complete catalogue for five centuries and a half, we find not one other name of enduring reputation, and but three that seem to have attained any extended fame in their own times. Richard Flemyng (1409–20) is mentioned by his contemporary Ingulphus "as an excellent doctor of holy theology." His talents were enlisted successively on both sides of the great controversy of the day, he having been first a zealous defender, and afterward an equally zealous antagonist, of the doctrines of Wickliffe. He became Bishop of Lincoln, and founded Lincoln College, Oxford. Anthony Tuckney, (1633–60,) John Cotton's kinsman and immediate successor, was a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and one of the most learned and eminent among the clergy of his generation. He was, successively, Master of Emanuel College, Master of Trinity College, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. His successor, Obadiah Howe, (1660–83,) was the author of several controversial and other works of marked ability. It was said of him by an opponent, "that he was a person of considerable parts and learning, but thought so most by himself."

Of ecclesiastical edifices in Boston, not under the control of the national Church, the principal is the Wesleyan Centenary Chapel, the most spacious and elegant Dissenters' chapel in Lincolnshire, and exceeded by few in the kingdom. It seats 2,300 persons, and was erected at a cost of £11,000. Its front presents a massive Ionic colonnade, winged by two heavy square towers but little higher than the main building. Though with great beauty of finish, it is built in a style suggestive of secular rather than of sacred uses; and but for the name it bears, we should take it for a market-house or a town-hall. Next to this in dimensions and costliness, thoroughly church-like in its architecture, and with a lofty tower and spire at its northwest corner, is the Congregational Church. We have in this volume, also, views and descriptions of a very beautiful Chapel of Ease under the auspices of the vicariate, a plain but symmetrical Unitarian Chapel, a somewhat gaudy General Baptists' Chapel, with that mingling of orders which is often stigmatized as peculiarly American, and

Salem Chapel, occupied by the Particular Baptists, and innocent equally of architectural taste and the pretence to it. Several smaller chapels are mentioned, among others, one belonging to the "Primitive Methodists, or Ranters." The population of the town in 1851 was 14,997, and the number of sittings in the various places of worship can fall but little, if any, short of the number of persons capable at any one time of attending religious services.

The river Witham divides the town into two nearly equal parts. It is, in fact, or would be among our American rivers, but an insignificant stream, being at Boston, only five miles from the sea, less than thirty yards wide. Obstructions to its navigation had been suffered to accumulate unheeded, till in the last century it had ceased to be navigable. The channel has recently been cleared, and vessels of 300 tons can now be laden at Boston, whence small steamers and barges ply to Lincoln, twenty-eight miles farther up the stream. In 1847, Boston had of registered vessels 186, measuring 8,768 tons. Its chief imports are Baltic produce, coal, and manufactured goods; its exports, oats, wool, and woad, which last-named article of commerce is very extensively produced in this vicinity.

"A singular circumstance has long been noticed respecting certain tides in the Witham and the Welland, called 'Bird Tides.' These occur annually about midsummer, and are almost always much lower than any others throughout the year, leaving the green marshes on the borders of these rivers free from any visitation of the tidal waters, although they are mostly more or less covered by the spring-tides at all other seasons. The occurrence of these low tides about the time when the numerous sea and land birds that frequent these marshes are hatching their eggs there, thus giving them time to perfect that operation without the destructive intervention of the salt water, has caused the country people to say, that '*the tides are lower at that season in order that the birds may hatch and raise their young.*' No doubt the success of the latter operation is secured by the smallness of these tides; and perhaps an adequate cause for their usual regular occurrence may be found in the almost entire absence of high winds, and a prevalence of calm, sultry weather, at the annual period of the Bird Tides. These small tides are noticeable, we believe, very generally throughout the borders of the estuary." — p. 367.

In an American town, or rather city, (for we have no remaining *towns* so large,) of fifteen thousand inhabitants thus situated on both sides of a narrow stream, we might very probably see half a dozen fragile plank bridges, in various stages of decay. We cannot learn that Boston has more than one bridge; but that is a noteworthy structure, resting upon a single arch of cast-iron, which exceeds in weight two hundred tons, and which has the foundation of its abutments four feet below the deepest part of the bed of the river. The entire cost of building this bridge was nearly £ 22,000. What a contrast to the tremulous and rotting cobwork which, not only on our routes of common travel, but even on our railways, often spans rapid streams and precipitous ravines, and whose architects and superintendents enable us to conceive of the Hindoo Thugs — murderers by profession — as a possible sect! *

Hardly anything in Mr. Thompson's book has interested us equally with the engravings of various quaint old houses, most of which still nestle unchanged in the heart of the town, while others were not permitted to yield place to modern edifices till, like venerated ancestral forms, they had left their likenesses for a generation to come. There is, for instance, the tavern in which Cromwell slept on the night before the battle of Winceby, and it looks as if it held as many labyrinthal passages and recesses inaccessible to daylight as were in the multiform and unfathomable nature of the great soldier-statesman. There is the house where John Fox was born, and we can hardly conceive that it should not by its almost fearful sombreness have shaped the features of even its infant nurseling into the savage grimness which marks the portraits of the old martyrologist, and have fostered that love of the horrible which seems to have been his passion and his joy. There is the vicarage where John Cotton lived, — it was taken down in 1850, and well it might be; for it had an antique majesty

* Is this too strong language in view of facts familiarly known? It was not a solitary or unmatched fact, which appeared on the inquest upon the bodies of those recently murdered on the New York Central Railroad, near Utica, — that the local functionaries of the railway had for several days been fully aware of the decayed and perilous condition of the bridge whose failure was thus fatal.

and solemnity, which made it an ill-befitting residence in an age when the last vestiges of stately ceremoniousness are disappearing from the dress, mien, and manners of our times. We might multiply our specifications; but without the engravings it is vain for us to attempt the representation of the broad, low lattices, the open rafters and oaken arches running among the brick and stone work, the frowning gables, and the masses of deep shadow, which, variously and lawlessly combined, render each of these edifices unique and profoundly impressive. Alternating with them, the Sessions-House, the Athenæum, the New Assembly Rooms, and other modern buildings for various uses, in the pride of faultless symmetry and sumptuous ornament, look even mean and paltry, as if they had no history and could never hold a history. There is, indeed, this distinction between the architectural monuments of a long-past age and the more normal structures of our own, that whatever human presences have once dwelt in the former seem lodged there for ever, while nothing of human character adheres to the latter, — they acquire no personality, but are as public and common as the streets over which they frown.

Among the curious matters presented to the reader are numerous extracts from the Corporation Records and the Parish Registers. In 1575, an ordinance is passed requiring "Brewers, before they tunne their ale and beer, to send for the ale-tunners to taste the same, to see that it is good wholesome drink." In 1549, it is forbidden to any "coal-laden ship to sell coal upon the water, out of the ship, above the price fixed by the Mayor." In 1655, it is ordered that "upon any day of solemn rejoicing, only 40 *s.* was to be spent." At the close of the sixteenth century, "when any stranger brought goods or victuals of any kind by ship for sale, the Mayor fixed the price at which the *freemen* should, for three days, purchase them for their own use, after which they and non-freemen purchased upon the best terms they could." In 1583, it is made necessary for "every Mayor, at the expiration of his mayoralty, to pay over the ballance of his account, or be committed to prison till it is paid." In 1590, we find "the Mayor allowed a hogshead of wine for his better provision of house-keepynge." In 1601, it is "ordered, that there be given to Sir Thomas Mon-

son, knight, for the redeeming of his love and friendship to this Corporation, 6 *l.* 13 *s.* 4 *d.; because it cannot be otherwise gotten or obtained*, though many means by friends hathe heretofore been used for the same." In 1557, it is "ordered, that if any alderman swear, either by the masse, or any other part or member of God, in the Hall, or any other place, he shall pay for every othe so taken, ii *d.;* and lykewyse every one of the Common Council shall paye for every lyke defaute, i *d.*" We make no comments; but the question may suggest itself as to these analects, taken from the successive pages of excerpts arranged in the alphabetical order of subjects, whether as regards municipal economy and the accountableness of men in power and trust the former times were not better than our own. On the Parish Register for 1795, we find admiring mention of perhaps the largest family on record out of the purlieus of *simultaneous* polygamy. "William Mason, labourer, *father of forty-six children*, born in wedlock by five wives; buried 16th March, aged seventy-two."

In the glossary of provincialisms, we find very many that are completely naturalized in and around our own Boston, thus indicating the large contributions to the early stock of our own population derived from our elder name-sister. We take the following, — few from among many, — in the order in which they meet our eye. "Apple-pie-order." "Argufy." "Bannisters. — The rails or balustrade of a staircase." "Chokfull." "Chunky. — Short; thick; clumsy in shape and person." "Crease. — A mark made in paper by being folded, or in a garment by being sat upon." "Down in the mouth." "Father long-legs. — The slender, long-legged crane-fly." "Good mind. — A strong inclination to do anything." "Heft." "High time." "Hitch on." "Jabber." "Keeping-room." "Kindling. — Materials for lighting a fire." "Mash-tub." "May-be." "Out-and-out." "Quality. — Gentry." "Right up and down." "Scamp." "Stumpy." "Tip over." "Unlicked. — Unpolished." "Water *bewitched.* — Weak tea, punch, &c." "Wile away. — To *wile away* the time; beguile it."

Among the proverbial sayings of old Boston we recognize not a few which we had supposed indigenous to our own soil.

Such are the following: — "He 's in the wrong box." "It rains cats and dogs." "I'll go through thick and thin for you." "As dead as a door-nail."

Of omens respecting the weather, the short list given by Mr. Thompson corresponds point by point to the popular, but, as we believe, untrustworthy signs current among us.

"Evening red and morning gray
Are sure signs of a fine day.

"A mackerel-sky foretells rain.

"If a cat washes over her ear, it is a sign of fine weather.

"When a dog or cat eats grass, it betokens approaching rain.

"When a number of black snails are out on an evening, it will rain during the night.

"When the swallows fly low, rain is at hand.

"When it rains with the wind in the east,
It will rain for twenty-four hours at least." — p. 735.

In biographical reminiscences the history of Boston is singularly rich. Its calendar commences with St. Botolph, who is said to have died A. D. 680. According to a well-accredited legend, he redeemed the spot still associated with his name for human habitancy.

"That region was as much forsaken by man as it was possessed by demons, whose fantastic illusion by the coming of the holy man was to be immediately put to flight and the pious conversation of the faithful substituted in its place, so that where up to that time the deceit of the devil had abounded, the grace of our beneficent founder should more abound. Upon the entry therefore of the blessed Botulph, the blackest smoke arises, and the enemy, knowing that his own flight was at hand, cries out with horrid clamor, saying, 'This place which we have inhabited for a long time, we thought to inhabit for ever; why, O Botulph! most cruel stranger, dost thou violently drive us from these seats? In nothing have we offended thee, in nothing have we disturbed your right; what do you seek in our expulsion? what do you wish to establish in this region of ours? and, after being driven out of every corner of the world, do you expel us wretched even out of this solitude?' But the blessed Botulph, having made the sign of the cross, put all his enemies to flight, and by the powerful virtue of words, — a virtue conceded to him from Heaven, — he forbids them that region." — p. 371.

George Ripley, second in fame to no alchemist of the six-

teenth century, was born and died in Boston. Of John Fox we have already spoken. Ordained by Ridley, an ardent friend of the Reformation, in its van during the Marian persecution, it is worthy matter of surprise that he should not have been painted in a fiery winding-sheet in the Martyrology which he lived to write. Dr. William Stukeley, the celebrated antiquary, and Dr. Patrick Blair, the author of the first systematic treatise on Botany in the English language, though not natives, were both residents of Boston. Rev. Dr. Andrew Kippis, equally distinguished for piety, learning, eloquence, and fine social powers, and made memorable to posterity by his "Biographia Britannica," was a native of Boston, as were his ancestors for several generations. Of families eminent for rank and antiquity, belonging to the town or its immediate vicinity, or intimately associated with its history, we have the Tilney family, dating from the time of Edward the Confessor; the Hollands of Estovening; the Kyme family, settled in Lincolnshire before the Norman Conquest; the Irby family, first known to fame six centuries ago; the Hussey family, knights and nobles, of nearly the same antiquity; the Hutchinson family, celebrated in the annals of our Cisatlantic Boston; the Earls of Holland; and the Viscounts Boston, the last of whom died, without male issue, in 1754.

We confess a still deeper interest in the natives or residents of the English Boston, whose names are intimately associated with the early days, or are still borne in honor in the contemporary history, of our own city and State. Foremost among these, on every ground of precedence, is John Cotton. He was born at Derby, of an ancient and honorable family, was a graduate of the University of Cambridge, and a Fellow of Magdalen College. He had been about two years vicar of St. Botolph's, when he began to feel conscientious scruples as to many of the required ceremonies of the Church. The only course open to him was non-conformity; and in this he was sustained for many years, with slight and transient difficulties, by the sanctity of his character, the soundness of his doctrine, and the gratitude of those who enjoyed his ministrations. At length he was summoned before the High Commissioners. He applied to the Earl of Dorset for his intercession with the government,

which proved unavailing through the opposition of Archbishop Laud. The Earl candidly "informed Mr. Cotton, that if he had been guilty of drunkenness, uncleanness, or any such lesser fault, he could have obtained his pardon; but as he was guilty of Puritanism and Non-conformity, the crime was unpardonable; and therefore he advised him to flee for his safety." Mr. Cotton then, in a letter fraught with the manly dignity and independence of spirit befitting his holy calling, resigned the vicarage of Boston into the hands of the Bishop of Lincoln. He was afterward concealed for a time in London. In disguise, and under a feigned name, he eluded pursuit on his way to the Downs, and took passage there for New England. As is well known, he at once rose, by the necessity of his own character, culture, and industry, to the first place in the infant colony, over whose affairs he may be truly said to have presided, and in whose arduous service he labored with indefatigable zeal for nearly as many years as he had occupied with like fidelity his pastorate in his native land. Of him Increase Mather, his son-in-law, writes: "Both Bostons have reason to honor his memory, and the New England most of all, which oweth its name and being to him, more than to any other person in the world."

Mr. Cotton was accompanied or speedily followed to New England by Richard Bellingham, who had been Recorder of Boston for eight years previously. Mr. Bellingham was Deputy-Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony for thirteen years, and Governor for ten. He was a lawyer by education, and left a high reputation for integrity and piety. Yet he seems to have been an impracticable man in his official intercourse, was often at variance with his brother magistrates, and, with prematurely liberal and even democratic views of government, maintained the utmost rigidness of discipline against the Quakers and other sectaries. Hubbard writes concerning him: "He was a great justiciary, a notable hater of bribes, firm and fixed in any resolution he entertained, of larger comprehension than expression, like a vessel whose vent holdeth no good proportion with its capacity to contain, — a disadvantage to a public person." On one important occasion, it would appear that the sentinel virtues nodded over their camp-

fire, and the old Puritan was surprised by the enemy whose conquests level all distinctions. A young lady, about to be married to a friend of his, so struck his fancy as adapted to succeed the wife of his youth, whom he had recently laid in the grave, that he contrived to supplant her affianced bridegroom. In the haste and shame of the transaction, he omitted the prescribed form of publication, and served as the officiating magistrate at his own nuptials. The grand jury presented him to the General Court for these irregularities; but he was *ex officio* the presiding magistrate, and, as he declined leaving the bench for the bar, the case was not adjudicated.

Thomas Leverett, probably a native, certainly for many years a resident, of Boston, and successively of the Common Council, coroner, and alderman of the borough, was one of John Cotton's companions on his voyage to America, and was ordained a ruling elder of the church in our own Boston shortly after his arrival. It cannot be ascertained of what profession he was. There is no proof of his having been a lawyer; but he seems to have assisted his friend and pastor in a semi-legal capacity during the pendency of the measures which resulted in his exile. He was a man of eminent uprightness, ability, and discretion. It was his son who succeeded Bellingham as Governor, and was knighted by Charles II., — not, however, by his own seeking or desire; for, with the instinctive prescience befitting the chief magistrate of a state in training for republican institutions, he concealed his title so far as he was able, and made use of it on no occasion whatever. The family traits were merged in the next generation, the Governor's son, Hudson, being said "to have maintained but an indifferent character." They reappeared, however, in Hudson's son, the President of Harvard University, whose previous eminence as a legislator, magistrate, and judge, together with his signal firmness and vigor in his academic office, was appealed to as a precedent, when, some thirty years ago, the administration of the College was for the second time put into the hands of a distinguished statesman and jurist.

John Cotton was also accompanied to the New World by Atherton Hough, who had been promoted to various offices of trust and honor in Boston, was Mayor of the borough in

1627, and resigned a seat in the Board of Aldermen on the eve of his embarkation. He filled and adorned places in the Colony corresponding to those which had been awarded him in the land of his birth.

Three years after Mr. Cotton's emigration, there came to New England Rev. Samuel Whiting, son of John Whiting, who had been Mayor of Boston, and whose family had appeared on the municipal records for more than three centuries. Mr. Whiting became the first minister of Lynn. He was distinguished for the elegance of his Latin composition in an age when the Latin was almost a vernacular tongue among the learned, and for his Hebrew scholarship at a period when sermons were not infrequently garnished with texts in crude Hebrew. Nor was he less eminent for the amiableness of his disposition and the sanctity of his life. Of his sons, one was the first minister of Billerica; a second, after taking his degree at Harvard University, returned to England, and became Rector of Leverton; and a third was his father's colleague and successor in the ministry. In the next generation of the same family was Rev. John Whiting, the second minister of Concord. The English branches of the family are now extinct; the transplanted scion still flourishes, and bears in its veins the flavor derived from the parent stock.

Edmund Quincy came to America with Mr. Cotton, whose weight of character and influence can have no higher attestation than in the number and worth of those who joined him as companions of his exile. The Quincy family was an ancient and numerous family in Lincolnshire, and Edmund emigrated from the village of Fishtoft, near Boston. He was the ancestor of our many distinguished compatriots who have borne and still bear his name, as also of John Quincy Adams and Chief Justice Cranch.

Many other names of well-known families of early date in our own city are familiar in the English Boston, thus rendering it in the highest degree probable that in the choice of a name for the capital of the Bay Colony, though the transcendent merit of the first minister was the ostensible motive, the fond remembrances and home yearnings of many of his flock may have borne part.

We have no space to enter upon the history of the neighboring villages, each of which has its antiquities, its quaint and curious records, its eleemosynary foundations, and its peculiar features of interest. Nor can we follow our author in the history of the Lincolnshire fens, which, from little else than a vast marsh, infested by legendary dragons, and the theatre for the heroism of fabulous dragon-slayers, have been so far reclaimed by scientific and costly drainage, as to be studded with thriving villages, and to furnish a rich virgin soil for agriculture. The whole valley of the Witham, and the sea-coast for many miles on either side of its mouth, present many features analogous to those of Holland, and large districts have been redeemed for human habitancy and tilth by the same means by which the Dutch won their territory from the ocean. The success which has thus far attended the enterprise gives sure presage of the fulfilment of the prediction made by Dr. Stukely in 1724: — "I doubt not but some time the whole bay between Lincolnshire and Norfolk (being one of our great sovereign's noblest chambers in his British dominions over the sea) will become dry land."

We have done very imperfect justice to the work under review. Its materials are, many of them, such as have vivid interest *in situ*, but as miscellaneous excerpts would only weary and repel the reader. The book as a whole presents the topography and history of the town and district in a panoramic view, which one may transfer to the mental retina as a finished picture, while the details out of their grouping would lose their individuality. The volume gives us an elaborately drawn section of English history, society, and institutions, — a microcosm typical of that macrocosm which we call our fatherland. It is not a book to be read through and laid aside, — no one would read it through; but it would be taken from the shelf year after year with new zest, and could hardly be opened at any page without offering that which would attract and reward perusal. Especially should it be in the hands of cultivated and inquiring men in our own city, and we trust that at their hands, as near his own home, Mr. Thompson may receive the substantial honor and reward which his indefatigable diligence in research, and his excellent taste in selection and compilation, so well deserve.

ART. VII. — 1. *Hints for some Improvements in the Authorized Version of the New Testament.* By the late REV. JAMES SCHOLEFIELD, M. A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Fourth Edition. Cambridge and London. 1857.

2. *On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in Connection with some recent Proposals for its Revision.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D., Dean of Westminster. (Reprint.) New York. 1858.

3. *The Gospel according to St. John, after the Authorized Version. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and revised.* By Five Clergymen [viz. JOHN BARROW, D. D., GEORGE MOBERLY, D. C. L., HENRY ALFORD, B. D., WILLIAM G. HUMPHRY, B. D., CHARLES J. ELLICOTT, M. A.]. London. 1857.

4. *The Epistle of Paul to the Romans, after the Authorized Version. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and revised.* By Five Clergymen. London. 1858.

5. *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, with a Revised Translation.* By C. J. ELLICOTT, M. A. London. 1854.

6. *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, with a Revised Translation.* By the same. London. 1855.

7. *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on the Pastoral Epistles, with a Revised Translation.* By the same. London. 1856.

8. *A Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, and to Philemon, with a Revised Translation.* By the same. London. 1857.

9. *The Book of Job; the Common English Version, the Hebrew Text, and the Revised Version of the American Bible Union, with Critical and Philological Notes.* New York. 1856.

10. *The Epistles of Paul to the Thessalonians; translated from the Greek, on the Basis of the Common English Version, with Notes.* New York: American Bible Union. 1856.

Two centuries and a half have nearly elapsed since "The

Holy Bible, containing the Old Testament and the New, newly translated out of the Original Tongues, and with the Former Translations diligently compared and revised, by his Majesty's special Commandment," was "appointed to be read in churches." For nearly half a century it had to struggle with a lingering attachment to one of the "former translations." But from the Restoration, in 1660, to the present hour, the Bible of 1611 has been the most authentic expression of the Word of God to the mass of Christians speaking the English tongue. It has been domesticated by emigration on every continent. The earlier versions have become antiquated, and newer ones have been either shamed into oblivion, or allowed, at best, to be helps in the study of this. This is "the English Bible," while others are barely Bibles in English. In this respect its fate differs noticeably from that of its predecessors. Within a century before its appearance no less than six versions or revisions of the Bible in English had been published, one of which was but slowly superseded by it. But it has found no successor. It has come down through all the changes of time, unaffected by the greatest revolutions, attracting to itself an increasing measure of veneration and love. It has taught letters to children, eloquence to men, religion to all. In literature it is our great English classic. In religion it is our "daily bread."

This more than classic pre-eminence is due to various causes. The preceding century had been an era of great mental and moral activity, directed by religious motives or in the name of religion. The politics of Europe sprang from reformation and counter-reformation in the Church. Theology as yet was not only the noblest, but almost the only science. The standard of Biblical scholarship was high, relatively much higher than at present. But with the seventeenth century began the stirring of those secular agitations, which have seldom slept since, and are still active. From the civil war to the settlement of the Hanoverian succession, politics ruled in the Church quite as much as the Church ruled in politics. A kind of leadership was demanded that asked little aid from sacred learning. This became the occupation of here and there a scholar, whose achievements received about as intelligent ad-

miration from the majority of his clerical brethren as the polyglot attainments of our "Learned Blacksmith" may be supposed to have excited among his fellow-craftsmen. What little learning the eighteenth century gave to the cause of Christianity in England was chiefly expended upon apologetics, and at its close both theology and criticism had sunk to a very low estate. The great Evangelical revival which followed the birth of Methodism, indeed, made religion once more a power in society. But this was the fruit of devotion rather than of learning, and relied for its success upon the impression of those elementary spiritual truths which no erudite research is requisite, or even able of itself, to discover. A few great names, as of Mill, Lowth, and Campbell, light up what is mainly an age of decline in critical learning. The work of Bible translation naturally came to a stand. The authors of the received version laid, indeed, no claim to the credit of infallibility. They were only improving on the work of their predecessors. They professed to have made "honest and Christian endeavors" after "a more exact translation." There is no reason to suppose that they expected their own work to be exempt from a similar revising process, or ever flattered themselves with the hope that it would receive the unqualified veneration of ages. But there was at first no demand for improvement, and afterwards there were few who could have answered the demand had it been made. Thus time was given for its words to sink into men's hearts, till they have come to fashion the very texture of thought.

But it would be unjust to represent its extraordinary success as due wholly or mainly to accidental causes. Its great excellence is a more evident and more honorable reason. The era at which it was made was most fortunate for its merits and its fame. The "old masters" of our literature had moulded and enriched our rude vernacular, and made it for mingled strength and sweetness the noblest of modern languages. Repeated attempts at translation, by men who were among the choicest spirits of their times, and the compilation of the Book of Common Prayer, had done for the English what the Seventy, the Jewish philosophers, and the Christian Apostles and Fathers did for the Greek, and what Tertullian and Cyprian

did for the Latin tongue. A doctrinal and devotional dialect was formed, — a fit medium for expressing those ideas which Divine inspiration had brought within the reach of human intelligence, — and this dialect became the common property of the people. The translators of King James were late enough to secure the ripe fruit of these invaluable labors. They were equally fortunate in being early enough to escape those influences which have made our language at once more ductile to the varied purposes of modern usage, and less fitted for the highest offices of eloquence, poetry, and devotion. More than all, they lived when the martyr age of English Protestantism was fresh in memory. The words of the old Bibles which they "compared and revised" were not only English undefiled, but English hallowed by the intense religious earnestness of the men who wrote them, — men who plied their pious task in prison or in exile, with visions of the rack and the stake interposed between them and their heavenly consummation. Our English Bible is the Bible as interpreted by scholars who represented the best learning of a learned age, and whose characters were formed under the influence of a piety refined in the fiery furnace of persecution. Its diction, if not faultless, is yet the best example of the power and compass of our language. It has come to us without essential amendment, because its great positive excellences have caused its defects and blemishes to be viewed with more than the tenderness that forgives the faults of a beloved friend.

To this general sentiment there have been some illustrious exceptions; but the utter listlessness with which the public have received all suggestions of revising the version must have been discouraging to their authors. After men of the calibre of Lowth, Kennicott, Newcombe, Waterland, Wesley, and Campbell have declared in decided terms their conviction that great improvements might be made in it, to the signal advantage of religion, and their words have failed to awaken the slightest audible echo, it might have seemed that the English Bible, faults and all, had been accepted by English-speaking Protestants "for better, for worse," to the end of time. Had any one predicted, as lately as ten years ago, that by this time sufficient public interest would be felt in the project of revis-

ing our translation to call forth works such as are named at the beginning of this article (to say nothing of many others, with the enumeration of whose titles it seemed not worth while to cumber the page), to call into existence large societies, with funds liberally provided by popular contribution, and to engage the co-operation of some, and the respectful attention of more, of the best Biblical scholars on either side of the Atlantic, he would have been pronounced a visionary. Yet such is the fact. It may be that the present agitation will subside, with no other result than an increased tenacity of attachment to our Bible as it is; but it seems evident that this conclusion will be resisted by many until they can at least understand "the reason why." Possibly some will be more disposed to inquire why the question is raised at all, and what can be the occasion of so unexpected a degree of interest in its discussion at this time. If we believed it to be one of those epidemics of public caprice to which we seem to be increasingly liable, we could afford to leave it, with other ephemera, to those who "spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." But such, we are satisfied, is not the fact. It is a serious question to many minds, and among them some of the first minds in England and America, whether it is not our duty to endeavor to make the best version of the Scriptures still better. The interests involved in the determination of this question are too important to allow it to pass without a candid and deliberate inquiry into its merits.

The apparent cause of the movement was humble enough, — a schism in the "American and Foreign Bible Society," an organization originated by a secession of the main body of the Baptists from the support of the American Bible Society. The denomination was by no means a unit in the action by which a rival society was organized, and in 1850 that society was itself rent asunder by a proposition to publish an amended version of the New Testament in the English language. Thus originated the American Bible Union, having for its object the revision of the English Scriptures and the publication of "pure versions" in other languages. It might well be thought, as it was by most lookers-on, that this division and

subdivision of a denomination, on what seemed to be merely a question of sectarian policy, could have no effect on the Christian public at large, nor any good effect upon those immediately concerned in it. But from this inauspicious beginning a new impulse has been given to the purpose of revising our Scriptures. What was before only an aspiration of individuals, has become a matter of popular interest. Men like the late Professor Scholefield and Archdeacon Hare had modestly suggested the desirableness of an amended version, without any sensible effect. But the announcement that what had been only desiderated was actually to be attempted, had the effect to give courage to some who had hardly ventured to speak, and to arouse others who might have been indifferent. The question has come to enlist the attention of numbers who know very little of the history or movements of the American Bible Union, until such scholars as Dean Trench and the Five Clergymen think it no condescension to look into the matter. So far as we can judge by the most obvious indications, the interest is more general in England than in this country. We see no evidence that there is in either country a very numerous party in favor of the measure; but it has more friends than the most sanguine would have looked for a few years ago.

For such a turn of opinion it is evident that some other cause must be sought than the sectarian activity of a fraction of a sect. That, of itself, would have tended to make the whole matter odious. If there were not a feeling extensively diffused, a train laid which needed only a spark to kindle it, there would have been no such kindling as we now witness. And whoever will attentively consider the condition and tendencies of Biblical study for the last thirty years, and its relations to popular religious instruction, cannot fail to observe an unconscious preparation for the entertainment of this question. So far from wondering at the popular interest which, as Dean Trench observes, "differences the present agitation of the matter from preceding ones," we might rather have anticipated an earlier and more general attention to it, at least in this country.

The depressed state of critical learning in England during

the last century had its counterpart here, but from a different cause. The influence of President Edwards turned nearly all the more active thinkers on religion to the pursuit of metaphysical theology. His great doctrinal treatises on the Will and on Original Sin, and his most important practical work, on the Religious Affections, alike and almost equally invited thoughtful men from study of the written revelation to scrutiny of their own souls. Not that Edwards was wanting in reverence for the Scriptures, or in the proper mental and spiritual aptitudes for their successful interpretation. But his own experience and the stress of circumstances concurred to give his powers another direction, and the immense force which he exerted upon his contemporaries and the rising ministry determined most aspiring minds into the same line. Thence arose that school of New England theology, whose direct development may be said to have been brought to its ultimate result by the clear insight and dauntless logic of Emmons. But an influence had been meanwhile arising in another quarter, and preparing to work a complete revolution. The German mind began to come into communication with that of England and America. Much as our Teutonic cousins have to answer for in some respects, especially for the unbelieving and irreverent spirit which too many of their scholars have exhibited, giving to their productions a decided flavor of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, we owe them a weighty debt of gratitude. It is not extravagant to say that they have re-created the science of criticism. Whatever advance has been recently made in Biblical learning, in Great Britain or America, has been made under an impulse given by them. Under their leadership the original languages of Scripture have been investigated anew, and great light has been shed upon them from the comparison of languages and dialects. Scripture history and antiquities have been explored with a vigor before unthought of. The East has been visited by pilgrims who surveyed its geographical monuments with more instructed eyes than those of monks or sentimental tourists. Comparative criticism has done much towards restoring an authentic text of the New Testament. Materials are now available for a more exact interpretation of the Scriptures than

was possible to the best scholars of the seventeenth century. And there are scholars to use them with effect. He who compares the commentaries now current with what were deemed, fifty years ago, the most valuable helps to clerical study in the English language, whatever merits of the old-school annotators he may miss, cannot fail to recognize the fruits of a more generous culture than was known in the last or attainable in any preceding age. The effect of this progress has not been confined to any narrow class of learned men. It has pervaded the religious community. Not that all the people or all the clergy are advanced scholars, but scholarship is more worthily appreciated by both. Higher qualifications are sought by candidates for the ministry, and are demanded by the laity. By a happy coincidence, simultaneously with this revival of interest in sacred learning, there has taken place among us a revival (to use a technical term in a wider than its technical sense) of experimental and practical religion, awakening a greater zeal for the diffusion and enforcement of spiritual truth. The Biblical instruction of the young has come to be more systematically pursued. An impulse has been given to the creation of a Biblical literature for the people. The amount and increasing value of popular works for the aid of Bible-students can hardly be estimated by one who has not had occasion to observe with some care their number and character.

In these general statements we are anxious to be understood as speaking comparatively, and in contrast with the condition of things in the past. Tried by a standard of absolute excellence, comparing what is accomplished with what is desirable or ideally possible, we "have not attained." Or, if we inquire whether the men of our time have improved their advantages as faithfully as the men of the seventeenth century did theirs, it may appear that we have nothing to boast of. By as much as the materials for sound critical knowledge have been multiplied, by so much are our scholars held to a stricter accountability for their use. Still, — and this is all that concerns our present purpose, — it is certain that the English version, after the lapse of more than two hundred years, does not adequately represent what is known of the meaning of the Scriptures.

Now, without intending such an effect, and very generally without being aware of it, the votaries of sacred learning have been criticising our version, and making its imperfections notorious. Any interpretation of the original which involves a departure from the sense of the English text, is a criticism of the latter, whether formally stated or not. Every theological seminary is a college of revisers. The professors teach, and the pupils study, the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. The vernacular Bible is not expressly disparaged, nor even irreverently thought of, but as an authority it is quietly set aside. The commentaries referred to are founded on the original, not on the translated Scriptures. This tendency affects all departments of study. The instructor in systematic theology must go behind the translation of his proof-texts. The lecturer on church polity must define ἐκκλησία, and investigate anew the passages touching the offices and duties of bishops, elders, and deacons. The youthful theologues carry with them into the ministry the habits acquired in the divinity school. A sensible preacher will of course avoid pedantic displays of learning in the pulpit. But if he is an honest man, he cannot promulgate what he believes to be erroneous interpretations of the Word of God. Whether he quotes Greek in his sermons or not, his people will soon find out that their pastor does not regard the English version as inspired. Dr. Trench seems to suppose that this thought would be a novelty to the mass of the people. He says: —

"We must never leave out of sight that for a great multitude of readers the English Version is not the translation of an inspired Book, but is itself the inspired Book. . . . . The English Bible is to them all which the Hebrew Old Testament, which the Greek New Testament, is to the devout scholar. It receives from them the same undoubting affiance. They have never realized the fact that the Divine utterance was not made at the first in those very English words which they read in their cottages, and hear in their church." — pp. 174, 175.

These remarks may be just, as applied to rural congregations in England, but they are of very limited application here. If the title-pages of their Bibles and Testaments did not hint to them the existence of certain "original tongues" and of "former translations," the people would be at no loss to find

out the fact in other ways. Even in England, judging by the practice of eminent divines, men must be exceedingly dull of hearing to escape information on this point. Archbishop Whately, in his "Lectures addressed to his Parishioners by a Country Pastor," is profuse of amended translations, some of them extremely felicitous. Instances of the same freedom appear in the sermons of William Archer Butler. In the Occasional Sermons of Dr. John Harris we find a discourse, the text of which is stated as follows:—

"Rom. i. 16, 17: '*For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth*';— it is *that* through which the power of God is manifested in saving every one that believes — '*to the Jew first*' — to him it is offered in the first instance — '*and also to the Greek*' — or Gentile. '*For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith*' — therein is revealed to our faith the doctrine of justification, or acceptance with God — of interest in a Divine righteousness, acquired by faith alone. '*As it is written*' — in the Old Testament — '*the just by faith shall live.*'" — p. 1.

Here, besides the mixture of exposition, the careful reader will notice that in the last clause the words "by faith" are made to connect themselves grammatically with "just," which is used as equivalent to the participle *justified*, giving to the clause this meaning, — "he who is justified by faith shall live."

While the minister is thus engaged in amending the translation, and publishing his emendations from the pulpit, the people are favored with more elaborate essays to the same purpose in the books they study. The most popular commentaries interpret the original Scriptures. Professor Bush's learned notes on the Pentateuch, thickly studded with Hebrew and Rabbinical quotations, (each duly rendered into English,) are designed "for popular use." Mr. Barnes's notes on the entire New Testament, and on several important books of the Old Testament, were avowedly composed for common readers of the Bible, and in some of them nearly every verse is re-translated. Of these and similar works, thousands of copies are circulated. They are found all over the land, in the possession of teachers and advanced pupils in Sunday

schools. New contributions to the stock of popular expository works are made every year, and it is noticeable that they are increasingly critical in their character. The authors ostensibly comment on the received version, but they are in fact superseding it by their own independent translations. We recently watched with interest a group of young persons studying their Sabbath lesson, guided by a "question-book," and aided by a volume of notes on the New Testament. They studied socially, one reading a question aloud, and the others searching for an answer. The commentator whose notes they used had evidently written from a study of the Greek. For half an hour we listened in vain for evidence that they once looked at the thin margin of text at the top of his pages. So far from making the English Bible the object of study, they did not pay it the compliment of a reference. We believe that this scene was only an example of what is going on weekly in places innumerable.*

Is it surprising, then, that the proposal to revise our version, so as to add to its other excellences the merit of more faithfully exhibiting the meaning of the sacred writers, should be received with increasing favor? The only object of a translation is to convey the meaning of the original to those who are unable to read it for themselves; and if men are taught that the version in their hands fails to do this, it would seem that their most obvious conclusion must be in favor of a new or corrected version. This is in fact just such a proposal as is most likely to be received with approbation by the popular mind. It is only men of rare scholarship who are able so to comprehend the work of translation as to appreciate its difficulties. Common minds know nothing of this, but they are abundantly capable of understanding the desirableness of the object. If they believe the Bible to contain the Word of God, they have the highest possible interest in its contents,

* A minister of the Baptist denomination, graduated at a New England college, proposed at first to enter the ministry, as many of his brethren have done, without a special theological and exegetical course of study. His purpose was changed in consequence of the embarrassment he experienced from his ignorance of the Hebrew language, in trying to instruct a Bible-class of young men out of the Old Testament. He had commentaries, — but so had they.

and cannot be indifferent to the question whether it is accurately translated. An erroneous version is worse than none, for it may mislead them. A defective version is diminished in value in proportion to the amount of defect with which it is chargeable. Such men would not be prone to suspect the authenticity of the common translation, and would never have originated a movement for correcting it. But the matter once brought to their notice, it is naturally seized upon and tenaciously adhered to. They are likely to be far more incredulous of difficulties. "What!" we have heard an unlettered Christian exclaim, "do you say that our version cannot be made better? You think yourself able to correct it, and have often done so. The commentaries you study correct it. You are all of you ready enough to do this for yourselves, why can you not do it for us?" The history of the American Bible Union is instructive in this respect. When first organized, it made a schism in the denomination in which it originated. Against it were arrayed their most respectable scholars, their most popular and influential preachers, their literary and theological seminaries, and the principal presses under their control, while other churches and sects looked on with mingled pity and disgust. But the people in considerable numbers gathered around it, and have sustained it. Its treasury has been well supplied with funds, and its operations have hardly been impeded for a day. Its influence has overleaped sectarian boundaries. Men of high and deserved reputation, who were hostile or indifferent, have come to identify themselves with the enterprise. It has not indeed attained to a flattering popularity. The opposition to it is very great. But it is steadily gaining friends. The movement, though not rapid, is mainly in the direction towards success. We see nothing in experience, or in present indications, to justify the belief that it is likely to be arrested by anything short of a demonstration that the end pursued is unattainable. That organization may not endure, but the agitation in some form will continue.

What duty is imposed upon us by this state of facts? It seems to us very clear, that we cannot and ought not to rest content with things as they are, but that the duty and re-

sponsibility of at least attempting a revision must be met. It may be an unwelcome, as it must be a difficult duty. We might perhaps prefer that the question had never been raised. But it is here, and it claims to be soberly dealt with. It is not by the American Bible Union, nor Mr. Ellicott, nor any other man or body of men, that the necessity is laid upon us, but by Divine Providence, by the inflexible logic of events. Whether we will or no, we are fast tending towards a state of things in which the English Bible, as it is, must part with a portion of the reverence in which it has been held. It is still the family Bible, the Church Bible, the closet Bible, the spring of holy and consoling thoughts, the storehouse of sacred eloquence, the inspirer and the liturgy of prayer and praise. But it is not, in the degree in which it once was, the *authoritative* Scripture. It is not, or it is fast ceasing to be, the minister's study Bible. It is not the book which the commentator expounds. With every advance in the popularizing of Biblical interpretation, it must come to be less and less regarded as the real source of popular religious instruction. How long can this process go on, and not withdraw from it, to a very injurious extent, the reverence of the people?

The *duty* of revision, we have said, and the word was not lightly chosen. This is a matter which rises infinitely above any question of inclination or taste. If our vernacular Bible were merely a book of English literature, a proposal to attempt an improvement upon it might well excite astonishment. All that is so often said of the tender and venerable associations connected with it, and of its preciousness as an English classic, would be in place. But when we receive it as a book of religious authority, we can accept it in that character only as it conveys to us the true meaning of the inspired original. If the version is imperfect, and its imperfections are remediable, there is a presumptive obligation to amend it. The burden rests upon those who resist, to prove that revision is either unnecessary or impracticable. This seems to be forgotten by some, who exclaim against "innovation," as if they really believed that King James's Bible was older than the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. The words of Dean Trench on this point are very much to the purpose: —

"Nothing is gained, on the one hand, by vague and general charges of inaccuracy brought against our Version; they require to be supported by detailed proofs. Nothing, on the other hand, is gained by charges and insinuations against those who urge a revision, as though they desired to undermine the foundations of the religious life and faith of England. . . . . As little is the matter advantaged, or in any way brought nearer to a settlement, by sentimental appeals to the fact that this, which it is now proposed to alter, has been the Scripture of our childhood, in which we, and so many generations before us, first received the tidings of everlasting life. All this, well as it may deserve to be considered, yet, as argument at all deciding the question, will sooner or later have to be cleared away; and the facts of the case, apart from cries, and insinuations, and suggestions of evil motives, and appeals to the religious passions and prejudices of the day, — apart, too, from feelings which in themselves demand the highest respect, — will have to be dealt with in that spirit of seriousness and earnestness which a matter affecting so profoundly the whole moral and spiritual life of the English people, not to speak of nations which are yet unborn, abundantly deserves." — pp. 10, 11.

As to the first of the positions indicated, — that revision is unnecessary, — though very commonly taken, we must regard it as a strange one to be so much as admitted by Protestant Christians. We are told that, although our version is in some points inaccurate or obscure, there are no "grave and essential errors" in it. "The scholar can resort to the original, and, if need be, communicate to others the results of his studies." * "The rule of faith" for the laity, then, is to be, not the Scriptures, but the Scriptures *plus* the priest or "doctor." We are concerned to know by what gauge any part of a Divine revelation is ascertained to be superfluous. We should presume that the teachings of Scripture concerning the future state deserve to be ranked among those of the greatest moment. Is there no ambiguity in the language of our version on that subject, which might be removed by a more accurate translation? It happens by a curious, almost a whimsical, conjunction of opposites, that this sort of apology for errors of translation comes oftenest from men who hold to the verbal inspiration of the Bible. A distinguished theo-

* *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Andover, April, 1858, p. 287.

logian of the Presbyterian Church, who has been conspicuous in denouncing a departure from even the punctuation and chapter-headings — why not the spelling also? — of King James's translators, holds the following language: —

"We can understand how a man can regard the Bible as a mere human composition; we can understand how he can regard inspiration as a mere elevation of the religious consciousness; but how any one can hold that the sacred writers were inspired as to their thoughts, but not as to their language, is to us perfectly incomprehensible. The denial of *verbal* inspiration is, in our view, the denial of *all* inspiration, in the Scriptural sense of the doctrine. No man can have a wordless thought, any more than there can be a formless flower. By a law of our present constitution, we think in words, and, as far as our consciousness goes, it is as impossible to infuse thoughts into the mind without words, as it is to bring men into the world without bodies."

Whether He with whom that is possible which is impossible with man, may not bring to pass more things than are dreamed of in our philosophy; whether every doctrine which is incomprehensible is therefore false; whether the verity of inspiration may not be assured to us, though the manner be hidden; and other questions suggested by this quotation, — cannot be now and here discussed. But we may observe, that whoever thinks thus of the words of the Bible assumes a fearful responsibility in consenting for a moment, unless under the restraint of an unconquerable necessity, that one of them should be obscured or misrepresented. To all such, as to every man who believes the Bible to be verily a Divine gift, we commend the solemn words of Mr. Ellicott: —

"If we are truly and heartily persuaded that there are errors and inaccuracies in our version; if we know that, though by far the best and most faithful translation the world has ever seen, it still shares the imperfections that belong to every human work, however noble and exalted; if we feel and know that these imperfections are no less patent than remediable, — then surely it is our duty to Him who gave that blessed Word for the guidance of man, through evil report and through good report to labor by gentle counsels to supply what is lacking and correct what is amiss, to render what has been blessed with great measures of perfection yet more perfect, and to hand it down thus marked with our reverential love and solicitude, as the best and most blessed heritage we have to leave to them who shall follow us.

"It is in vain to cheat our own souls with the thought that these errors are either insignificant or imaginary. There *are* errors, there *are* inaccuracies, there *are* misconceptions, there *are* obscurities, not indeed so many in number or so grave in character as the forward spirits of our day would persuade us of, — but there *are* misrepresentations of the language of the Holy Ghost, and that man who, after being in any degree satisfied of this, permits himself to lean to the counsels of a timid or popular obstructiveness, or who, intellectually unable to test the truth of these allegations, nevertheless permits himself to denounce or deny them, will, if they be true, most surely, at the dread day of final account, have to sustain the tremendous charge of having dealt deceitfully with the inviolable Word of God." — *On the Pastoral Epistles*, Pref., p. xii.

Detailed proof of those imperfections in our version, on account of which a revision is called for, cannot of course be offered within the limits of a review article. Specimens of them are given in the works of Dr. Trench and Professor Scholefield, and are wisely and temperately discussed. But if we may so far presume on the interest of our readers in this subject, we may be able to set the importance of the measure in a clearer light, by indicating the nature of the amendments sought, with a few brief specifications. In making these criticisms, we are not to be understood as censuring the translators. A part of the defects charged belong to their age, and not to themselves. Expressions which are now obsolete were then current, and they could not foresee nor provide against the changes of time. Some of their errors arose from the fact that they were not making a new version, but revising older ones, and their vigilance was sometimes intermitted. In other cases we have an advantage over them from the progress that has since been made in the knowledge of Biblical philology and antiquities, for which we can afford to be thankful without being censorious. And if inadvertences appear for which we cannot account, it will be time enough to indulge severity of judgment when we forget that we also are fallible men. But we cannot so readily acquit ourselves, if, through mistaken reverence for them, we suffer their work to continue defaced, and subject to needless disparagement.

Of imperfections which were not such when the version

was made, but are due to the changes of time, the occurrence of obsolete words, and of current words in obsolete senses, is among the most obvious. Thus we have "fray," meaning *to frighten;* "daysman," *an umpire;* "leasing," *lies;* "ear," *to till;* "to wit," *to know*; the last occurring in that very awkward expression, "we do you to wit," for *we make known to you.* This class of words is not very numerous, but is enough so, taking into account the frequency of their occurrence, to constitute a noticeable blemish, and one easily removed. The errors occasioned by changes of signification in words are more serious. Instances that will readily occur to the discriminating reader are "conversation" in the sense of deportment, "honest" for decent, or becoming, "worship" for civil respect. Most readers probably understand that, when Christians are called "a peculiar people," the phrase imports their duty to manifest a character distinguished in a marked degree from that of worldly or irreligious men. It really expresses property or ownership, and is only another method of saying that they are "not their own." "Vengeance," as used by our translators, is generally equivalent to punitive justice. "Is God unrighteous *that taketh vengeance* [who punishes]?" We must think it no unimportant matter that "the Judge of all the earth" is represented to common readers as awarding justice in a revengeful spirit. Here should be noticed obsolete grammatical forms, such as the confounding of "who" and "which," and the use of "his" for "its," — a word not current in the seventeenth century. In regard to words that offend by their grossness, it is difficult in this over-squeamish age to lay down any certain rule. But we suppose it will be generally admitted that our version of the Old Testament is disfigured by an unnecessary coarseness of expression, which impairs the pleasure of reading it, and which could be abated without any serious loss of precision or energy. The obscurity arising from inconsistency in the rendering of proper names, by which, for example, Elijah in the Old Testament becomes Elias in the New, Hosea becomes Osee, and Joshua is translated into Jesus, is sometimes perplexing, and in the last-named instance positively misleading, as in Hebrews iv. 8.

Of errors, or inconsistencies, in translation we can give but

a few examples. The treatment of idiomatic peculiarities by our translators is fruitful of embarrassment. Hebraisms are generally resolved into equivalent English expressions, but are sometimes literally translated. Thus the use of a dependent noun instead of an adjective is sometimes retained in the translation, oftener turned into idiomatic English. We have "his holy hill," and "the mountain of his holiness," the Hebrew being the same in both cases. When this usage is extended to the literal translation of such a phrase as "the right hand of my righteousness," the sense is obscured. Sometimes a Hebraism is imagined where none exists, as in the expression, "the liberty of the glory of the children of God," which is rendered "the glorious liberty," without sufficient reason. The word "son," which by a frequent Orientalism is used to express almost any relation of persons or things, generally gives place to the word or phrase that corresponds to it in English. "Son of the bow" is properly rendered "arrow," and so in very numerous cases. But we have "son of Belial," "son of peace," "son of consolation," phrases nearly as unintelligible in themselves as those that are more rationally treated. To this category belong certain Hebraisms which are at once unintelligible and repulsive to us.

The neglect of the definite article, sometimes omitting it where it is found in the Greek, and again inserting it without authority, weakens, and occasionally perverts, the meaning of the New Testament. An instance of omission occurs in Romans v. 15: "For if through the offence of (the) one (the) many be dead, much more the grace of God by (the) one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto (the) many." An instance of improper insertion is to be noticed in the same Epistle, ii. 14: "For when (the) Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law," &c. The Apostle does not say that the Gentiles, as a whole, do this, but Gentiles, some of them. By their error in this respect, our translators have much obscured an important distinction. In the Gospels CHRIST is usually not a name, but a title, and has the article. In the Epistles it passes into a proper name, and is generally without the article. The reason is plain. Jesus claimed to be the Messiah, He who was to come. But

the Apostles assume it as demonstrated that he was the Messiah, and use the title thenceforth as a strictly personal appellation. Common readers are in danger of understanding the question, "What think ye of Christ?" as equivalent to "What do you think of me?" rather than, as it is, "What is your view of the Messiah?" — what sort of a personage do you look for? Negligence in the rendering of words on which the whole sense of some passage turns, though not very frequent, is sufficiently so to perplex the reader. In Romans, chapter iv., λογίζομαι occurs eleven times. It is twice rendered "count," three times "reckon," and six times "impute." How much greater clearness would have been imparted to the reasoning by adhering to a single English word wherever the term occurs! Dean Trench (pp. 69 – 83) enumerates several striking examples of this. We might add instances of error or obscurity arising from confusion in respect to the tenses of verbs and the force of prepositions; but as the utmost that is possible within reasonable limits of space would afford only slight glimpses of a very extensive prospect, it may be wise to forbear.

Now who will say that accuracy in these points is of small consequence? If the reader merely gained by revision superior clearness of narrative, considering how much of the Scriptures consists of narrative, this would be of no small advantage. But the profit would be even more striking in those books which are doctrinal, whose verses are citadels for the possession of which whole armies of controversialists have almost literally fought. There is something more than a verbal difference between the expression (Romans iii. 25), "for the remission," and the more correct "on account of the passing by" of past sins; between "if one died for all, then were all dead," (2 Cor. v. 14,) and the more literal "then all died." In such cases we are reviewing ground trampled by polemic warfare and also watered with the tears of devotion, and is it of small import whether we go astray?

There are two points, not alluded to in any of the recent discussions of this subject that have fallen under our notice, on which some general remarks are in place. Attention seems to have been given, in England, chiefly to the New Testa-

ment. But we suppose it to be generally agreed among competent scholars, that our version is more accurate in the New Testament than in the Old. Greater advance has been made in Hebrew than in Greek grammar and lexicography. The poetical parts of the Old Testament especially suffered loss in the hands of our translators, and need a more thorough revision. Of this any one may satisfy himself by examining, not the interpretations of German rationalists, but those of so conservative expositors as Dr. Alexander, for example, or Dr. Henderson; or by comparing the common version of the book of Job with the excellent revised version published by the Bible Union. The labor required here must be very great, but the resulting benefit will more than repay it, if the Psalms and the Prophetic writings, those storehouses of devotional thought and language, are presented in a form that will do more ample justice to their divine beauty. In the New Testament the Epistles demand the utmost industry and skill. They are especially obscured by inattention to the force of the particles which indicate the transitions and connections of thought. It is no exaggeration to say, that there are passages in the Epistles of Paul which, as they appear to the mere English reader, are without any discernible connection or relation of parts. They are read in fragments, with no attempt, even, to trace the Apostle's logic. Here, also, there is a wide and very difficult department of labor, in which the conscientious student is thankful for small gains at almost any sacrifice of toil.

And this brings us to the alternative question, Granting that a revised version of the Scriptures is desirable in itself, is it practicable? Can it be effected? Can it, especially, be effected, without doing harm that would more than outweigh its benefits?

There is undoubtedly a very serious obstacle at the threshold of the undertaking. When the present translation was "authorized," English Protestantism was externally a unit. There was internal strife in the national church, but little actual separation from it. Each body of non-conformists, in breaking away from the national communion, took with them the authorized version. Now, with the spread of

the English race and of the English language upon other continents, the Church of England can speak with but a limited authority on this matter. She may revise her Scriptures for her own children, but her action may or may not be deferred to by those beyond her pale. And among ourselves, where all bodies of Christians are equal before the law, there is still greater difficulty in the way of arriving at any unanimity of action. There is room for almost any amount of jealousy and discord. But we do not think there is cause to despair of a practicable union, provided only there is a just recognition of the worth of the object. When timidity and prejudice give place to more elevated conceptions of the undertaking and a more earnest desire for its accomplishment, all obstacles to co-operation will melt away.

A more serious difficulty, an obstruction to the doing of the work when it is undertaken, is the unsettled state of the Greek text of the New Testament. Criticism has made encouraging progress, but her labors are far from being ended. The text from which our version was made will now be accepted by comparatively few well-informed persons as the basis of an improved translation, and there is as yet no agreement upon any other. The revisers of the American Bible Union adopt as a provisional basis the received text, with such variations from it as have the concurrence of critical editors for the last hundred years. This is hardly satisfactory, but would be a decided advance on the imperfect editions of the seventeenth century. It seems to us, however, that the most honest way of dealing with the reader, in those cases in which the variation affects the sense, is to translate the various readings and place them in the margin. The fear of "unsettling" men's minds is unworthy of a Christian. Why should we hesitate to let the whole truth be known?

A more difficult question remains, Are we competent to the undertaking? Is there adequate scholarship to do the work, and to do it well? This may justly be a matter of anxiety, when we see that it weighs so heavily on the minds of men who would be unanimously looked to as among the chiefs in classical, sacred, and English learning. "On the whole," says Dean Trench, "I am persuaded that a revision ought to

come; I am convinced that it will come. Not, however, I would trust, as yet; for we are not as yet in any respect prepared for it; the Greek and the English which should enable us to bring this to a successful end might, it is to be feared, be wanting alike." And so Mr. Ellicott: "This only I will say, that it is my honest conviction that for any *authoritative* revision we are not yet mature, either in Biblical learning or Hellenistic scholarship." There are many to whom these utterances will be incomprehensible. The rash tyro, who, just able with the help of Robinson's Lexicon to construe the Greek Testament, is not afraid to criticise the English version to the right and left, has no such doubts. The good men who contribute to Bible Unions, and wonder why the expected new version is so long in coming, cannot understand them. For ourselves, while we regard with profound respect the sentiments of these eminent scholars, and would tremble to "rush in" where such men "fear to tread," we venture to believe that their modesty aggravates their fears to an unnecessary pitch. It should be remembered, in the first place, that a perfect version is not to be expected. That measure of learning which is adequate to judge with so penetrating a discernment the merits and defects of the existing version, cannot be altogether at fault in humbly and faithfully seeking its amendment. And especially it should be borne in mind, that we shall never succeed if we fear to make the attempt. Until men try, they cannot know their own strength.

In one respect we must confess a want of sympathy with much that is written on this subject. The incomparable English of our version, it is said, cannot be approached, and the only effect of revision would be to mar the composition. It would be no longer of a piece. Now, in no spirit of vaunting, we trust, nor in any sympathy with the vanity of "the age," we express the conviction that in this very respect the present is a better time for undertaking a revision than could have been selected at any previous period. During the last half of the seventeenth, and almost throughout the eighteenth century, a vitiated taste in literature caused the old English authors to be neglected. But for fifty years past they have been studied with more diligence and with a higher

appreciation. We have little doubt that there are to-day, in any one of the midland shires of England, more persons able to enjoy the great writers of the seventeenth century, than there were in London and both the Universities a hundred years ago. The limitations of the proposed work are also to be considered. If it were demanded that a new version should be composed throughout, to rival that which we have received, there would be reason to despair. But are we so straitened for good English, that we cannot repair the rents of the old fabric and replace a stone here and there, — while we have for our quarry not only the vocabulary of the version itself, but the versions from which it was revised, with the wealth of the contemporary literature? The very love and veneration with which the English Bible is viewed, and which cause so many to shrink from the risk of marring its sanctities, encourage the belief that it has fallen upon a fit time, and among men with whom it may be safely trusted for needed amendment. At least, let it be tried.

As for the shock consequent on revision, which may be expected to unsettle men's faith in the Scriptures, and to reduce everything, literature as well as religion, to chaos, according to the expressed apprehensions of some, we have come to look on such threatened calamities with a good degree of resignation. We do not think so poorly of the Christianity of our time, in comparison with that of past ages, as to believe that men's faith rests on words and syllables, especially on obsolete words, words which they would rather not read aloud, or words which convey to them either no meaning at all or a wrong one. We remember that the people of England met and survived the "shock" of six successive versions of the Bible before the present translation was made, and we trust that our own generation, both there and here, can accept some necessary corrections in their copies without being driven to apostasy. Considering especially that the revision cannot be wrought in a day, and that the improved version is in no danger of coming upon us like lightning from the clear sky, it may be reasonably hoped that sufficient time will be given to get out of the way of serious harm from it.

All effort in that direction for the present must be merely

tentative. In the existing temper of the public mind, any proposal for definite action looking toward a final result would doubtless be repelled. Dean Trench suggests, (and the editor of Professor Scholefield's Essay seems to be of the same opinion,) that nothing in the way of revision should now be attempted. He would have a select body of scholars agree upon such corrections of the text as meet their mature approbation, and cause these to be published for the consideration of all interested. By degrees, he thinks, these may so commend themselves to general favor as to demand, and have accorded to them, a place in the current text. His suggestions incidentally illustrate one of the difficulties inherent in the undertaking, — that arising from the divided state of Christendom. He would have the Church of England take the initiative, and invite the co-operation of scholars from this country, and from some of the dissenting bodies in England. These last, he is careful to intimate, should co-operate as scholars merely, — implying that the elect workmen of the national Church are to bear some other and higher character. He also makes two noticeable exceptions. "The so-called Baptists" are to be excluded, because they demand not only the translation, but the interpretation of a certain word; those dissenters, also, who do not accord with the doctrinal articles of the Church of England, are to be left out of the account. As to the first of these exceptions, it will probably surprise the very reverend Dean to learn that in this country "the so-called Baptists" in great numbers have repudiated the revision movement in the gross, and have particularly protested against any change of the version in respect to the terms descriptive of the rite of baptism. It might also, we should suppose, occur to his mind, that some of that sect, however inadmissible might be their demands touching one or two words, would be able to render service towards the better translation of sundry other words in which their sectarian prepossessions have no separate interest. Of one thing he may be assured, — that, should the enterprise ever become general in this country, there are "so-called Baptists" whose learning and skill could be dispensed with only to the serious loss of all parties concerned. Nor are we able to see that any doctrinal test would

be profitable. Unless the Church of England has made rapid strides towards unity within a very recent period, there are nearly as wide differences between those embraced within her communion, as there are between most of them and those who are unable to digest an *ex animo* subscription to her Articles. We can think of only one reasonable limit as to opinion, — that of an agreement in holding to the divine authority of the Bible as a rule of faith.

But waiving discussion of this point, which is not immediately practical, it seems to us that the surest method of conciliating men to the undertaking, of removing prejudice and awakening sympathy, is to begin the work at once. Mr. Ellicott and the four clergymen associated with him have taken a step on the sure road to success. Deprecating as earnestly as Dr. Trench any present attempt at an authoritative revision, they propose that "bands of independent scholars" should undertake the task, and offer specimens of what may be accomplished with some select portions of Scripture. Such amended versions, coming into the hands of scholars for criticism, may perhaps also be welcomed to the study as aids in Scriptural interpretation, and to the closet as quickeners of devotion. It may be anticipated that by and by, through experience of their benefits, there will be a readiness to accept an improved version as a whole. We are convinced that a good revised text, thus put into circulation and placed beside the common text, would plead the cause of revision more effectually than whole libraries of discussion, and with more speedy effect than the best catalogues of corrections, though presented as invitingly as they are by Dean Trench himself. In this point of view we welcome the labors of the Five Clergymen, and trust that they will have sufficient encouragement to proceed further in the same direction. Whatever else may be said of their productions, — and very much might be said in their praise, — they are worthy of special commendation for the skill and delicacy which they have shown in dealing with the common version. Our only complaint against them in this regard is, that they are a little too much hampered by the fear of modernizing the style. Because the use of "his" for *its*, and of "which" for *who*, belongs to the admitted usages

of the language in the seventeenth century, they hold the retention of them to be necessary to the due preservation of the archaic English style. But we conceive that a distinction is to be made among archaisms. Some are beauties, and some are blemishes. An evident deformity is not to be cherished merely because it is old. In cases where antique modes of expression are not only superseded, but proscribed as incorrect and inelegant, by long-established usage, the retaining of such forms does nothing for, but sins against, the dignity and sacredness of the Scriptures.

In this country scholars lack "independence" in more senses than one. Very few have the means and appliances for prosecuting such a work with success. Association in some form is necessary. Having spoken rather freely of the origin of the American Bible Union, justice requires that we should not dismiss it without some further notice. At the outset it suffered all the disadvantages, without the compensating helps, of a sectarian origin. That was against it in the eyes of the general public, while the sect with which it was popularly identified, for that very reason, was hostile to its designs. Its managers had the discretion to proclaim a non-sectarian position, and to invite the aid of scholars from all sections of Protestantism. A majority of its supporters are still, we presume, Baptists, but there is nothing exclusive in its constitution. It further suffered from the necessity, if it would attempt anything immediate, of employing revisers of inferior capacity. Some of their experimental revisions, which were intended only as a sort of prospectus of what was to be attempted, have been turned to the discredit of the Union. But in securing the services of Professor Conant, whose revision of Job speaks better for him than any commendations of ours, and more recently of Professor Hackett, whose accomplishments as a Biblical scholar and expositor are universally recognized, with those of other eminent men on either side of the Atlantic, it has made a more effective appeal to public consideration. Its library of Biblical works is said to be unrivalled on this continent. We see no reason to doubt that it will yet entitle itself to a far greater measure of consideration than is now accorded to it.

But whatever may be the result of particular measures, we have faith that the great object in view will ultimately be reached, and that the English Bible, not superseded, not disparaged, but arrayed in still higher beauty than it now boasts, will be handed down to a grateful and revering posterity.

Art. VIII. — 1. *Les Lionnes Pauvres.* Par Emile Angier.
2. *Fanny.* Par Ernest Feydeau.
3. *L'Assassinat du Pont Rouge.* Par Charles Barbara.
4. *Italia.* Par Theophile Gautier.
5. *La Mode.* Par Theophile Gautier.
6. *La Clef du Grand Cyrus.* Par M. Victor Cousin. 2 vols.
7. *Essais Morales et Historiques.* Par Emile Montegut.

It is certainly not a matter of indifference to note what the stage in France has come to within the last ten years. From the closing period of the Restoration to the middle of the July monarchy, especially from 1828 to 1847, the reigning literary influence might be said to be embodied in the form of the two-volume novel, which little by little swelled out to the novel in four, eight, twelve, or even more volumes. The novel was so in fashion, that no other form conveyed any strong image to the public eye or impression to the public mind. From *Indiana* to the *Mystères de Paris*, we shall find, through a dense mass of prose, whether with illustrious names or under names perfectly obscure, that all notions, social or moral, were most readily absorbed by the reading world in France when they were presented in the shape of a continuous narrative, — of a romance, in short. Both men and women imbibed the most dangerous and depraved ideas with regard to the neglect of all domestic duties, from the perusal of *Valentine*, *Jacques*, and the rest of Madame Sand's works of fiction, backed by the (if possible) still more immoral creations of Balzac, Alexander Dumas, and Eugène Sue; while the latter began the Socialist revolutionary movement that reached its climax in February, 1848, by idealizing the very worst pas-

sions of the lower classes. At the same time, the upper ranks of society learned to analyze, and, if truth must be told, to despise themselves, in the cynical productions of Balzac. The large collection of volumes forming what this talented writer (talents of the rarest species cannot be denied him) denominated *La Comédie Humaine*, are little or nothing save the biography of contemporary French society written by itself. As Rousseau has left us the record of his vanities and short-comings in the strange, sometimes appalling, but undeniably attractive book called *Les Confessions*, so Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* may stand for the confessions of an age and of an entire community. In the most voluminous work of Alexander Dumas, again, his *Monte Christo*, we have the image of one of the monster vices of the present epoch in France, — the devouring appetite for wealth. But in each and all of these works, where French contemporary civilization holds up a mirror to itself, the form is the same. The narrative shape is the one exclusively affected by all who, during the period we have named, undertake to communicate intellectually with the public. Since 1848, things have completely changed in this respect. The dramatic has almost entirely superseded the narrative form, and the faults or weaknesses of the present moment are presented to the public appreciation exclusively through the medium of the stage. Whatever an author now has to say to the public in France, he puts into action, instead of describing it. What has been hitherto considered as indispensable to theatrical representation, — an event, a situation, an incident, — all this is often set aside, and the personages of the modern drama simply recite in costume, and on the boards behind the footlights, what they might as well be described as saying in the pages of a tale. The dramatic action, properly so called, is not cared for or sought after; but it is the tendency of the hour to go and see at the *Vaudeville* or *Gymnase* the reproduction of the identical scenes which the spectators have witnessed, or will witness, in the drawing-rooms of their own or their neighbors' houses.

The fact once admitted, that French contemporary society is at the present moment mirrored to itself principally upon

the stage, it naturally becomes interesting to see what are the particular forms which may be caught upon the mirror's surface. The *Les Lionnes Pauvres* of Emile Angier, which piece was brought out after *La Jeunesse*, by the same author, is a bold — nay, cynical — exposure of what is most reprehensible in contemporary French society. It is the representation of the manœuvres and intrigues by which a very large number of "fine" and "fast" ladies manage to secure the sums of money requisite for their dress and their diversions, which sums cannot be furnished them by the conjugal purse. It is the showing up of the hideous little devices whereby ladies in the position of the *lionnes pauvres* cheat their husbands, and induce the latter to imagine that their pecuniary resources cover that to obtain which absorbs double and treble the amount of those resources. The subject, as we perceive, is not easy of treatment. Emile Angier has treated it with the utmost boldness. The consequence was, that, when the manuscript was first examined by the censors, license to perform the play was refused. It was alleged that society was too boldly, too openly attacked, and that to bring forward such an attack before the public was not to be thought of for an instant. Prince Napoleon was applied to; his influence obtained, in spite of the censors' scruples, the ministerial license, and the *lionnes pauvres* were shown to the Parisian public in all their undisguised degradation, and applauded by crowded houses, the component members of which could not but recognize the picture as genuine. The picture is simply this. M. Pommeau, a man of a certain age, a notary, has espoused a young woman, whose guardian he was, but whose fortune may be reckoned as a blank. Madame Séraphine Pommeau has been brought up with disorderly and expensive tastes, without any means of satisfying them. No sooner is she married, than, making the most of her beauty, she levies contributions upon all the men of her husband's acquaintance, one after another, beginning with a certain Léon Lecarnier, whose wife is the very best friend Madame Séraphine ever had. This intrigue is discovered by all the personages of the play except M. Pommeau. Léon Lecarnier has given all he possesses, and, as he has nothing more to give, his

"lady love" bids him adieu, and is about accepting the proffered homage of Bordognon, the satirical character of the piece, — the *raisonneur*, as it is technically called, — when the unfortunate notary becomes aware of all that has been passing, of all his dishonor, — previously concealed only from himself, — and the *dénouement* of the piece is brought about. The unhappy man beggars himself to pay back all that his guilty wife has allowed others to offer her, and then proposes to her his forgiveness and a life of honest toil. She refuses unhesitatingly, and we may guess what the rest of her existence will be. From amongst twenty other passages equally curious to the foreign reader, we will quote the following portrait of *la lionne pauvre*, put into the mouth of Bordognon : —

"You wish to know what the word means in that slang called the language of the world? I will tell you at once: a *lionne* is a woman of fashion; that is, one of those female dandies whom you meet everywhere where it is the fashion to be seen, — at the races, at the Bois de Boulogne, at first representations, — wherever, in short, fools seek to seem richer than they are to the envious who have not half what they want. . . . . Here is the female dandy; add a spark of eccentricity, you have the *lionne;* take away the fortune, you have *la lionne pauvre*. . . . . The difference between the two lies in the treasurer. For the mere *lionne* there is the husband; for the *lionne pauvre*, there is some one else. In a word, these two varieties of the same species blossom in every rank of society; and, duchess or *bourgeoise*, from ten up to a hundred thousand francs a year, the *lionne pauvre* begins where the husband's fortune ceases to be in keeping with the wife's expenditure."

To this the interlocutor of Bordognon replies, that there are "other ways whereby a wife can cheat her husband," and Bordognon answers : —

"Yes! . . . . . I know those other ways, and they almost always begin by them. So long as the *lionne* is well-behaved, the husband pays two *sous* apiece for the breakfast-rolls that cost but one; but from the day when her good behavior ceases, he pays one *sou* for the rolls that cost two. The wife begins by robbing the common stock, but she ends by enriching it."

We could, as we have said above, add other quotations; but the principle of the piece, its motive, and the particular aspect of civilization which calls it forth, are made sufficiently evident

by Bordognon's cynical speeches. The truth of these speeches is attested by the manner in which the public flock to hear and to applaud them. This it is, — this recognition of itself by society in such a play as M. Angier's, — which makes it impossible for the foreign student of French morals and literature to overlook such a production as *Les Lionnes Pauvres*.

If a worse proof of corruption can be held to exist than that to which the passages we have cited bear witness, we should perhaps find it in a book recently published, and received by the Parisian public with perfectly rapturous applause. *Fanny* is a small volume, by a writer whose talent had previously shown itself simply in archæological discussion, and appeared to have nothing in common with the creations of fiction. At the present moment, four or five editions of the villanous little work have been exhausted, and the critics most in renown have proclaimed *Fanny* a *chef-d'œuvre*. Jules Janin wrote a Preface to it, which is the one act of his whole life of which he ought to be the most ashamed. In this Preface he quietly asserted that "every woman in France had already devoured the book in question," and that "it was hidden under every pillow and every toilet-table." To add to this something worse, he declared that it was, above all, the "honest women" who would read the work he vaunted. M. St. Beuve, in the *Moniteur*, occupied several columns in proving that few works of fiction are equal to this; and above all he praised it for its truth, for the way in which it portrayed the woman of the nineteenth century — in France, let us hasten to say.

Now anything more monstrous (we can find no other expression) than this same story of *Fanny* it never was our fate to read. The book is an autobiography. A young gentleman named Roger, having fallen into a state of such hopeless misery, through the perverseness of his mistress, that he can find repose only in the utter solitude of a dilapidated dwelling on the sea-shore, takes the world into his confidence, and pours into its ear the recital of all his woes, and of their source. At four and twenty M. Roger falls desperately in love with a lady of thirty-five. This is by no means an extraordinary occurrence on the continent of Europe, and some

thousands of similar cases could be described, which would be well-nigh complete parallels for the history of M. Roger and Madame Fanny. But here does not lie the knot of the affair, nor is it by any means the mere fact of their crime that embarrasses either of the lovers. They do not once, that we are aware, raise any objection to the adultery *per se;* but a circumstance connected with it proves the total destruction of the hero's happiness. The lover conceives a frantic jealousy of the husband! Here is the plot of this atrocious fiction, and we ask our readers if a viler can be imagined? Yet the woman of the nineteenth century, in France, is quite accurately painted in this miserable creature, who can give her whole soul unreservedly to no affection, but whose only aim is to make herself "comfortable" in the midst of wrong. It has been our lot, in the course of our studies in French literature, to read many books which shocked our moral sense, and appeared to us as the sign of a moral inferiority in the nation that could crown such works with popularity; but so thoroughly disgusting a creation as *Fanny*, or one the success of which attests more unequivocally the corruption of a people, it has — we unhesitatingly declare — never yet been our evil fortune to peruse.

Certain attempts have more than once been made in France to introduce into the literature of fiction an element which in all Northern tongues has a large range of action, but which has been thought incompatible with the languages of Latin root, and especially with the French. We allude to that of terror. In the fictitious literature of England and Germany terror is one of the chief elements, and Lewis, Scott, Ann Radcliffe, and all the German novel-writers, from the time of the *Ritter Romances* down to Hoffmann, testify how greedy, in the Saxon civilizations, is the public mind for the terrible under any form. Within the last two or three years there has been in France a stronger tendency of this nature than ever before, and it is principally due to the works of one of our countrymen. The translation of Edgar Poe's Tales has created a greater sensation among Frenchmen than perhaps any other publication since the days of Walter Scott.

Among the hundred *tales of terror* to which Poe's "Assas-

sination in the Rue Morgue" has given rise, there is one which may be regarded as a fair sample of the species, and which is decidedly the most successful of them all. *L'Assassinat du Pont Rouge* is a story in one small volume, by a young writer named Charles Barbara; and it has become so popular, that a play founded upon the book has had a run of several months, and has been the means of large gain to the theatre where it was performed. We begin by premising that there must be some small genuine merit in this tale of *L'Assassinat du Pont Rouge*, some real interest in its plot, and in the delineation of the different characters it contains; for it is impossible to imagine anything worse written, or in which the charms of style have less attraction. The story is simply this. A stock-broker of the name of Thillard, who is supposed to have made a great deal of money, but at the same time to be in some slight pecuniary embarrassment brought on by his extravagant habits, all at once disappears from his home, and is, a short time afterward, found drowned in the Seine, with a portfolio upon him enclosing one hundred thousand francs. His widow, whom he neglected in his lifetime, is left so poor, that she gives lessons in music. She is thus brought into acquaintance with a man of the name of Clément, whose wife is desirous of lessons on the piano. An old servant of M. Thillard has devoted himself to the young widow's service, and without any remuneration, or the hope of any, he continues to perform the menial offices required in the little household of Madame Thillard and her mother, just as he would have done in the days of his employer's prosperity. One or two slight circumstances strike this man, and induce him to fix his suspicions upon Clément, and the sequel proves him to be right. Clément and his wife turn out to have been the joint murderers of M. Thillard, whom they put to death one night in a miserable lodging they occupied at the time near the Pont Rouge. The victim may be said to have sought his fate; for having, at an earlier period of his life, had an illicit connection with Rosalie, who became Clément's wife, he conceived the unlucky notion of paying this woman a farewell visit before leaving France, and escaping to England with £12,000, which he had stolen from his clients.

He stops to rest at Clément's lodgings, sends him for a bottle of wine to a wine-shop close by, and meanwhile informs both this man and Rosalie that he is obliged to flee from his country, and that he has in his portmanteau £12,000. Clément and his wife are in miserable circumstances, almost dying of hunger, and they see suddenly before them the means of being rich. Clément has poison always within his reach, — his intention for years having been to commit suicide if times grew too hard, — and the victim whom he might perhaps never have sought is there, self-offered, ready to his hand. The deed is done. Thillard is poisoned by the guilty couple, and his corpse dropped into the river with one hundred thousand francs, a third of what he bore upon him, put into a pocket-book in his coat. This fact precludes any notion of foul play when the body is discovered, and it is soon admitted that Thillard the stock-broker has made way with himself. Of course, in the discovery of the guilt of Clément and his wife, and in the fortuitous juxtaposition into which they are brought with Madame Thillard, their victim's widow, lie the elements of interest in the story. The plot is wrought out with considerable ability. It is not entirely original; for the murder of O'Connor by the Mannings evidently haunts M. Barbara, and if Edgar Poe's tales had never been translated into French, he might possibly be still in search of the form which best suited him.

A book of a totally different nature, and one which, for entirely different reasons, may be read over and over again, and always found full of fresh attractiveness, is the *Italia* of Theophile Gautier, now republished with considerable additions and revisions of the text. We object to one thing only, — the title. Why M. Gautier should call this book *Italia*, it is quite beyond our penetration to divine. Italy is not conceivable as a whole, as a type, without Florence and Naples, without its Southern cities, and, above all, without Rome. Now M. Gautier's little book is nothing but a rush from France to Venice by rail, with a carriage-window view of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and the small towns of Northern Italy. As a study of Venice, it is a gem, a priceless treasure, both to those who have and to those who have not seen the

glorious bridegroom city of the Adriatic. No man living can have had a more evident "call" to paint the city of the Doges than Theophile Gautier. He himself says, that "three towns in the whole world preoccupied him," and the three were Granada, Cairo, and that marvellous, dream-like vision of stone and marble which "sits enthroned on a hundred isles." Granada he has seen, and has given us a description of it gorgeous as itself; the other two he was yet to see, when some happy chance sent him a short time ago to visit the shores of the Adriatic. We will give in his own words the narrative of his arrival in Venice: —

"To reach in the night the place one has dreamed of for long, long years, may seem but a simple accident, a thing for which a traveller is not expected to care much, but it is one of those circumstances that contribute to irritate curiosity to a pitch of absolute exasperation. To penetrate into the retreat of one's chimera with blinded eyes, is fit to drive one distraught. I had experienced this already with regard to Granada, where the diligence deposited me at two in the morning, in the midst of a darkness the opacity of which was quite extraordinary."

If we were disposed to discuss the point with M. Gautier, we might suggest that Venice is, of all cities in the world, the fittest to enter for the first time by night. Every Italian city has its night life, but above every other Venice lives by night, and the night is inseparable from its very history. But to return to our author: —

"Our boat sped along a very wide canal at first, on the banks of which stood out in confused outline dim, dingy edifices, dotted here and there with half-lighted windows, and with torches stuck close to the walls, and casting a heavy, smoky trail of radiance over the black and trembling water; very soon, however, we struck into a labyrinth of liquid streets, very complicated in their windings, or which to us appeared so from our ignorance of the locality and from the darkness of the hour. A storm, all but spent, yet the caprices of whose close served us admirably, lit up the sky every now and then with its darting flashes, and cast livid brilliancy upon seemingly endless vistas, and upon the strange stone tracery of unknown palaces. At every moment we shot beneath some bridge, either end of which was marked by a broad, luminous spot, shining upon the dull, compact mass of the adjacent buildings. Shrines to the *Madonna*, these. At every corner of a

canal curious guttural cries were heard; a floating coffin, at whose extremity bent forward the shadow of a human form, glided rapidly by our side; a low window against which we brushed revealed to us an interior seen by the rays of a lamp, and resembling an *aqua fortis* of Rembrandt. Water-doors, bathed by the tide, opened to strange shapes, that disappeared and were seen no more; flights of stairs wound down to the wave, and then apparently wound their spirals up to some mysterious invisible abode; the tall, painted posts where the gondolas are moored, looked, before the melancholy fronts of the houses, like ghosts of the departed. On the tops of arches indistinct shapes watched us going by, as do the people we see in a dream. At times all lights were out, and gloomily we sped on, hemmed in, and as it were wrapped round, by four various darknesses, — the deep, damp, oily darkness of the water, the stormy darkness of the night sky, and the double and thick darkness of the wall on either side, revealed to us now and then by the red glare of our boat-lamp, which shone over broken steps, severed columns, wide-yawning iron-barred gates, and porticos swallowed up in sable gloom as soon as shown.

"Each object on which, in the dark, fell here and there the gleam of the vagrant ray, assumed at once an air mysterious, vague, fearful in the extreme, and out of all proportion. The water, always so formidable an element during the night, added to the general effect by its heavy roll and perpetual unrest. The dull gleam of street lights, few and far between, threw crimson tints, as of blood, upon it, and the murky waves looked, to our mind, as though they were but a vast, thick cloak, beneath which lay a shoal of horrid crimes. We marvelled that we heard not the dull fall of a dead body from some balcony on high, or from some half-opened casement. Never did reality seem less real than on that night. We were driving through the very heart of some romance of Anne Radcliffe, or Monk Lewis, with illustrations by Goyen, or Piranesi, or Rembrandt. The old stories of the Three Inquisitors, of the Council of Ten, of the Bridge of Sighs, of masked spies and bottomless wells and scorching leads, and of the executions of the Canal Orfano, — all the melodrama, all the romance of ancient Venice, crowded back upon our memory. A sense of terror, black, cold, and damp as all that was around, clung inextricably to us, and we recalled involuntarily to our minds the words of *Malipieri* to *la Tisbe* in Hugo's *Angelo*, when he paints his singular, instinctive dread of whatever is Venetian."

Now this picture, which is perfectly accurate, could not have been painted by M. Gautier if he had arrived in Venice

by the light of day; and indeed he subsequently admits as much, saying: —

"The shades of night restore to her the mystery whereof she is shorn by daylight, and invest the most commonplace occurrences with an appearance of dramatic interest. Every door seems ajar to let through it a lover or an assassin, every gondola gliding silently by seems to bear away an enamored couple, or a dead body with a crystal poniard in its heart."

This is true, and we are not aware that the *unreal reality* which is so peculiarly the characteristic of Venice has ever been so skilfully painted as by Theophile Gautier. This is the charm of the book. It is not the Venice of historical tradition, or the Venice of Shakespeare, or the Venice of Byron, or any one's Venice of the past, that he reproduces to our eye. It is the Venice of to-day, — the Venice which is what she is, because she was all that the mighty dead have told and sung in bygone ages, — the Venice which is self-haunted, and through whose every canal, and across whose every *tragetto*, are wafted vague whispers of a civilization that has for ever ceased to be.

We sincerely recommend M. Gautier's book to all such as are curious about Venice, — and where are they who are not so? It is impregnated with what a German writer very aptly calls *Venetianismus*, and while in those who have not seen the Queen of the Adriatic it will increase the desire to pay court to her, to those who are familiar with her it will bring complete satisfaction.

From this charming volume to the little gem lying before us, and entitled *La Mode*, by the same author, there is less distance than might seem at first. It is as from one to another painting by an artist of strong individuality.

It might, if we had space, be worth our while to study the eminent and successful writers who are by native endowment and tendency artists rather than authors. We know of few more curious cases in point than Theophile Gautier. He has risen, there is no doubt, to be one of the remarkable writers of France; but he has done so by the qualities which evidently predestined him to be something else than a writer. If the same amount of culture had been awarded to his artistic in-

stincts that was expended upon those general literary aptitudes which modern education appears to consider as equal in all men alike, he would probably have been far more remarkable as a painter than he is as a writer. He is wholly a painter; and because he is so, his writings interest us, for they describe what he really sees, and not what his neighbor sees for him. But it is impossible not to perceive in all he writes that he does not produce what he has conceived in the form in which he conceived it. It does not come to the public *immediately*, but *mediately*, being a painting first, and then the description of a painting, vivid beyond what perhaps any one else could achieve.

This duality of impression is to be noted in every line Gautier writes; but perhaps never more than in *La Mode*. This is a diminutive book of about five or six inches square, and contains thirty-three pages, of fourteen lines each, printed upon thick-ribbed paper, and with a crimson line-edging between the letter-press and the white margin. It is altogether a very exquisite little production, and, only thirty copies of it having been printed, it is no slight good fortune to have become the possessor of one.

The object of this pretty little publication is to defend the fashions of the present day from the persistent attacks levelled at them, and to do so from a picturesque point of view. This may seem strange; but there is no denying that in many respects M. Gautier has right and reason on his side. He is, for instance, quite right and quite reasonable when he flies in the face of all that tribe of would-be artists who are for ever railing about the "antique," and declaring that both painting and sculpture are dying out because men and women wear clothes. This is one of the most curious shapes of the impotence of our epoch, and one which those who ought to know better do not scruple to admit, and set forth even as an unanswerable plea for the artistic inferiority of the present age. M. Gautier attacks the absurd fallacy in his very first lines.

"I wish to know why the art of clothing is abandoned to seamstresses and tailors, in that very civilization where, precisely, dress is of manifest importance, seeing that, on account of moral conventions and climate, the outlines of the human form are never visible. The dress of

a human being in our day is *his skin;* from it we never see him separate; it adheres to him as does the skin to the animal, and there is no absolute necessity that we should ever know what are the beauties or the defects of the human body in its natural condition. . . . . It is only by consulting the bronzes and marbles of antiquity that artists ever attain to a conception of the *human ideal* represented in statues and bas-reliefs. But what connection is there between what may be denominated these abstract forms, and those of the garmented spectators who contemplate them? None. Seem they of the same race? In no manner whatever."

M. Gautier then starts from the principle that, the art of antiquity having been only the copy of the humanity and civilization of antiquity, and having for that very reason, and because of its truth, been so beautiful, the art of our times must necessarily, inevitably, be of a totally different order, for the reason that, if it were not so, it would be at variance with our civilization and with our humanity.

"Sculptors and painters complain loudly of the dress of modern times. According to them, this it is which prevents them from sending forth masterpieces of genius into the world. Black coats, crinolines, and paletots are the obstacles to these gentlemen being so many Velasquezes, and Titians, and Van Dycks. Yet these great men portrayed their contemporaries in attire, which no less, if not more, than ours, hid the outline of the naked figure from view. Sometimes even, the vestments they had to paint were out of the way, and ungraceful. There is nothing, — whatever our artists may say to the contrary, — there is nothing which should cause them so bitterly to regret that young dandies now-a-days do not go about draped in bright-hued mantles, and sporting red plumes upon their hats."

M. Gautier is right here. The painter of to-day who cannot reproduce on his canvas the sleeve of a cloth coat, and who, above all, is incapable of putting a real, living arm inside of it, would do no better with the gaudy cloak of the sixteenth century; and the master who, in that age, threw a scarlet plume so boldly upon his model's head, would, in this, know how to give value to a *wide-awake*, or to the glossiest sable hat ever set upon the head of a physician or a railway director.

But M. Gautier's boldest stroke of all is that aimed in fa-

vor of crinoline. Upon this point he enters into no discussion, but at once affirms crinoline to be the "right thing." When he reaches this part of his treatise on fashion, he writes: —

"What can you say in favor of crinolines, of petticoats circled round like tubs, or of those that have springs to be set in order by the clock-maker when they go wrong? Is not all this an abomination, hideous and contrary to all art? Such is not our opinion, and ladies are right to hold by crinoline, in despite of the caricatures and jokes and vaudevilles of the other sex. They do right to prefer those ample petticoats, rich, heavy, broadly spreading to the view, to the wretched umbrella-cases in which their grandmothers were imprisoned. From the many folds of a modern skirt, flowing gracefully downward, the waist emerges elegant and slender, the shoulders and neck rise advantageously upward, and the whole figure has a certain pyramidal grace. The stiff, rich stuffs of the gown form as it were a pedestal, on which the bust is seen to evident advantage. Most seriously, it is our deliberate conviction, that a lady in our times, dressed for a ball, with bare arms and neck, and bearing on her head one of the coiffures of recent invention, draped in the flowing silks or satins of her double skirts, or innumerable flounces, — that such a lady is as well and as picturesquely attired as she can ever be, and does in every way satisfy the exigencies of art. Unhappily, *we have no contemporary art;* the artists who, as we fancy, live in our times, belong in reality to epochs that are for ever past. Antiquity misapprehended prevents them from feeling the present. They have a preconceived notion of the beautiful, and the modern ideal is what they do not even guess at."

Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the picturesqueness of contemporary dress, he has expressed in those few last words what is an undeniable truth. There is no genuine "contemporary art," and the irremissible error of nearly every artist of our epoch is the blindness here pointed out to the ideal of modern ages. Cousin, in his work on *Le Vrai, le Beau, et le Bien*, has most truly said, "*Tout a son idéal*," and never was a better lesson conveyed than in those words; but the fault of the artists of this day is to banish and confine the ideal to some few conventional forms and epochs, and to put it, as it were, out of the reach of modern art. Strangely enough, the very thinker who has, upon this subject, taught his countrymen, in theory, what they most need to learn, is one of those who, in practice, have departed the

farthest from the substance of his own teachings. M. Cousin knows, as he has so well said, that "in all things is to be found the ideal"; yet he in his turn falls into the error these very words confute, and most evidently finds his ideal of all modern civilization in one period alone, and that a period for ever past, and no characteristic of which can ever be revived. Out of the beginning of the seventeenth century he is incapable of discerning anything admirable. With the majority of Louis XIV. ends for him the era during which the men and women of his country are worthy to be chronicled.

We are not about to fall into the opposite extreme, but we could wish, in so great a writer and thinker as Cousin, a little less exclusiveness, historically speaking. However, there is this to be said, that, in commenting upon the principal work of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, he has rendered what may be termed an archæological service beyond all price. The manner of life of the *Grand Siècle* was so extremely *grand*, so full of "pomp and circumstance," so almost entirely confined to representation, that, however well read or well informed the historical student might be upon the events and personages of that time, he scarcely found it practicable to reproduce those personages as living to his mind's eye. In this respect M. Cousin's commentaries on *La Clef du Grand Cyrus* are extremely precious, for he gives us the report of the very eye-witnesses of the day to what in that day was enacted.

In a literary point of view, the works of Madame de Scudéry have really less than no value at all; for they would be a downright punishment to any one who should undertake to read them for his amusement, and they have been the origin of a perfectly detestable school in the literature of fiction; but as reflectors of a state of civilization for ever extinct, as records of the every-day life and habits of some of the most illustrious individuals in French history, the Scudéry novels are valuable documents. It is in this light that M. Cousin has regarded them, and in this light only that they can seem interesting to the reader of our times.

Le Grand Cyrus is an interminable romance, in Heaven knows how many volumes, written in pretentious, and at the same time unartistical French, and full of incidents of the most

sickly sentimentalism; and yet it is simply the somewhat poetized biography of the youth of the great Condé, and to any one who desires to be transported two hundred and twenty years back, and to feel as though he had lived in the intimacy of dead heroes and queenly dames, the two volumes before us will grant his wish as surely as would the fabled mirror of the Florentine magician. In *La Clef du Grand Cyrus*, as it now appears with M. Cousin's notes, we see the society of the seventeenth century, not as this historian or that may believe it to have been, but as that society saw itself, and judged of its own component parts. The portraits contained in Madame Scudéry's *Cyrus* are those which, at the time she wrote, and when the models were yet living, were considered likenesses, and to M. Cousin's patience we owe the ascertainment of the name to be written beneath each portrait. We repeat it, as an historical document, the book is a precious one; but we are not quite sure that we rejoice over the employment of so lofty a genius as Cousin's in the mere work of cataloguing.

A work which, far from registering the deeds of past ages, is concerned solely with the present, is that entitled *Essais sur l'Époque Actuelle*, by Emile Montégut, the young and distinguished contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with whose name readers on this side of the Atlantic are familiar, from the very excellently written pages he has more than once devoted to the contemporary productions of American literature.

One of the chief characteristics of Montégut is his absolute want of prejudice. He is singularly superior in this respect to the greater portion of his countrymen, who usually see no merit in what is not French, and for the most part find it almost impossible to understand what does not square with the civilization of France. Montégut is essentially a moralist, and as such his Essays, as collected, have much more value than when they appeared in an isolated form, and at intervals, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The book reads well as a whole, and hangs together, although, in its component parts, it treats of subjects widely various, and seemingly little connected one with another. It would perhaps be difficult to

find, in any modern author, so correct and so thoroughly impartial a judgment upon France, as that contained in the first article in the volume, entitled, *Du Genie Français*. Let our readers judge from the following quotation what must be the perspicacity and the candor of the writer, with whom we would bring them more nearly acquainted: —

"France is, as far as outward appearances go, the country easiest of all to judge; but in reality it is the most difficult of all to understand, and hitherto all the opinions given upon the subject may be ranged under the two following absolutely contradictory propositions: 'France is a monarchical country,' and 'France is a revolutionary country.' The revolutionary race, *par excellence!* exclaims the historian, who would make France date from 1789, and who chooses to forget that she was previously the most royalist of all nations. An anti-religious people! cries another, oblivious of the facts that the Church was upheld, the Papacy restored, by the sword of France, and the Reformation stopped in its development by the obstinate fidelity of France to her old ecclesiastical traditions. Race devoted to its ancient institutions, and which only the quarrels of the last sixty years of storm and tempest have caused to be ill-understood! ejaculate in answer the publicists of a certain school, — and, alas! this opinion is no better founded in reality than the other. The truth is, that France, the country of all contradictions, is at one and the same time given to innovate with fury, and to be obstinately conservative; she is simultaneously revolutionary and traditional, Utopian and wedded to routine. In no country do things pass away from memory as in France, and in none are they remembered with such tenacity. Yes, the French race is a race both revolutionary and traditional, for him that knows how to read it aright; revolutionary, because its political metamorphoses have been more numerous than elsewhere; traditional, because, under no matter what outward form, the same identical spirit is to be eternally observed."

If unlimited space lay before us, we could be well pleased to cite page after page of M. Montégut's volume; but the shortest way then would be to recommend the perusal of it to the public on this side of the Atlantic. We will close our quotations by the following, which is one of the most remarkable passages in the book, and happily touches upon what marks the difference between the social civilization of the Latin and the Saxon races, — upon the position, namely, of the individual in society.

"The great danger of modern society was pointed out thirty years ago by M. Royer-Collard, when he said, 'Thanks to centralization, all business that is not our own personal and immediate business is now the business of state.' And thus it is that the revolution, whilst attempting the so-called emancipation of the individual, nevertheless multiplied the obstacles opposed to the development of *individualism*. How did this happen? The revolution was an external and a negative fact. Its promoters believed that, in order to make men free, it was necessary only to throw down the institutions that hemmed them round. A protestation in favor of the individual the revolution therefore was, in utter ignorance of what constituted individualism; that is, the free, unshackled effort of the human soul, acting, as it were, upon itself. The revolution started from what was exterior, and, ignoring the living elements of society, it attacked its outward seemings, which were the effect instead of the cause of mischief, and let alone the individual, for whom and by whom all external institutions are. The institutions were changed, but the soul of the race remained unaltered. No moral reform had been dreamed of, and no gradual transformation had prepared the individual for his new destiny. Delivered from all exterior obstacles, he found himself such as he had been formed by those very obstacles; the old *régime* was abolished, and those who abolished it were shaped after its image. Monarchy was destroyed, but by men whose entire education was monarchical. For the first time in history, it might be remarked that the enemies of a certain existing order of things differed in no one single point from the defenders of that same order of things. *All* the actors in the revolution were cast in the same mould; their characters, habits, manners, likes and dislikes, — all were the same. Thus the individual remained such as the old constitution of society had made him, and, at the very hour when he cast off all his political chains, he was still chained down by the moral bonds of education and social habits. The work of destruction was perfect, but there was no work of regeneration."

We strongly recommend the whole of this volume to our readers. They will derive from it a more impartial knowledge of society and of the individual in France, than might be drawn from many heavy folios of political or historical lore. M. Montégut knows his countrymen intimately, and has painted them impartially, — a merit that belongs to but few.

ART. IX. — *Memoir of Rev. David Tappan Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians.* By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 422.

WE doubt whether there are anywhere else so patent grounds for an honest ancestral pride as in New England, and among the scions of the Puritan stock. Where power, rank, or entailed and inalienable wealth is transmitted with the name, a cause of malign agency intervenes to impair the heritage of a father's virtues; and the *novus homo*, the first of his race, the founder of his family, is likely to have few equals among those who succeed to his honors. The expectation from early childhood of office, title, or estate to accrue independently of meritorious efforts to win or to keep it, while it may sometimes stimulate a generous ambition, much oftener relaxes the energy of mind, and lowers the tone of character. Thus in any royal or noble house of long standing, if we find some whose genius and virtue have reflected lustre upon the family name, they are interspersed at rare intervals among those to whom the name alone gave lustre. On the other hand, of the fathers of New England there were not a few whose posterity, in each of the seven or more generations that have intervened, have done ample honor to their progenitors. There are among the earliest names on our records those which have never failed to be borne by men of high eminence in church or state, of commanding influence, of impregnable uprightness, of venerable sanctity. Thus continuous threads of holy light mark in our annals the lines of descent from those men of whom the world was not worthy.

We therefore admire the sound philosophy which has led Dr. Thompson to devote a distinct chapter of his Life of Stoddard to "A Godly Ancestry." We are prepared to believe all that is good of one in whom the Stoddard and the Tappan lineage unite; and, after reading that chapter, all the rest of the biography flows like a series of corollaries from a demonstrated proposition in mathematics. The richness of these parent stocks has been reinforced at every stage of their

history, by intermarriage with families of similar claims to respect and reverence. Thus Anthony Stoddard, the first of the name in New England, a man of no small mark in his day, and for more than twenty years a representative of Boston in the General Court, married a niece of Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts. Their son, Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, whose personal presence was so majestic as to lead the Indians to suppose him the "Englishman's God," and whose influence was so great that a sect of some vitality took its name from him, married a daughter of Rev. John Warham, an eminent divine from Exeter, England, who became the first pastor of the church in Windsor, Connecticut. The wife of their son, Colonel John Stoddard, who had no superior, perhaps no equal, in the Province, as to weight of character, prudence in counsel, and energy in action, was descended from a sister of Thomas Hooker, the first minister of Cambridge, and chief founder of Connecticut. We might follow with similar results the alliances of David Tappan Stoddard's maternal ancestry, and might trace the confluence in him of a singularly large proportion of the best blood of the most genuine aristocracy the world has yet seen.

David was born in Northampton, December 2, 1818. His boyhood was distinguished equally for amiable and for energetic traits of character. He was prepared for college at the Round Hill School, then under the supervision of Professor Cogswell, now of the Astor Library, George Bancroft, and his own brother, Solomon Stoddard, afterward Professor of Latin in Middlebury College, and well known as one of the authors of the Latin Grammar which has superseded almost all others in our seminaries of learning. In the autumn of 1834 he entered the Sophomore Class of Williams College, and after remaining there one year entered as Sophomore at Yale College. Piously educated, and surrounded from the dawn of his being by the holiest influences and the best examples, he had been no stranger to profoundly serious impressions; but they were transient, and alternated with seasons of indifference, until the spring of 1836, when, during a period of unusual religious interest in the College, and (as we gather from the modest narrative) through the agency of the class-

mate who has become his biographer, he was led into the fold of the Redeemer, and yielded himself up in penitence and faith to the love and service of God. The gospel ministry, to which a mother's prayers had destined him from infancy, was now his choice and goal, and he thus early yearned to devote himself to some department of the field of foreign missions, yet without settled purpose or definite aim. Among the college studies, he made unusual proficiency in mathematics, astronomy, and the natural sciences, in which, before the close of his Junior year, he had acquired so solid a reputation, that he received the offer of a scientific post in the United States Exploring Expedition then about to sail for the South Pacific. A letter to one of his brothers expresses his decision on this offer, and his reasons for it, in terms so strongly indicative of Christian manliness, and so vividly characteristic as viewed in connection with his subsequent life, that we cannot forbear quoting the following paragraph.

"A subject has recently been brought before my mind, for consideration, in regard to which I regretted that I could not have your advice. Application was made to me by government on the recommendation of one of our Professors, to go out to the Southern Sea, on the Exploring Expedition now fitting out. The office proffered was that of Secretary, on board one of the vessels, and the duties of that office something of the following nature: to keep the course and distance of the ship, including occasional astronomical observations, — to write a sub-journal of the expedition, which would be of considerable importance, as this vessel is to do most of the exploring. The salary is fixed at near seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum, with an outfit of three or four hundred. It was considered here a very advantageous situation for a young man, and my friends, many of them, advised my acceptance. I even went so far as to write home in favor of the plan, thinking that it might make me more robust, and better fitted, *physically*, to perform the duties of life on my return. I was assured that I could procure without difficulty a degree on my return, and receive an education as good as by a regular course. But serious reflection, and, I trust, guidance from on high, dissipated the illusion which deceived me, and set before me arguments too great to be surmounted for declining the enterprise. I could not go as a Christian; for little opportunity would be afforded me of doing good, and such a voyage *might* have a very unhappy effect on my Christian character. I could not go as a man of

the world; for I have a Master, whose I am and whom I am ever bound to serve. Were I to look only at time, and ask myself what course would be likely to advance me in worldly science, I might accept the offer. I could not, however, forget the interests of eternity and the life which I had chosen, or rather I hope I may say, the life to which I have been chosen, that of an ambassador of Jesus Christ. Parents and the family at home disapprove of the idea no less than myself; and I presume you will coincide with us all in opinion." — p. 63.

This noble act of self-denial proved no check upon Mr. Stoddard's pursuit of science. Possessed of an unusual degree of mechanical skill, he constructed a telescope of considerable magnifying power, and made for himself an independent series of astronomical observations. Though this course of study was followed with some earnest self-questioning as to its bearing on the profession of his choice, he afterward had reason to believe that he pursued it under Providential guidance; for the manual dexterity and scientific knowledge thus acquired were turned to uses of essential importance in his missionary career.

He was graduated with honor, and almost immediately entered on the office of Tutor in Marshall College, Pennsylvania, declining a permanent and honorable academic appointment in a Western college from the same motives which had decided him against the South Sea Expedition. In the autumn of 1839 he entered the Andover Theological Seminary, where he remained for one year, during which his class enjoyed the special instruction of Professor Stuart. In the autumn of 1840, he accepted a tutorship in his Alma Mater, as affording him the means of self-support, and enabling him at the same time to continue his theological studies under favorable auspices. In this charge, as in his earlier tutorship, he was not only the diligent and painstaking teacher, but the religious instructor, guide, and friend of the youth committed to his oversight, and his letters betray all the tender solicitude of a Christian pastor, and emotions of the purest gladness in the Divine blessing on his labors.

In 1842, Mr. Stoddard received license as a preacher. In September of that year he became acquainted with Rev. Justin Perkins, D. D., of the Nestorian mission, who had recently

returned to the United States, bringing with him the Nestorian bishop, Mar Yohannan, with the view of exciting in the churches a warmer interest in behalf of that ancient people and that most inviting field of evangelic labor. Dr. Perkins at once marked Mr. Stoddard as the coadjutor he desired in his great enterprise, and the young divine, after brief deliberation, deemed it his duty to accept the call, and offer himself for the work. He was ordained at New Haven in January, 1843, and on the first day of March following he embarked at Boston for Smyrna, with his young wife, the daughter of Dr. Calvin Briggs of Marblehead, and in company with Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, and four other missionaries.

The Nestorians may claim to be the oldest body of Christians now in existence. It has been contended, but with no conclusive evidence, that they are descended from the lost ten tribes of the Hebrews. However this may be, their traditions refer the Christian discipleship of their ancestors to the Apostle Thomas, and their standard edition of the Scriptures is the Peschito, confessedly the oldest translation of the New Testament, and the earliest of the Old under Christian auspices. They derived their name as a sect from Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, who was excommunicated as a heretic by the Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431. A prominent charge urged against him was his refusal to apply to the Virgin Mary the title of Θεοτόκος, *Mother of God.* Probably this was the ground of the other principal charge, which he perseveringly denied, of investing Christ with two persons as well as with two natures. "It is worthy of inquiry," writes Dr. Perkins, "whether Nestorius may not have been far more Evangelical than his opponents, and whether his comparative purity, in the general corruption of the Church which prevailed at that period, may not have been the principal cause of the rigor with which he was treated." At the commencement of the American mission, the Nestorians had long been destitute of the doctrines and the attributes of spiritual Christianity; but at the same time their creed contained a smaller admixture of obnoxious elements than that of any other non-Protestant church. They abhorred image-worship, auricular confession, and the doctrine of Purgatory, and maintained the supreme

and infallible authority of the Scriptures. They were simple in their manners and habits, comparatively pure in their morals, kindly disposed toward other sects, and desirous of instruction and improvement. It was believed that such a people offered a peculiarly propitious soil for a higher Christian culture, especially as the existing ecclesiastical organization opposed no obstacles to that endeavor, and the more intelligent of the clergy were ready at once to participate in its benefits, and to aid in its extension. The generous purpose was conceived of leaving the ancient Church unchanged in its external arrangements and order by foreign interference, while there should be breathed into it anew the long-lost religious life, which in its primitive days had been so pure and true. It was believed that there might thus be established a centre for the most extended missionary operations in the East, and not only so, but that this very people might furnish at once faithful and efficient agents in the diffusion of the Gospel, and patent proof of its divinity and power in their example as a Christian community.

The larger portion of the Nestorians inhabit the wildest regions of the Koordish mountains. These are nomadic in their mode of living, poor, subject to the depredations of their Koordish neighbors, and debarred alike from the functions and the privileges of civilized humanity. About one fourth of this people dwell in the city and on the plain of Oroomiah, where the necessaries of life are easily procured, and their condition is, on the whole, favored and happy, though not without occasional instances of extortion and oppression by their Mohammedan masters. The entire Nestorian population does not exceed one hundred and forty thousand. Their vernacular language is the ancient Syriac, modified by time and the attrition of other tongues, and their sacred language — that of their books and worship — is believed to be the same with that currently spoken in Judæa at the Christian era, and hallowed by the lips of the Divine Teacher.

We can easily conceive of the intense enthusiasm with which a man of Mr. Stoddard's finely-toned sympathies and generous culture entered on the service of a people so rich in memories of early time, and in hopeful tokens of restoration

to primitive simplicity and piety. On the outward passage, the new missionaries were engaged in the daily study of the language of the Nestorians, under the tuition of Dr. Perkins. Their passage was rough, but short. From Smyrna they made the circuit of various missionary stations in Turkey, before commencing their long overland journey from Trebizond, "across the mountains of Armenia and the plains of Persia," to Oroomiah. This city had been the first permanent site of the mission; but the intensity of its summer heat compelled the members of the mission to establish a second station on higher ground. Accordingly, some two years before Mr. Stoddard's arrival, a retreat had been prepared upon Mount Seir, and the necessary buildings constructed. The following account of the mountain and the plain is from a letter of Mr. Stoddard to Professor Olmsted.

"The village of Seir is in the province of Oroomiah, in Northern Persia, in latitude 37° 28′ 18″ north, and in approximate longitude 45° east from Greenwich. We are about forty miles from the boundary of Turkey, and one hundred and fifty from that of Russia. The village is on the grassy slope of the mountain, which rises 2,834 feet above the neighboring city of Oroomiah, and 7,334 above the ocean. The side of the mountain on which we live faces the northeast, and is consequently somewhat bleak in winter. The snow also lies upon it in the spring long after it has disappeared from the southwestern side.

"From the village of Seir we look down on the very beautiful and extensive plain of Oroomiah, forty miles in length, and from twelve to twenty miles in breadth, which possesses a deep alluvial soil, and bears on its fertile bosom several hundred villages. The city of Oroomiah, the ancient Thebarma, situated near the centre of the plain, as well as many of the villages, is surrounded by innumerable gardens and orchards, and rows of poplars, willows, and sycamores, which make large portions of the plain resemble a continued forest. The mountains of Koordistan encircle the plain on three sides, while to the east lies the lake of Oroomiah, studded with islands, and reflecting the pure azure of an Italian sky.

"This plain is watered by three rivers of moderate size, which come down from the Koordish mountains, and are distributed by a network of small canals and water-courses over its whole surface. Without artificial irrigation, but few crops can be brought to maturity, although here and there wheat-fields are cultivated on the slopes of the neighbor-

ing mountains, which are wholly dependent on the rains of the spring and early summer, and sometimes yield a tolerable harvest.

"The principal productions of the plain of Oroomiah, the annual mean temperature of which is, of course, considerably above that of Seir, are wheat, barley, corn, millet, flax, tobacco, rice, cotton, castor-oil, apples, pears, plums, grapes (which are cultivated in immense vineyards), cherries, apricots, nectarines, peaches, melons, pomegranates, almonds, and the jujube. The fig, with care, may be also cultivated, but is often destroyed by the cold of winter.

"The lake of Oroomiah, the ancient Spautes, is about ninety miles long by thirty broad. Its elevation above the ocean is 4,100 feet. Its water has been analyzed by President Hitchcock; its specific gravity is 1.155. The lake exerts, of course, a marked influence on the climate of this region, and produces a regular land and sea breeze in the summer months. During the day a light wind blows from the lake, and during the night a fresher wind from the lofty mountains of Koordistan, which rise, some forty miles west of the lake, to a height of ten or twelve, or perhaps thirteen thousand feet above the ocean, and generally retain on their summits, even in summer, deep masses of snow. The amount of watery vapor is thus probably much greater in Oroomiah than in many parts of Persia, which present almost the barrenness of the Arabian deserts.

"It should be mentioned in this connection, that all the mountains of Northern Persia are destitute of trees, and many of them rise to a great height, in naked, rocky summits. Indeed, in the valleys and on the plains it is rare to find any trees except those planted by the hand of man, and a stranger, as he looks down on the luxuriant plain of Oroomiah, can hardly be made to believe that the millions of trees before him are entirely an artificial growth." — pp. 129, 130.

Mr. Stoddard carried his telescope to Mount Seir, and soon found that the knowledge which he was thus enabled to lay open and make visible to the intelligent and educated Persians with whom he came in contact, was the means of undermining their prejudices against Christianity, of winning their personal respect and confidence, of impairing their faith in astrology, which in the Koran is constantly recognized as a valid science, and in various ways of insinuating the great spiritual truths of the Gospel. At the same time, for the youth under his tuition it is hardly possible to overrate the religious importance of just notions as to the physical universe, in a state of society in which every scientific error is a burrowing-

place for some inveterate superstition, and falsities about God, the soul and eternity are buttressed by falsities about material objects. The following extract from one of his letters contains one instance, among many, of the good account to which he turned the observation of the heavens.

"I am more impressed — *much* more — with the *general* influence exerted by the missionaries than before I came. In all this part of Persia they are softening prejudice, inspiring respect for European manners and civilization, and thus doing much for the planting of the Gospel among these Mussulmans. Were you to be here a month, you would feel this deeply, as I do. For example: the other day one of their great moolahs, the menajim bashee, the chief astrologer, or, if you please, the 'astronomer royal,' came to see my telescope. He is a remarkably intelligent man, though he holds to the Ptolemaic system of the world. He is, however, well acquainted with our views. He went away, as many others have done, who have seen the electrical apparatus and other European inventions, saying, with a stroke of the beard, 'God is great,' or, 'Truly you are the wise ones of the earth.' I showed this man the belts and moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and one or more of his satellites, the gibbous appearance of Mars, and some of the wonders of the Milky Way. Now this is not saving a soul, and I deeply feel it; but you will at once see that influence thus gained over the most talented and influential men is to tell on the destiny of Persia. And if moolahs will permit us to take them by the hand and lead them in paths of science, tell me, is it unreasonable to think the time not distant when we can lead them to the Lamb of God? O, I long to have my tongue *untied* to speak to this people in their own language the wonderful works of God." — pp. 136, 137.

Mr. Stoddard rapidly acquired the vernacular Syriac, and within five months from his arrival at Oroomiah was able to take a prominent part in the instruction dispensed in the missionary schools, and soon afterward to preach intelligibly to native congregations. He acquired also by degrees an available knowledge of the Turkish; while at the same time he studied the ancient Syriac, with the view of assisting Dr. Perkins in the translation of the Peschito into the vernacular dialect. His chief work was that of instruction in the schools; but his labors as a preacher were frequent and arduous, and he often made preaching tours among the numerous villages scattered over the plain. In addition to his toil on the elementary

branches of education, he had the chief charge of what was virtually a theological seminary, and carried those designed to exercise the clerical office among their countrymen through an extended and thorough course of Biblical criticism and dogmatic theology. But, in whatever labors he was engaged, he never lost sight of the great end of Christian conversion and discipleship. And in this he was richly blessed. Often his days were passed, and sleepless nights employed, in personal conference with one after another of his pupils, as they were aroused to a vivid sense of their need of salvation, oppressed by the burden of conscious sin, and earnestly seeking the hope that is full of immortality. There occurred under his ministry and that of his colleagues several seasons analogous in all their most hopeful features and their most gratifying results to the revivals of religion in Protestant Christendom. The awakening voice was first heard in the schools, and thence propagated through the surrounding villages, till those who had cast the precious seed into the soil, with anxious thoughts of a remote and slowly maturing harvest, could hardly ply the sickle fast enough for the ripening sheaves. If ever man had joy which angels might envy, such is the gladness poured forth in touching eloquence by Mr. Stoddard, as he reports these seasons and numbers up these trophies of his toil in letters to his friends and the Missionary Board at home. Who can read the following narrative of what took place in the village of Geog Tapa, and doubt that the missionary enterprise is equally the sacred duty and the priceless privilege of those who know for their own hearts and lives the blessedness of Christian faith and piety?

"I have delayed thus far to speak of Geog Tapa, because the work there has been so marked and glorious as to deserve a separate consideration. The precious seed which had been sown year after year in that village, — the fact that special interest had been manifested there the previous summer, — the connection of so many ecclesiastics with us as native helpers, and the comparatively large number of its youth in the two seminaries, nearly all of whom were awakened and hopefully converted, — the frequent mention of this village in the letters of the Committee and of our private friends, showing that it was remembered at the throne of grace, — all these things naturally led us, at an early

period of the revival, to turn our eyes to Geog Tapa, and to expect there a powerful display of the grace of God. Nor were we disappointed. The visitors from that place to our seminaries were, from the first, so numerous, especially on the Sabbath; so many of our pupils visited there in their turn; and we have been able, by personal labors and by the aid of our most experienced native helpers, to keep the truth so constantly before the minds of the people, that the revival in Geog Tapa has been closely identified, both in its character and results, with that which we have enjoyed on our own premises. Early in February some interest was manifested in one of the schools, which gradually increased, till many of all classes were deeply moved. About a month later, when the seminaries had a vacation of ten days, I had the pleasure, with Miss Fisk, of spending some portion of it in that village. While there had been but few conversions, there was a great deal of inquiry, and our pupils expounded the Scriptures every evening in ten or twelve different places, to attentive audiences. Everything was marked by a deep stillness, which indicated to us the presence of God's Spirit. And from that time forward converts were multiplied, and the blessed work went on with increasing power.

"It would be interesting, were there time, to dwell on the particular features of the revival there, and to describe the individual cases which have, during its progress, affected us so deeply. Suffice it to say, that there are many mouths which before were full of cursing and bitterness, that are now filled with the praises of God. An entire change has taken place in the habits and manners of the village. Property has become secure from thieves to an extent never before known. The name of reviler, or quarreller, or profane swearer, has become one of great reproach. Prayer-meetings are frequent, and attended by many who love to pray. The Sabbath is regarded as the Lord's day, and not unblushingly profaned, as before, by secular employments. And while there are, of course, many in the village hardened to the truth, and a few who feel the present order of things to be an uncomfortable restraint, the sentiment of the village is strongly in favor of peace, sobriety, and vital religion. At a recent communion season, a time at which disorders were formerly allowed, scarcely less gross than those which disgraced the Corinthian Church, about two hundred remained after the unintelligible service in the ancient language, to celebrate the ordinance in a solemn and reverential manner. The service was conducted with prayer, singing, and other exercises, very much in imitation of our own method; and the pious natives connected with us, who were present, regarded it as one of the most delightful occasions they had ever witnessed. Do not such great changes, in one of the most intelligent and

prominent Nestorian villages, promise for us a brighter day than any which has yet dawned upon us? Who, even of the most sanguine of our number, would have believed, a year ago, that in Geog Tapa two hundred persons would this summer have sat with solemnity around the table of their dying Lord, realizing, in some measure, the meaning of the ordinance?* And whose heart does not overflow with thanksgiving and praise, when he remembers that scores of these are giving consistent and increasing evidence of piety? I am informed within a few days, that there is not a single vineyard in the village in which there is not at least one praying laborer; and it is well known that the men and women, most of whom cannot read, go to their daily toil, singing along the way the hymns which they have learned from the children in the schools. In the threshing-floors little closets are made for prayer, among the stacks of wheat. To these places those who love to pray retire, and, closing the entrance after them with a sheaf of wheat, hold communion with God.

"As it is a considerable time since I have visited Geog Tapa, I am obliged, in reporting the present state of the village, to rely mainly on others. But it seems to be a fact, that hundreds there are in the daily habit of secret prayer; and that fifty of them, exclusive of the members of our seminaries, and our native helpers, are born into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Quite a number of the hopeful converts are *young men*, who are very active in labors among the people, and who every Sabbath go out to all the villages around to proclaim the Gospel." — pp. 226–229.

We are compelled to be brief, and cannot pursue, as we gladly would, the detailed narrative of Mr. Stoddard's labors. His health early became impaired, in part from the debilitating influence of the climate, in part from a diligence too seldom intermitted for relaxation and repose. After several journeys, unattended by permanent relief, the alternative seemed to be speedy dissolution or a visit to his native country. He chose the latter, as his duty to his family and the mission. With his wife, nurse, and two children, he arrived at Trebizond in the summer of 1848. There his wife died of cholera, after an illness of a few hours, in perfect peace. The nurse soon followed her, and the invalid — not heart-broken, for his letters

* "All, among the Nestorians, old and young, pious and depraved, have hitherto been accustomed to partake of the sacrament, thinking it had some inherent efficacy in it, as a saving ordinance. Many now in Geog Tapa absent themselves through fear of the curse of God."

breathe only serene submission — embarked with the sole charge of his motherless children. He remained in this country two years and a half. His health was restored, though not his full power of endurance. While here, he was not idle. He addressed churches, public meetings, great assemblies, in behalf of the missionary cause and his beloved Nestorians. He conducted an extensive correspondence, in the same interest, with his colleagues in Persia, and in aid of his and their plans. In February, 1851, he was married to Miss Sophia D. Hazen, and on the 4th of March following embarked with his wife and daughter, and three other missionaries, for Smyrna.

On his return to the mission, Mr. Stoddard entered with new zeal on the self-denying service to which he had nearly fallen a victim. His schools, his frequent preaching, his visits from house to house among the villages, might have seemed sufficient for a constitution once so seriously impaired. But, with all his other onerous duties, he found time to prepare a Grammar of the Modern Syriac, for the use of future missionaries, which was published in the Journal of the American Oriental Society for 1855, and was noticed with strong commendation by Rödiger, the highest living authority. He was now in the full maturity of his powers, and was regarded by his associates as an eminently judicious counsellor in the many difficult practical questions constantly occurring, as to modes of usefulness, methods of propitiating or overcoming opposition, and the increasingly complicated and perplexing relations between them and the native priesthood. He again manifested symptoms of incipient disease; yet was permitted to enjoy several years, the least interrupted and the most prosperous of his missionary life. But a higher Wisdom ordained that his sun should go down at midday. In the autumn of 1856 the attitude of the Persian government toward the mission rendered it desirable that a deputation should visit the civic functionaries at Tabreez. Mr. Stoddard was selected for this service. The journey was performed on horseback, and he preached frequently by the way. His negotiations gave him much anxiety, and on his homeward route he was seized with premonitory symptoms of typhus fever. However, for thirteen

days after his return, he pursued his usual routine of duty. On Christmas day he was obliged to confine himself to his bed. At the end of the first fortnight, the disease seemed to be arrested; but it soon returned, and for eighteen days he lingered on the confines of the grave. During a portion of this time, his mind was clear, and his soul sustained and gladdened by the felt presence of the Saviour, upborne by holy hymns, in the enjoyment of sweet peace and unshadowed hope. During the accesses of delirium, his words were those of trust and prayer. On Thursday night, January 22, 1857, he was translated to the heavenly society. "Eleven years before, on that very evening, he was rejoicing over the first converts of the first revival, and pointing awakened souls to the cross of Christ; and perhaps some of those souls were among the blood-washed throng, who waited to convey his ransomed spirit to glory." The funeral service was in Syriac. Mar Yohannan, his devoted friend and fellow-laborer, in offering the closing prayer, was subdued by his emotion, and tears choked his utterance. The body was laid in its last resting-place, with filial tenderness, by pupils of his school, whom he had led to Christ. His oldest daughter, who had been united with him but a little before in the missionary church, sleeps by his side. And around his grave how precious the tribute recorded by one of his missionary brethren!

"Scarcely a day passes but some of Mr. Stoddard's grateful pupils seek the hallowed spot where they may recall his blessed example, and dwell upon the words of holy cheer which he left to stimulate them in efforts for the salvation of their benighted people. About two weeks since, as I was walking, one Sabbath evening, upon the terraced roof of our dwelling, my attention was arrested by the sound of mingled voices singing, in Syriac, the hymns our departed brother so much loved. Turning to find from whence the music proceeded, I was touched to see some of the pupils of the seminary standing by the grave of their beloved teacher, and surrounding it with sweet songs of praise. I stood for a moment lost in deep emotion. No incident of my life can leave a happier impression upon memory's page than these songs of Zion, sung in a strange land and in a foreign tongue, around the grave of the faithful missionary. Blessed rest, after a life of self-denying toil, to be thus enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people. Who would wish a better monument than those songs

of victory which arose above that lowly grave, in the still evening air of a Persian sky? When racked with fever, Mr. Stoddard often asked for the sweet hymns which he had been accustomed, while a child, to repeat at his mother's knee. And it was a strong tribute to the soothing power of those hymns, that they not only sustained him throughout the sorrows and cares of missionary life, but that, even in the last trying hours, the strains of Watts, Cowper, and Doddridge were commissioned, by a hand Divine, to illuminate the dark valley. And shall we deny that, to our own stricken hearts, these simple hymns, next to the words of our Saviour, have come even from his grave like leaves of healing?" — pp. 413, 414.

Were it the sole result of the missionary enterprise to nurture such Christian heroism, to develop in strength and beauty such truly great souls, to bequeath to a grovelling and Mammon-worshipping generation such glorious examples of a higher life, of disinterested love and generous self-sacrifice, it would be worth all the cost expended upon it, and the precious lives which have been yielded up to its protracted martyrdom. It has demonstrated, as no other portions of modern history have, the joy-giving power of religious faith, — the independence of the soul of man on its surroundings, its sufficiency with the grace of God for its own happiness. But this is not all. The results of this evangelic labor are beyond estimate, except by the Omniscient Mind. Numerically, they may fail to satisfy the commercial spirit of our times. The expenditure divided by the number of converts would, no doubt, show that a convert costs more than a slave, — perhaps not more than it costs to kill a man in battle; all the missionary establishments in the world might be sustained for several years by the money wasted in a single campaign. But it must be remembered that, in a heathen or semi-heathen population, a sunken foundation must be laid before the superstructure can arrest the indifferent eye. There are languages — often a debased *patois*, a mongrel tongue — to be learned without grammar or lexicon, and then to be made available for the uses of instruction. Sometimes an alphabet must be created. Elementary treatises on the language, and vocabularies, must often be written out. Then comes the work of translation, slow, tentative, perplexing. Then there is a hold to be gained upon the

respect and confidence of an unimpressible people. And, after all, the chief reliance must be placed on the training of children and youth, who must be separated from native associations, kept strictly under Christian influence, and formed, by the labor of years, for future usefulness as agents in the evangelization of their race. On many stations the foundation is broadly and durably laid, and the superstructure already appears. On others, it is enough for faith and hope, that devout men and saintly women, adequate to any labor within the scope of human ability, are giving their best strength to the work. Scepticism and cavilling as to its feasibility are unworthy the Christian believer; for it is implied in his belief that Christianity has for its author the Creator and Father of the human spirit, and if so, the one must be adapted to the other. On the Christian theory, the Christianization of the race is a possible achievement. All honor, then, and a fervent God-speed, to those who have consecrated themselves to its realization.

Dr. Thompson's memoir is worthy equally of its subject and of the author's reputation. For a very large portion of the biography, Mr. Stoddard's letters and other writings furnished the materials. These are given, as they should have been, in his own words. The connecting narrative is vivid, eloquent, tender, appreciating. It is the work of a dear friend, and bears the heart-stamp of early and lifelong affection. The entire volume proffers numerous claims to an extended circulation. It is of value, as comprising much of the history and an elaborated view of the present condition of an interesting people, with many important details in topography and physical geography. It takes strong hold upon the reader, as the record of a mind of signal strength and beauty, and of the highest culture. As a Christian biography, it presents the interior life of an eminently pure and true and close follower of the Divine Master. As a memorial of missionary labor, it is adapted to infuse new confidence in the enterprise, to nourish the spirit of Christian philanthropy in the churches, and to raise up those who may fill the places of the departed, and urge on the work for which they lived and died.

ART. X. — *The Works of* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *the Plays edited from the Folio of* MDCXXIII., *with various Readings from all the Editions and all the Commentators, Notes, Introductory Remarks, a Historical Sketch of the Text, an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama, a Memoir of the Poet, and an Essay upon his Genius.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858.

DURING the last ten years Shakespearian criticism has excited much general regard. The discovery by Mr. Collier of the old annotated folio of Shakespeare's Plays; his publication, first, of the manuscript notes, and then of a Shakespeare with "the Text, regulated by the recently discovered Folio of 1632," and the fierce controversy which followed, have made what was before a matter of interest to comparatively few almost a popular theme. Among the books which that dispute called forth was "Shakespeare's Scholar," by Richard Grant White of New York, a critical volume of great merits, which at once placed its author in the foremost rank of Shakespearian scholars. We have now the first instalment of a new edition of Shakespeare's entire works by the same hand, an edition of a character so marked as to be in some respects unique.

It will be seen by the title, that the editor has undertaken a great task. If it has been well performed, the edition will, beyond dispute, take rank as the best edition of Shakespeare which has ever been published. Mr. White says that in its preparation he has spent the greater part of the last five years, has collated in that time every letter and point of the text, containing more than one hundred and fifty thousand lines, with those of the first folio and early quartos, and has carefully examined every existing critical edition of Shakespeare's Works. His first canon has been adherence to the text of the authentic folio of 1623, excepting where that is manifestly corrupt or defective. He also claims to have restored many passages which have been heretofore deemed corrupt only through ignoranee or carelessness; to have

amended many undeniably corrupt passages which have hitherto baffled critics and editors; to have made a frugal selection from the works of all other commentators; to have adapted his notes to the great mass of intelligent readers; to have carefully preserved the rhythm of the prose, as well as of the verse; and, lastly, to have accredited to every author each emendation, explanation, or illustrative quotation which belongs to him.

The value of an edition of any standard author depends on two conditions. The first in importance, as in order, is the purity of its text; the second, the character of its notes and other subsidiary matter.

Purity of text, for all scholarly purposes, is the first requisite, and any deficiency in this respect will inevitably, in the end, doom an edition, however good otherwise, to disuse. When Reiske published his famous edition of the Attic orators, it was so highly esteemed, that reference was long made, not only to the section of the oration, but also to Reiske's page. Yet now the severity of modern research has attained a text so much purer, that this edition, despite its many merits, finds a place only in libraries of reference, and is no longer included in the private collections of scholars who can afford only a single copy of an author. It is not, however, the student who is most concerned in the preservation of the true text of an author like Shakespeare. No English writer is so generally and constantly kept in the public mind. Where one person reads Milton, five read Shakespeare. When to this general fondness is added scenic attraction, it is no wonder that so many expressions and turns of Shakespeare's thought have stolen into every one's mouth. It is a matter truly curious, to trace the history of the multitude of phrases which claim the great dramatist as their parent. It has lately been made a ground of very severe reprehension in one of our leading newspapers, that a recent School Reader contains a piece for declamation, ostensibly quoted from the play of Coriolanus, but really taken from the stage-play, which, though keeping the same name, has been deformed by alteration and addition. If, then, it is desirable that the boy at school should speak what are truly the words of Shakespeare,

and not interpolated theatrical bombast, it certainly is not less to be wished that the parent at home should also read what is genuine. The great value of critical study in purifying the text of an author is often underrated. In the details it seems trivial. In its results it is indeed fruitful. If any one will examine the history of philology, he will find that, during the last fifty years, philological knowledge has grown more than during eight centuries before. The great characteristic, however, of the last half-century's study, has been the recension of the text of ancient authors, and the growth of philology has been in direct ratio to this concentrated research.

Our second requirement is found in the character of notes and materials for illustration. In reading an author who has been dead two hundred years, a commentary is always needed. Ancient customs are obscure; words have changed their meaning, or become obsolete; historical allusions, obvious to a contemporary, require explanation for men of later date. The utility of commentaries, in short, is so plain, that it would need no defence, if the tendency of theoretical study at the present time were not to dispense with them in the enthusiasm of textual investigation. The danger, till of late, has been of so copious a supply, that the original at last resembles Mathias's Pursuits of Literature, "a body of notes with a poem prefixed," and, like that otherwise excellent poem, bears on each octavo page one line, more or less, of text, and two double columns, in fine type, of commentary.

Two hundred and forty-two years ago, on the 23d of April, 1616, William Shakespeare, a country gentleman, a retired actor and play-writer of some repute, died in his house on the banks of the Avon. In the little parish church of Stratford, where the register records the birth of the child in the simple words, — "1564. April 26. Gulielmus filius Johannis Shakspere," — some kindly hand placed a monument to the memory of the man. On the tablet below the bust is the following inscription, which Collier gives literally: —

"Ivdicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs maeret, Olympvs habet.

"Stay, Passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs death hath plast

Within this monvment: Shakspeare, with whome
Quick nature dide: whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost; sieth all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.

"Obiit año Doi. 1616
Ætatis. 53. die 23 Apr."

To-day this man heads the list of poets. For that monument, however, more lasting than bronze, which perpetuates his name, he merely supplied the materials. He carved the stones, but he left them scattered and disjoined. They were collected, saved from destruction, and put together by the labor of others. The great master, who should have superintended the work, and who alone could finish it as its nobleness required, left it for the world to preserve what he seemed willing to let die. Literary history hardly registers another instance of such disregard of fame. Of those plays which have made his name immortal, he himself never published one. The eighteen which were printed during his lifetime, and the one which appeared soon after his death, in quarto, seem to have been stolen from the mutilated manuscript copies, out of which the players learned their parts. Shakespeare neither revised either of those quartos, nor sanctioned their publication, nor even troubled himself to expose the fraud which had mangled them. Most authors love their literary progeny, and some apparently love them all the more as they are ugly and unworthy. Shakespeare seems to have been almost destitute of such natural affection for his fair offspring. He wrote and acted, and when his labor had earned him a competence, he abandoned pen and stage, went back to his home in Stratford, and quietly passed the remainder of his life, with hardly a thought for the future of his dramas. While he bestowed some care upon his poems, so little did he apparently regard his reputation as a dramatist, that he suffered to be issued, during his lifetime, and in his name, six plays so obviously forgeries that Rowe alone of his editors acknowledges their genuineness. When he died, he made no provision for preserving his works, or for repudiating the dramas which had sought shelter under his name.

Seven years after his death the love of two old friends and

fellow-actors gathered together the scattered dramas, and published the result of their efforts in the folio of 1623, the famous First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays. This furnishes for about half the whole number of plays literally the most ancient text. Any sensible man, moreover, after learning the history of the early quartos, cannot fail to see that for the remaining plays also it affords, beyond the possibility of question, the most authentic text.

"It had bene a thinge, we confesse," write the editors in their address to the readers, "worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected and publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diurse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them: euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers."

This First Folio must not be confounded with the other folio editions. The works of Shakespeare have been published in folio four times. The Second edition in this form, issued in 1632, is scarcely more than a reprint of the First, with additional errors in typographical execution. The Third was published in 1664, being of the same character, but including Pericles and the six spurious plays. It is now very rare, and Malone explains this fact by saying that, since it was printed late in 1664, most of the copies were probably destroyed in the great fire of London, which occurred in 1666. The Fourth and last Folio appeared in 1685, and closely resembles the Third. The Second is of some slight value in correcting a few typographical errors in the First Folio. The Third and Fourth have not the least authority in determining the text. The First Folio, therefore, is the chief source whence a text obviously and beyond ques-

tion authentic can be derived. This fact might seem to establish a uniform and g nuine reading, which could not be disputed. To such a result, however, there is one serious obstacle, — the great carelessness with which this inestimable volume was printed. "Unfortunately," says Mr. White, "this precious folio is one of the worst printed books that ever issued from the press. It is filled with the grossest possible errors in orthography, punctuation, and arrangement." Words are transformed. Lines are transposed. Capitals and full-points often break the connection of a sentence. Verse is given as prose; prose, as verse. Speeches which belong to one of the characters are allotted to another. In short, every variety of error abounds in this volume, else the prime source of a correct text.

Such is the character of the First Folio, the oldest confessedly genuine authority in determining the text of the Plays. About ten years ago, however, a rival authority was presented, for which were put forth claims so extraordinary, so exorbitant, and so wholly exaggerated, that in the first storm of opposition its real merits were overlooked. On more mature deliberation, the most judicious friends of the new claimant now agree very nearly with the views of some who most stoutly resisted the first unreasonable demands. This new candidate was the annotated copy of the folio of 1632, commonly known as Mr. Collier's Folio, the history of which was related, and its merits discussed, in a former number of this journal.*

While, on the one hand, Mr. Collier's folio has no absolute authority in determining Shakespeare's text, it possesses very great value as a source of conjectural emendation. The nature of the first folio makes almost any body of emendations valuable, nearly in the ratio of its size. Twenty thousand, more or less, Mr. Collier computes to be contained in his book. Of this number, one hundred and seventeen are admitted to be very good solutions of very blind passages, — solutions for which any editor must be grateful. Mr. White justly says, in his Advertisement, that the importance of this

* North American Review for April, 1854.

very valuable, though unauthoritative volume, has been much underrated by the English Shakespearian scholars; that the old corrector certainly possessed the inestimable advantage of doing his work within about fifty years after Shakespeare's death, — an advantage so immeasurably great, that, instead of interpreting the agreement of many of his conjectures with those of later editors as a proof of his authority, it is rather a subject of wonder that the combined efforts of other commentators should have elucidated so many passages which baffled him.

The story and criticism of Mr. Collier's Folio of 1632 mark an era in the history of Shakespeare's text. The controversy is dying out. Mr. Collier, in his latest work, gives to his folio a place not very much higher than it deserves, and the contest seems at an end, inasmuch as he is now desirous that the annotations should pass for their real worth only, not at their original valuation as a regulator of Shakespeare's text. But by this means a spirit of investigation and interest was aroused, to which perhaps in no small degree is due the present new and excellent edition.

The chief authority and basis of a genuine text must certainly be acknowledged to be the folio of 1623. From this Mr. White has prepared his text with the utmost care, examining the readings of every editor, and the notes of every commentator, adopting them when admissible, and recording all that are worthy of preservation. No mere opinion, or preference, seemed to him a sufficient reason for departing from that text which alone bears the stamp of authenticity. Evident corruption of this, and the highly probable restoration of what accident had destroyed, or the stage copy omitted, are the only reasons which he regarded as authorizing a deviation from it. All readings and quotations, with very rare exceptions, are taken from the originals. Every restoration, emendation, and quotation has been accredited to its author. The reader, therefore, in every passage finds in chronological order as much of its history as is valuable. This last feature is peculiar to this edition. While no "superstitious reverence for the First Folio" prevented the editor from making necessary corrections, even the slightest deviation from the text adopted

as the standard is noted, so that the reader has practically the original text precisely as it stands in the First Folio, and may, if he chooses, try his own skill in emendation. Without conforming to the unsettled orthography of that age, the editor says that he has attempted to present Shakespeare's words with even syllabic faithfulness to his usage. Great attention also has been paid to punctuation, and the editor believes that this has now been done for the first time, excepting in regard to some specially controverted passages. His faithfulness in this most important point has certainly removed a great many old stumbling-blocks.

From what we have said, it will appear that the first great claim of this edition on the public regard is its purity of text. For more than five years Mr. White has been engaged almost exclusively in this work. He has subjected the text of Shakespeare to as severe a revision as German editors have given to Greek and Latin classics. Numerous errors, slight in themselves, — such as taking the old long *s* for *f*, or the omission or misplacement of a point, — yet most mischievous in their results, have been corrected. A closer study of the original has found many passages, which have heretofore been esteemed corrupt, and loaded therefore with comments, to be perfectly simple and intelligible. How much this purification was needed may be seen in the Advertisement of Johnson and Steevens, who in 1793 boldly declared that there was no text of Shakespeare. "The vitiations of a careless theatre were seconded by as ignorant a press." They consequently amended as they chose, and discarded, whenever they pleased, the text which had "stagnated at last in the muddy reservoir of the first folio." Whether such editions deserve to be honored by the name of Shakespeare's Works may well be questioned.

As to explanatory matter, common sense is the characteristic of this edition, both in plan and execution. The first source of interpretation for a doubtful passage is to be found in the context, and the elucidation may be found there far oftener than is commonly thought. As the fundamental principle which governs the formation of the text is adherence to the reading of the folio of 1623, so the first rule by which

Mr. White seems to be consistently and uniformly guided in preparing his notes and explanations is to make Shakespeare interpret himself. Out of the passage, its connection, and its context, he often draws so plain an interpretation that study only confirms its correctness. As a single example, we may take the much burdened passage, in "Measure for Measure," where the Duke, when he makes Angelo deputy during his absence, in his address says: —

> "But I do bend my speech
> To one that can my part in him advertise:
> Hold therefore, Angelo,
> In our remove, be thou at full ourself."

The third line is plainly imperfect. Various explanations have been given. Johnson thinks it equivalent to "*continue* to be Angelo." Others think that the Duke gives him then a written commission. In short, absurdity has reached what in anything but Shakespearian criticism would be deemed the very fulness of possible development. Mr. White, however, says: —

"The sense which those words conveyed is shown by the context; but by the Duke's remark to Friar Thomas, when, in the next Scene but one, he speaks of the very act performed in this, we may be said to learn what they actually were, from Shakespeare himself. The Duke says: —

> "I have delivered to Lord Angelo
> (A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
> My absolute *power and place* here in Vienna."

He therefore supplies the ellipsis thus: —

> "Hold therefore, Angelo [our place and power]";

and makes Shakespeare himself furnish the needful aid in a manner so natural, that it is wonderful that no one has anticipated this new and very elegant emendation.

This passage is only a type of many, which we had hoped to introduce. The four volumes of the Comedies, which make up the first instalment of the plays, are full of similar striking interpretations, whose very simplicity and neatness most convincingly prove their merit.

Mr. White seems to have been singularly fortunate in the

preparation for this work which he received in childhood. He tells us, in Shakespeare's Scholar, that no annotated edition of Shakespeare was in his father's house, and that he read the plays in which he so delighted from a copy of Mr. Singer's small Chiswick edition, in one volume. Not until he chanced upon an annotated copy in a classmate's room, during his Freshman year, did he learn the existence of those difficulties which unconsciously, with the freshness of a new mind, and by simple study of the text, he had already overcome in part, and from which he had unawares learned how to grapple with such obstacles. He was thus saved from receiving, out of mere reverence for the name of their authors, those inanities which have been fastened upon the great poet's works for hardly any other reason. He had learned to look for Shakespeare's meaning in the words of Shakespeare, not in the notes of Johnson, Pope, or Malone.

The Introductions to the Plays are excellent. The same quickness which amends the text of "Measure for Measure" so neatly, finds in the play a passage which conclusively settles the time in which the scene is laid. The explanation is so clear, that it is strange that the English scholars have overlooked it. These Introductions contain, not only the last word which has been uttered and the last fact discovered about their subject, but contain much that is wholly new, and the result of Mr. White's own thought.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Sir Walter Raleigh and his Time. With Other Papers.* By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. pp. 461.

This volume consists of articles which have already appeared, with one or two exceptions, in the pages of Fraser's Magazine and the North British Review. They are upon various subjects, and form a valuable collection, embodying much general information, and marked with all the merits of style familiar to the readers of Mr. Kingsley's

works. As a critic, he is genial and appreciative in his praise, clear and decided in his disapprobation. He makes his readers feel that he has looked deeply into the subject he discusses, and, as a necessary consequence, we are inclined to give faith to his conclusions. He touches upon the grounds of all true criticism, as on those of all true authorship, when he says, in the last article of the present series: "If a man has no affection for the characters of whom he reads, he will never understand them; if he has no respect for his subject, he will never take the trouble to exhaust it." Mr. Kingsley's articles give evidence that they have not been hastily or carelessly prepared, and when he does not rise into the chastened enthusiasm with which he grows eloquent over a subject or a person near his heart, he at least offers us a calm and thorough *résumé* of his authorities and his reasonings.

The article on Raleigh is an admirably drawn summary of the prominent events in Sir Walter's life, with their effect upon his character, through which Kingsley's own reverent and kindly nature is continually revealing itself. His sympathy with the noble heart of which he writes glows on every page.

With regard to Tennyson, he kindles into a warmth of enthusiasm which few readers will consider disproportionate to his subject, and shows us the pleasant spectacle of the thorough and hearty admiration of one man of genius for another. We see that it is not only delightful to the critic himself to have for his subject an author whom he ardently admires, but that it is equally satisfactory to the reader to peruse an article thus written.

The article on "North Devon" commences with a curt and somewhat irate notice of "Exmoor, or the Footsteps of St. Hubert in the West"; and after a page or two of pungent indignation at the author and his performance, Mr. Kingsley himself takes up the office of guide, and with his and our old friend, Claude Mellot, the artist, shows us the beauties of North Devon in a series of chapters written with all his peculiar freshness of description and loving interest in the details of picturesque rural scenery.

"Alexandria and her Schools" embraces four lectures delivered by the author some time since. They set before us clearly and fully his research and study on subjects which are shadowed forth to us in "Hypatia," a work remarkable not only for its graphic power and its dramatic movement, but for the proof it gave of its author's complete conversance with the deeper and more abstruse connections of the theme and the era he had chosen.

As a whole, the volume before us exhibits the depth and earnestness of the author's student-nature, as well as the versatility and flexibility of

his intellectual power and the freshness and vigor of his perceptions. We are glad to see this collection thus arranged, and placed before the American public.

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2. — *Legends and Lyrics. A Book of Verses.* By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. pp. 264.

OF the poems in this little volume, many had been previously published in the English magazines. Their author, the daughter of Barry Cornwall, inherits much of the poetical talent of her father, and her productions are marked with the same inequality perceptible in his. Many of her pieces, especially the shorter and more impulsive, are full of pathos and sweetness, original in idea and graceful in execution; and linger in the memory long after we have turned over the leaf. Others are dull, and fail to invite a second perusal. This is a fault, however, almost inevitable in a studied collection of minor poems, since many are doubtless allowed place for the purpose of swelling the volume to the requisite size, and perhaps stand even lower in the estimation of the author than in that of the reader. The number of Miss Procter's poems, however, which attain to a positive degree of merit, is quite large enough to give to her book a pleasant tone, and to render it an agreeable addition to the stock of modern poetry.

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3. — *A Woman's Thoughts about Women.* By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1858.

THESE "Thoughts" are thrown together in quite an attractive form, and are replete with good sense and calm reflection. Without saying anything marvellously original, — an achievement, by the way, almost impossible upon this much-bewritten subject, — the author has arranged a series of chapters which amply repay perusal, and which place before the reader in tangible and debatable propositions many of the ideas which have, hitherto, probably only floated across his mind at intervals. Somewhat conservative in tone, she abjures all sympathy with the ultra advocates of woman's rights, while at the same time, as in the chapter entitled "Lost Women," and in allusions scattered throughout the volume, she offers several sensible and practical suggestions to those who wish to open a wider sphere of action and a more generous charity to the poorer and more neglected portion of the sex. The genial sympathy with humanity which pervades the other works of the author is equally apparent in this healthful and kindly volume, and a simple

diction, and a delicate handling of each topic as it arises, add their charm to the more solid interest which the subject itself awakens at the present time.

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4. — *Lectures of* LOLA MONTEZ (COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD). *Including her Autobiography.* New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1858. pp. 292.

WE naturally look for something sparkling and out of the common course, when we meet with anything emanating from a source like that which gave birth to the present Lectures. And we are not altogether disappointed; for, after making allowance for some anomalies of style and some unnecessary diffuseness, we find many piquant and entertaining paragraphs, enclosing very sensible reflections and shrewd observations. Most of them are sharply pointed to the reader's mind, by the palpable relation which exists between them and the life which has illustrated them, as, for instance, when the lecturer informs us that "a runaway match, like a runaway horse, generally ends in a smash-up." Several anecdotes are related with spirit, and the range of subjects touched upon with complete *sang-froid* manifests nearly as much versatility as vanity in this certainly extraordinary woman. She jumps from politics to cosmetics, and from biography to art, with equal ease, apparently enjoying her own erratic performance in the highest degree. In regard to the amount of faith to be placed in the autobiographic portion of the work, each reader is, of course, at liberty to follow his previous bias on the subject.

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5. — *A Journey Due North, being Notes of a Residence in Russia.* By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. pp. 459.

THE abundance of books of travel which issue from the press is equalled by the good-natured readiness with which, for the most part, they are welcomed by the public. If a traveller penetrates a step into a strange country, he wins readers by the simple announcement of his having done so; if he treads only upon familiar ground, he has but to suggest that he has looked with different eyes upon external objects, or, better still, to assert that he has had extraordinary facilities for observing interior movements, and hundreds are eager to know more of countries of which they already know so much. A writer who has but to set down those things which he has seen and heard, has a com-

paratively easy task in the way of book-making, when he undertakes to supply his publisher with a given number of pages; for, with a fair share of discrimination in making his selection of experiences and tableaux, he may go on swimming in shallow water to the end, and leave his readers to supply whatever reflections they please. None the less for all this is the writing of a book of travels a matter of conscientious or of non-conscientious performance; and none the less does it behoove the writer to do with care and honesty the work which is set before him. A dashing, rattling, careless account of miscellaneous sights, though it may afford amusement, can never be mistaken for a thoughtful, thorough, and trustworthy statement of matters which deserve more than a passing glance.

The "Journey Due North," which entitles itself "Notes of a *Residence* in Russia," would seem to promise something more than a rambling discourse upon all sorts of subjects, in which Russia forms merely a text from which to digress at random. Mr. Sala has filled his pages with a most wonderful mixture of slang phrases and foreign terms, often relieved, it is true, by sensible observations, and occasionally by earnest thought. He ransacks half a dozen languages to find odd words; he Anglicizes French, and Frenchifies English, and Germanizes both; and the result is a compound which even Young America could hardly classify, and before which a foreigner must stand helpless and ignorant, though he have a score of dictionaries at his elbow. With the intention, no doubt, of presenting a graphic picture of those things which attracted the author's attention, he piles on foreign and domestic and homespun adjectives, until the substantive to which they belong is overwhelmed by their weight, and has to be fished up from among them like a jewel fallen into muddy waters. This is the more to be regretted, as there are frequent indications of power on the part of the writer, which struggle in vain against his desperate mannerisms. The careless and almost indelicate tone of many of his comments is also contradicted by the homage which, in others, he pays to really noble sentiments.

This volume will have, as in some aspects it deserves, many readers, and, being only an intensification of a certain prevalent style, will not lack admirers for what we cannot but deem positive blemishes. For the amount of information it contains it has no little value, and we trust that, if the writer carries out the intention he hints at, of another "Journey Due North," he will discard the rollicking verbiage of his present volume, and continue only his habit of keen observation and close scrutiny. Everything pertaining to the country he describes is now, more than ever before, of interest to the world. There is a fascination about its mingled splendor and misery, its power and its weak-

ness, its surface of peace and its strong under-current of unrest. Mr. Sala's description of the Northern capital may almost answer for the whole nation: —

"St. Petersburg has been robbed from the river. Its palaces float rather than stand. The Neva, like a haughty courtesan, bears the splendid sham upon her breast like a scarlet letter, or the costly gift of a lover she hates. She revolted in eighteen hundred and twenty-four, she revolted in thirty-nine, she revolted in forty-two, and tried to wash the splendid stigma away in floods of passionate tears. She will cast it away from her some day, utterly and for ever. The city is an untenable position now, like Naples. It must go some day by the board. Isaac's Church and the Winter Palace, Peter the Great's hut and Alexander's monolith, will be no more heard of, and will return to the Mud, their father, and to the Ooze, their mother." — p. 158.

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6. — *A History of England during the Reign of George the Third.* By William Massey, M. P. Vols. I. and II. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855 – 58. 8vo. pp. xxviii. and 552, 472.

Within the last fifteen or twenty years, much light has been thrown upon the obscure points of English history; but in respect to no period has the new information been more copious or more instructive than it has been in regard to the reign of George III. The publication of the Cavendish Debates, the Grenville Papers, the Rockingham Papers, the Correspondence of Lord Chatham, Burke, and Fox, and other trustworthy documents, all of which have been printed for the first time within a comparatively brief period, enables the careful student to acquire a more thorough and exact knowledge of the secret history of that memorable reign, than was possessed by most of the conspicuous personages in it. Yet it may be doubted whether the time has come for a full and impartial judgment of the men and measures which have given it celebrity in English annals. We still have much to learn from unpublished documents before we can feel perfectly sure of our ground. In the preparation of the volumes before us, Mr. Massey has made judicious use of the materials which had appeared in print when he wrote; but we are not aware that he has had access to any manuscripts unknown to previous writers, and in only two or three instances does he refer to manuscript authorities. His volumes are written with moderate ability, in an unambitious style, and with an evident wish to deal fairly with all parties. In this endeavor he has generally been successful; and there are not many instances in which it can be justly said that his judgment has been warped by his prejudices. His views, however, do not always commend themselves to our favor; and there

are several points on which we should be glad to join issue with him if we were reviewing his volumes.

His first volume opens with a preliminary chapter, tracing in outline the history of the reign of George II., from the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, and covering about fifty pages. The remainder of the two volumes now published comprises the first two decades of the reign of George III., closing with the No-Popery riots of 1780. Throughout the whole of this first part of his work Lord Chatham is the most conspicuous figure on Mr. Massey's canvas, and he never neglects an opportunity of testifying his admiration for that great man. Of Burke he says but little, evidently esteeming him far below Lord Chatham, — an order of precedence which most readers would be inclined to reverse. Referring to Burke's oratory, he says: —

"The eloquence of Burke, which will be studied with delight as long as the language endures, was barely tolerated by a listless and impatient assembly. Though a master of composition, and accomplished in all the arts of rhetoric, he was wholly wanting in the more essential qualifications of an orator. With the aspect and manner of a pedagogue, a monotonous voice and a provincial brogue, his singular ignorance of tact and taste gave perpetual offence to the most fastidious audience in the world." — Vol. II. p. 205.

Again, at a later period, when speaking of that masterly effort of Burke, the speech on Conciliation with America, he gives a comparative estimate of Burke, Fox, and Chatham: —

"Burke introduced his scheme with one of those philosophical and eloquent dissertations which are read with admiration, but were listened to with apathy. Fox denounced the government in declamations which carried away the audience, but which will not bear perusal. Chatham alone recommended the policy of a statesman, in a speech which combined the better part of oratory with an elevation and force of style far surpassing the great contemporaries of his youth or later age." — Vol. II. p. 230.

For the Rockingham connection he exhibits little regard, and he freely criticises and condemns their policy. His estimate of Junius is considerably lower than the common judgment, and he even pronounces the famous epistles which pass under that name "inflated, exaggerated, and tiresome." Whatever may be thought of the first two epithets, it must be admitted that the last is singularly infelicitous. Into the vexed question of their authorship Mr. Massey does not enter at large, though he intimates an opinion that they were not written by Sir Philip Francis, but without propounding any new theory. Of Dr. Franklin he speaks with the harshness and injustice too common with recent English writers. His estimate of George III. is substantially the same with that now entertained by all intelligent and unbiassed persons. In other respects his characters of the prominent actors in this portion of the Georgian era present nothing especially deserving of notice.

His statements are generally exact, but it is not always easy to determine what is his own judgment respecting particular measures or general lines of policy; and a certain vagueness of language not unfrequently leaves us in doubt which side of a disputed question he has finally adopted. His narrative is often interrupted by digressions which are not always pertinent to the subject under discussion, and by collateral references to other portions of English history. The forgotten scandals and immoralities of that coarse age seem to be especially attractive to him, and he reverts to the squabbles of the royal family, and to the disgusting profligacy of the nobility and upper classes, with a needless frequency. In the minor facts of his narrative we notice some mistakes, which indicate carelessness on the part of the author or the proof-reader. Thus we are told that "Peyton Randolph, Quincey, Jefferson, and others, whose names were soon to become famous, are found among the fifty-six members of the first Congress." It is perhaps needless to say that this body did not consist of fifty-six members, that Quincy, as the name should have been spelled, was never a member of Congress, and that Jefferson was not chosen until 1775, when he succeeded Randolph. By a still more unaccountable blunder, the skirmish at Lexington, the battle of Bunker Hill, and several other memorable occurrences of 1775, are narrated under date of 1774. Ticonderoga is twice spelled Ticonderago; Charles River is called the St. Charles; and there are other mistakes of a similar character which need not detain us.

Following the example of Lord Macaulay, Mr. Massey has devoted an entire chapter, of about a hundred pages, to the social condition of England at the commencement of the reign of George III. In this chapter he has collected much curious information, but little if any of it is positively new, and in several instances he has borrowed largely from his great model. This sketch is to us disfigured by that vein of coarseness to which we have alluded.

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7. — *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion.* By JOHN LANGTON SANFORD, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1858. 8vo. pp. 632.

THE history of this volume, as related in the Preface, is somewhat peculiar, and is well suited to excite an interest in the book. Being unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion in regard to the facts on which historians have based their various estimates of Cromwell's character, Mr. Sanford determined, more than fifteen years ago, to make as complete a collection as possible of Cromwell's letters, with a view to

a further investigation of the subject. He accordingly instituted diligent search for them in print and among the manuscripts in the British Museum; and at the end of two years he had collected "about three hundred letters, published and unpublished, and had read through and re-punctuated into some new sense most of the Protector's printed speeches." In the mean time Mr. Carlyle had prosecuted a similar course of investigation, the results of which were given to the public in 1845, in "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." A portion of Mr. Sanford's labors was thus anticipated; and upon the publication of the second edition of that work, he very courteously communicated to Mr. Carlyle several unpublished letters from his own collection. Subsequently he resumed his researches, and from the unpublished Journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, the Tanner MSS., and other sources, he obtained much new and valuable material, which he embodied in a Life of Oliver Cromwell. This work was offered to the London publishers in 1850, and declined. Five years later Mr. Sanford "made another and equally unsuccessful attempt to bring it before the public, in a reduced and modified form." Fortunately, however, upon the publication of John Forster's Biographical and Historical Essays, in the early part of 1858, he determined to appeal from the publishers to the reading public. His labors had been twice anticipated, — for the most valuable part of Mr. Forster's volumes is drawn almost entirely from the Journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes; and in order to secure any credit for his own researches, it was desirable that some portion at least of their results should be published without further delay. This has been done in the volume before us.

Mr. Sanford is not an easy or an agreeable writer, and in several respects his work is open to unfavorable criticism. Its arrangement is defective; and its usefulness is much diminished by the lack of an analytical table of contents and an index. But it is evidently based upon a comprehensive study of the subject, and comprises much new and important information, particularly in regard to the proceedings upon the bill of attainder against Strafford, and in regard to the attempted seizure of the five members. Upon several other points it also throws added light, and its narrative portions are uniformly full and minute. It is divided into ten chapters, of which the first two are merely preliminary, and might have been omitted. The first, which covers about sixty pages, is devoted to a general and rather unsatisfactory discussion of the foreign and domestic policy of the later Tudors, and of the first two Stuarts; the second treats of Puritanism, Social and Religious, as it was exhibited at different periods in its history. The next two chapters describe, with much and unnecessary detail, the Antecedents and First

Years of King Charles, and the Early Life of Oliver Cromwell; the fifth contains a very full and carefully prepared list of the members of the Long Parliament; and the last five trace the course of events from the first meeting of that memorable body to the close of the year 1645. It is in this latter part of the volume that Mr. Sanford has embodied most of his new material, and has given the most convincing proof of the thoroughness of his researches.

In dealing with the numerous controverted subjects which engage his attention, Mr. Sanford's sympathies are always on the side of the popular leaders; and he is as ardent an admirer of Cromwell as Carlyle is. Indeed, in his hearty approval of the measures of the Long Parliament he goes much farther than most of the recent English historians; and in two or three instances he zealously defends the course pursued by Pym and his associates, against the strictures of Mr. Hallam, one of the most candid and impartial of historians. But the real merit of his volume is not so much in its controversial ability, as in the clearness of its narrative and in the freshness of much of the material introduced in support of its statements. In both these respects it is a valuable contribution to historical literature, and Mr. Sanford's labors are entitled to grateful acknowledgment.

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8. — *A Yacht Voyage. — Letters from High Latitudes; being Some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner Yacht "Foam," 85 O. M., to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in* 1856. By LORD DUFFERIN. [From the Fourth London Edition.] Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 406.

LORD DUFFERIN'S Letters owe their well-deserved popularity, partly to the comparative freshness of the theme, and partly to the lively and agreeable manner in which it is treated. Sailing from the river Clyde early in June, 1856, his Lordship, who is a young Irish peer of extensive reading and cultivated tastes, successively visited Iceland, the still more remote islands of Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen, and the coasts of Norway and Denmark, returning home early in the autumn of the same year. Within this brief period he sailed nearly six thousand miles, and saw many places which are seldom visited by travellers. These he has described in a series of letters to his mother, written in a very spirited and graphic style, and interspersed with some curious and pleasant bits of Northern lore, and some excellent versions of the Northern sagas. His social position and the personal popularity of one of his fellow-voyagers, a young Icelander who had been studying

law in Copenhagen, gave him ready access to the best society in Iceland; and his picturesque descriptions of Icelandic manners and customs will be read with especial interest. Among the most vivid of these is the account of a dinner at the Government House in Reykjavik, with his own after-dinner speech in Latin. His descriptions of scenery are equally noticeable for their freshness of coloring and sharpness of outline; and there is no more attractive passage in the volume than the account of his visit to the Geysers. We have also a charming little sketch of an English home in Norway, and several other descriptions of domestic life full of simple beauty, besides several poetical pieces of his own composition, which are not without merit. The best of these last, we think, is the short poem at the close of the volume, addressed "To the Figure-Head of the Foam." The Appendix contains the Thermometrical Observations taken during the voyage. The English edition, which has been considerably read in this country, is illustrated by several well-executed engravings on wood. They are omitted in the American reprint, which, in other respects, is fully equal to the English copy.

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9. — *François de Médicis. Roman Historique.* Par ALFRED DES ESSARTS. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 16mo. pp. 343.

THE heroine of this interesting historical novel is the famous Bianca Capello; but we have to complain that M. des Essarts has perverted the facts of her story in his endeavor to make her a paragon of beauty and virtue. Her true story is not written in this romance. Sismondi and Artaud de Montor relate it in quite another way. According to them, Bianca was as ambitious, cunning, and unscrupulous as she was beautiful. She was the mistress of Francis of Florence long before she became his wife, and even during the lifetime of his duchess. Though her husband connived at her intrigue, it was found both for her and her princely lover much more convenient to have him out of the way; and his assassination was accomplished by other means than those which M. des Essarts invents. The attempt to foist upon the Grand Duke a supposititious child, which, more than anything else, has given notoriety to Bianca's name, is wholly passed over in this novel. Indeed, the novel is historical only so far as a few facts are made the basis of invented motives and imaginary characters. Historically, this novel of "François de Médicis" is even a more gross distortion of fact than the "Beatrice Cenci" of Guerrazzi. But as a work of art, it is incomparably superior to that disgusting production. The pictures of

life in Florence in the sixteenth century are finely drawn and colored, and we feel as we read all the charm of that fascinating region and that brilliant society. The courtiers, wits, diplomats, French, Spanish, Venetian, Roman, all pass before us, and glimpses of the church interiors vary the pageant of luxurious palace life. As the scenes lie in Italy, we are of course treated to plots and murders; but there is none of that nauseous detail of villany which overloads the pages of Signor Guerrazzi. Neither the love nor the crime is overdone, as both would have been had the whole truth been told about the fair Venetian runaway.

M. des Essarts's epigrams have not the point of those of Houssaye or Voltaire, yet there are several ingenious specimens in that kind in his novel. Perhaps the best thing in it is the picture of Montaigne at the court of Francis. The character of Francis is ably, and, on the whole, fairly drawn. A shade deeper of tyranny and profligacy would come nearer to the mark.

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10. — *Le Cardinal de Bérulle. Sa Vie, ses Écrits, son Temps.* Par M. Nourrisson, Professeur de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Clermont. Paris: Didier. 1856. 12mo. pp. 263.

The Cardinal de Bérulle was in many respects a remarkable man, and many dignitaries of the Church, whose services to the ecclesiastical order and to theology have been far inferior to his, have been honored by elaborate biographies. We cannot regard M. Nourrisson's attempt to rescue his hero from undeserved neglect as very successful. He has not the skill or the learning to make out a good case for the Cardinal, and his parallel between Bérulle and Richelieu is as feeble as it is preposterous. As a statesman, Bérulle was unlucky, not to say incapable. His negotiations with Rome, his interposition in the affair of Henrietta of England, and his manœuvres at the French court, were alike failures. We had not expected to see a defence of Bérulle the politician.

But we had looked to find in this volume a full and satisfactory history of the first days of the "Oratoire" in France, of which Bérulle was the founder. This institution, to which the Carmelite foundations in France were only the preface, was really the monument of the famous Clermont scholar. The walls of that old Gothic chapel, which break with their quaint buttresses the even arcades of the new Rue de Rivoli, are a better testimony to the zeal and learning of the reformer of French monasticism than any record of his transactions in the state. Of this hopeful religious achievement, M. Nourrisson's account is sadly inade-

quate. He tells just enough to let us see how much more there is to tell, and how much greater such a theme would become in the hands of that eloquent Protestant and liberal divine who is, in the Chapel of the Oratoire, Bérulle's greatest successor. The life of the Cardinal should have been written by one of the Coquerels.

M. Nourrisson tells us that the Fathers of the Oratoire have five several times made the attempt to get their founder into the company of the Saints, but always without success. They were able, doubtless, to present some substantial reasons. Bérulle hated heresy with exemplary devotion, spoke of it as the chief and crowning sin, advised the suppression of Protestantism, especially in the siege of Rochelle, and, except in one or two cases, made full proof of his Catholic faith. He was orthodox, too, in regard to the Copernican heresy, believing that the notion of Galileo, that the earth moved round the sun, had only the doubtful merit of a spiritual symbol. On this theory, he says, the unchanging and luminous sun may stand for Christ, while the changing earth is a sign of sinful man. His love of the monastic state, also, if not so ascetic as that of the mendicant orders, was not less sincere. He would have no man become a monk except from a holy call to that estate. If he could not work miracles, he had an unbounded belief in them, and confirmed the story of the carriage which, in passing the bridge of Biscay, with its precious freight of Carmelite sisters, was preserved from destruction by invisible spiritual hands, that held it balanced in the air. Such claims as these has Bérulle upon the gratitude of the Vatican. But the Vatican is not grateful; it has allowed the fame of its honest defender to die away, and has spurned the requests of that noble society which Bossuet eulogized so grandly, and even Voltaire could praise.

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11. — *L'Égypte Contemporaine* 1840 – 1857. *De Mehemet Ali à Said Pacha.* Par M. PAUL MERRUAU, précedée d'une Lettre de M. FERD. DE LESSEPS. Paris: Didier. 1858. 8vo. pp. 390.

M. MERRUAU'S work, on Egypt as it is, is not a record of travel, but a precise, digested, statistical treatise on the progress of that country within the last score of years, and on its present condition, political, military, agricultural, commercial, and financial. The Introduction gives a rapid historical survey of Egypt, from the remotest time down to the last days of Mehemet Ali, adopting in regard to the ancient dynasties a somewhat doubtful chronology. The First Book, in six chapters, treats successively of the administrative organization, the Pachas, Sheiks, and Judges, giving a discriminating estimate of the character

of the present ruler, Mohammed Said; of the system of military service and conscription; of the tenure of land and property; of the method of taxation, its advantages and its annoyances; of free foreign trade, on the Red Sea and the Mediteranean; of the government schools, primary and secondary, military and medical, and of the mission school at Paris. The Second Book, in four chapters, treats of the railway from Alexandria to Suez; the Mahmoudieh Canal; the steam tow-boats on the Nile; and steam transportation on the Red Sea, with the proposed canal across the isthmus. The Third Book treats of the reforms which have been brought about in the interior, especially in the region of Soudan. The whole work is accurate, candid, and entirely trustworthy. We have noticed but one error in fact, and that very trifling. Abbas Pacha was not, as M. Merruau says, the son of *Ibrahim*, but the son of an older brother of Ibrahim.

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12. — *The Sabbath Hymn-Book: for the Service of Sma in the House of the Lord.* New York: Mason Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 941.

We confess a general repugnance toward a new hymn-book. The last twenty years have seen many times that number of new hymn-books, pleading in sensitive importunity for a place in the public favor. All religious denominations seem to have felt the impulse to "be fruitful and multiply," as to this class of books. Talent of rare excellence, culture and skill of the highest order, and preparations of laborious care, with eminent indorsements, have distinguished this era and kind of compilation, and have confused the public choice by the varied excellences of the differing collections. We comfort ourselves with the belief that the hymn-book *furor* must be about spent, and we therefore turn the more friendly eye toward this last manual.

The book before us — its compilers severally eminent for the gifts needed in such a work, one a professor of theology, and conversant with the sentiments fit to be sung, another a professor of sacred rhetoric, on whose æsthetic judgment full reliance might be placed, and the third a professor of music, prepared to meet all the musical necessities of the work — has choice advantages for winning a wide and permanent acceptance. It claims to represent years of studious preparation, and the careful consideration of all the details of such a work. A patient and diligent inquiry has evidently been made, through all the Christian centuries, for the religious lyrics, — first sung, some of them, in times of stinging persecution, others in days of victory; some in the silent cell of the monastery, others amid the tramp of armies and

the din of battle. The vast store of material thus found gave to the editors the advantage of a calm, comprehensive judgment in selection. Hymns of a given period, or of marked peculiarities, could not easily gain an undue rank; for among the stores gathered by their large research, pieces of corresponding value, though in varying forms, would prevent an excessive draft on any one style or period. We have thus an admirably adjusted variety, not only of specific sentiment, but of the phases of poetic genius in Christendom. We esteem this to be a substantial excellence in a work which is so largely to educate the mind and heart of the Christian community.

We think this book less damaged by deference to what are commonly called favorite hymns, than some others. The editors had courage enough generally to replace an inferior favorite by a superior composition of the same class, thus inviting the public mind to a higher line of taste. We miss, however, a few of the royal old lyrics, which send their time-softened strains down to us in cadences touched with such experiences and associations as can never be dislodged. A few flat and senseless stanzas lurk amid the profuse selections, in testimony that Homer still nods.

For the endless tinkering that has left its traces in a few of the hymns, we have no complacency. It is wrong, and in nearly every case as hurtful as it is wrong. We wish that no work of the kind had been done or retained in this compilation.

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13. — *Annals of the American Pulpit, or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of various Denominations, from the early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-five. With Historical Introductions.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Vol. V. *Episcopalian.* New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1859. 8vo. pp. 822.

THIS may not unaptly be regarded as the test volume of Dr. Sprague's great enterprise. Previously he had appeared as the historiographer of the denominations to which successively he had been attached as a member and a minister. But in entering upon a department of the Church with which he has borne no relations other than those of Christian friendship, he shows no decline, as to intimate knowledge, tender appreciation, impartial justice, or enthusiastic admiration of what deserves to be praised and loved. No member of the Episcopal Church could have done the work so well; for none could have so entirely divested himself of preferences for one or the other wing, or beheld with

so equal a regard the excellent traits and faithful services of those who had maintained opposite opinions as to matters in controversy. This volume embraces some of the best subjects for religious biography that our country has afforded. There is a very ably condensed memoir of Whitefield. Bishop Berkeley has his place in the catalogue, and is the subject of an admirably well written, though brief sketch. The early missionaries of the Society for Propagating the Gospel are worthily commemorated, and the adventures of some of them have almost a romantic interest, especially in those days of incipient revolution when the English Church became obnoxious on political grounds. The eccentric Samuel Peters furnishes as grotesque a specimen of the oddities of clerical character as can be found in any divine of the Puritan stock. The stalwart frame, indomitable spirit, restless industry, and strangely diversified experiences of good old Bishop Chase, have their fitting record, as have also the saintly virtues of Bishops White and Griswold; and neither of these venerable men could have had his personality more clearly figured to the reader's eye by an entire volume, than it is in the *résumé* of life-incidents by Dr. Sprague, with the accompanying letters of his correspondents. Drs. Thomas Lyell, Hugh Smith, and William Croswell are portrayed in characters which commend them to the fondest remembrance. Among men less known to fame, we have a precious memorial of Rev. William Chisholm, one of the spirits on which nature, learning, and the grace of God shed their richest gifts with full hands, and who fell a martyr to his pious labors during the pestilence in Portsmouth, Virginia. Among the most attractive of these sketches is that of the life and character of Arthur Carey, whose ordination was opposed on the ground of his alleged tendency to Romanism, but who, whatever his opinions, left — too early, were it not in God's best time — a memory rarely equalled in the beauty of holiness. But there is no need of our multiplying specifications, where there is hardly a name that has not its strong claims upon the reader for historical associations, eminent position, or signal excellence of mind, character, and work. Dr. Sprague has been warmly and ably seconded in his labor of love by the prelates and clergy of the Episcopal Church; yet they will concur with us in conceding to him the virtual authorship of the volume. We doubt whether any other man in the country could command such cheerful and assiduous co-operation as has been rendered to his urbanity, catholic sympathies, and unsurpassed skill in finding access always to the best authorities. We are glad to know that the residue of this great work is in an advanced state of preparation, so that the remaining volumes will appear as rapidly as they can be carried through the press.

14. — *Willard Memoir; or, Life and Times of Major Simon Willard; with Notices of Three Generations of his Descendants, and Two Collateral Branches in the United States; also some Account of the Name and Family in Europe, from an Early Day.* By JOSEPH WILLARD. With three engravings. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 471.

To those who know Mr. Willard, this title is ample guaranty for the book to which it belongs. There are antiquaries, who thresh the sheaves of history, throw away the grain, and fill weary volumes with the chaff. There are others who give us the kernel with the husk; and those who cannot digest the husks find enough for nourishment and delight without them. It cannot be denied, that in this volume there is much which could feed only an antiquary, or perchance a Willard loyal to the name. But there is a great deal more which is illustrative of times, manners, opinions, and general history. Simon Willard came to this country in 1634, and died in 1676. He was a prominent man in the civil and military affairs of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the Province of Massachusetts, and his biography is a history of that eventful period from his point of view. The thoroughness of the author's researches has left nothing hidden that could be brought to light; and the volume is not only entertaining and instructive to the general reader, but full of the kind of materials which the historian needs in order to reproduce the form and features of a long-past and unfamiliar age. It is, in every sense, a most noteworthy and valuable work.

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15. — *The New Testament, translated from the Original Greek, with Chronological Arrangement of the Sacred Books, and Improved Division of Chapters and Verses.* By LEICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 423.

THIS, while far from being the great work which was announced in the pompous advertisements that heralded its publication, is by no means the utterly worthless book which some newspaper critics have declared it to be. Had it been modestly issued, it would have found a limited circulation, and been of some service in the advancement of Biblical knowledge. It has the merit of adhering closely, (except in a few specified instances,) to the text of Tischendorf, which most critics regard as the purest extant. Not a few of the renderings are in conformity with the judgment of the best commentators; and, so far as the

sense is concerned, many of the departures from the common version are for the better. But, on many texts, we think we see evidence that the translator had not made himself acquainted with the latest results of criticism, and there remain very numerous obscurities which more thorough study would have enabled him to elucidate. We see no evidence of the profound and comprehensive scholarship which should have preceded so bold an enterprise. But the chief blemish of the volume is the utter lack of good taste which it exhibits. There is not a chapter which our reverence for the sacred record would suffer us to read aloud to a promiscuous assembly. A strange passion for the familiar and the colloquial defaces even the most solemn utterances of the Saviour, and the most touching scenes of his closing hours. "Thee," "thou," and "thy" are changed for the plural pronoun in every instance except in addresses to the Deity. Much of the good old Saxon of our common version is discarded. For "Why cumbereth it the ground?" we have, "Why should it make the ground unproductive?" Elizabeth's neighbors "congratulated her" on the birth of her son. The ravens "have no private room." "This destructible must put on indestructibleness." The cherubs have "each six wings apiece." The "voice in the midst of the four cherubs" cries, "A chœnix [a quart] of wheat for a denarius [fourteen cents], and three chœnices of barley for a denarius; and injure not the oil and the wine."

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16. — *Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God.* By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. 12mo. pp. 528.

This work it is impossible even to characterize, much less to criticise, in the brief space which we can now give to it. By Nature Dr. Bushnell understands those processes and events which occur in accordance with fixed laws of causation, whether they are effected by force inherent in each separate cause, or whether they merely represent a direct action of the Deity always the same under the same circumstances; while the Supernatural includes all those phenomena, physical and spiritual, which are not in the chain of natural cause and effect. These two systems, according to our author, are concurrent at all times in the universe. Miracles are not confined to peculiar epochs of the world's history, but are a part of every day's experience. A very large proportion of man's spiritual history falls under this head. In his action upon the human soul, God is perpetually crossing or superseding the order of natural causation; and the powers and operations of the re-

generated spirit fall, for the most part, within the lines of the supernatural. Nor have external miracles wholly ceased. The emergent necessity that they should occupy a conspicuous place in the eyes of the world has, indeed, not occurred since the primitive age of Christianity; but it is by no means certain that it will not recur, — that it may not now be near at hand. Meanwhile, no age has been without its authentic phenomena, which admit only a miraculous interpretation. This theory attaches an antecedent probability to the prophecies, revelations, and miracles recorded in the Scriptures, which, so far from being intrusions upon, or interludes in, the order and harmony of the universe, are coincident with the whole system of its administration. We accept this theory in its essential features, and rejoice in the ability and lucidness with which it is here developed. Nor yet have we any conclusive argument to urge against such miracles, in the common sense of the word, as are alleged to have taken place in modern times, and even within Dr. Bushnell's own knowledge. Yet, in the chapter devoted to this subject, some things are related to which we are hardly prepared to give full credence. They may have taken place; but they certainly need a closer investigation than we feel sure has been given to them. But whatever may be thought of this one chapter, it may be set aside without invalidating the general course of argument, in which the author has rendered a most important service to Christian faith, both as regards the external facts of our religion and the more recondite experiences of its true disciples.

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17. — *Suffolk Surnames.* By N. I. Bowditch. Second Edition, enlarged. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. 8vo. pp. 383.

Mr. Bowditch's plan commenced with "Suffolk Surnames," but has been so enlarged as to embrace a very extensive survey of our own country, several copious English lists, and not a few names that are neither American nor English. The subject certainly is of the driest, — not so its treatment. The book is full both of wit and humor. It classifies surnames in the several groups suggested by their meaning or derivation, and arranges each group in such a way as to bring out the curiosities, oddities, and incongruities of this department of literature in the fullest prominence. At the same time there is a liberal interspersion of personal anecdotes, always entertaining, sometimes valuable; and without the show of learning and the elaborate dulness of Lower's book, and other English works on the subject, Mr. Bowditch has contrived to give us nearly all of erudition which properly belongs to it.

18. — *A Text-Book of Church History.* By Dr. JOHN C. L. GIESELER. Translated from the Fourth Revised German Edition, by SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Ecclesiastical History in the Lancashire Independent College. A New American Edition, revised and edited by HENRY B. SMITH, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Vols. I.–III. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 576, 624, 539.

GIESELER'S Church History fills a place in which it has no competitor, and in which it will be prized in precise proportion to the scholarly tastes and aims of those who use it. The mere reader will have nothing to do with it; the true student would hardly exchange it for all else that is within easy reach in the same department. The text is a mere syllabus of results and facts, drawn up with a sententious brevity entirely non-German. The notes furnish copious references to original authorities, numerous verificative quotations, and, in fine, a mass of materials such as could be gathered from no library in America, and but few in Europe. At the time of Gieseler's death, the work was completed down to the year 1648. The present publication corresponds with the first two volumes of the original, and extends to 1517. The first English translation was made by Rev. Francis Cunningham, and published in Philadelphia in 1836. This was admirably executed, but in part from an earlier and less perfect edition than was used for the version now under our notice. It is impossible for us to say how largely Professor Smith has contributed to make these volumes all that they are; for we have never seen the English edition on which they are founded. But the reputation of the American editor, and the high order of critical care which has evidently been bestowed on this American issue, incline us to ascribe a large proportion of its value to the labors of one so well fitted for an editorial task which demanded equal taste, judgment, and learning.

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19. — *History of the Christian Church.* By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., Author of the History of the Apostolic Church. *From the Birth of Christ to the Reign of Constantine,* A. D. 1–311. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859. 8vo. pp. 535.

WITH this book we are greatly pleased. It is not so much a chronicle of facts, as an exhibition of the Christian life of the early centuries. At the commencement of each section a list of authorities for its contents is given, and from the sources thus indicated the author

furnishes a free and graceful narrative of what is properly embraced under the title. In following out this plan, Dr. Schaff often states and defends his own opinions on disputed topics of dogmatic and ritual history, but always with a fair presentation of opposing opinions and arguments, and in a kind and tolerant spirit. He devotes a larger proportional space than is often given to the literature of the period, and to the successive stages and agencies in the internal development of doctrine and church life. The work is equally well adapted to the needs of the student and the edification of the general reader.

20.—1. *Sermons to the Churches.* By FRANCIS WAYLAND. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 281.
2. *Discourses on Common Topics of Christian Faith and Practice.* By JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. 8vo. pp. 463.
3. *Practical Sermons.* By NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D. D., late Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College. New York: Clark, Austin, and Smith. 1858. 12mo. pp. 455.

IN no department can we mark a more decided progress, and a higher standard of excellence, than in our pulpit literature. It has parted with its formalism and dogmatism, and is now instinct with earnest life. Each sect adheres to its creed, with no less tenacity than in earlier times; but the approved Christian teacher no longer seeks primarily to indoctrinate his flock, and to beat back the encroachments of heresy. On the other hand, dogmas are vivified into spiritual forces, and the aim is to incarnate them in the emotional and active life of the hearers, and to render them potent in the rebuke of actual sin, the development of Christian consciousness, and the direction of religious purpose and endeavor. In these aspects, the three volumes before us merit emphatic commendation.

Dr Wayland's volume consists of eight elaborate discourses delivered on public occasions. They have less rhetorical beauty than some of his former sermons; but for directness, energy, fervor of appeal and invective, and pungency of ethical demonstration, they are unsurpassed, and almost unequalled. They breathe equally the spirit of the eremite forerunner of the Saviour, and of the loving Apostle that rested on his bosom. They are addressed in great part to professing Christians, exhibiting with unsparing fidelity their deficiencies, as tried by the evangelic standard, and urging them to realize, in soul and life, all the contents of the Christian name. Could sermons of like tenor and aim be deliv-

ered in every pulpit in our land, they could hardly fail to be the precursors of that reformation in the churches which alone can act effectually and permanently on the masses of unbelief, indifference, and profligacy.

Dr. Alexander's sermons were delivered in New York, and are just such sermons as are needed in the great metropolis. They treat of fashionable vices, current literature, amusements, phases of unbelief, the temptations of a business life, and the wide range of subjects suggested by the needs of the place and the tendencies of the age. They draw their illustrations from the very topics most familiar to the minds of the hearers. They are evangelical in tone, simple and chaste in style, uncompromisingly severe in the denunciation of falsity and wrong, and, at the same time, not deficient in tenderness and unction.

Professor Taylor's sermons differ widely in character from the last-named series. Not less practical, they are more exclusively spiritual. Though preached while he was a city pastor, they are addressed to his hearers, not as liable to peculiar temptations or called to peculiar duties, but as immortal souls, and either saints or sinners. The inner life, the consolations and joys of piety, the goodness of God, the foreshining glories of heaven, are presented with an intensity and vividness indicating the rich and profound depths of the author's own happy experience; while, with equal fervor, yet in a spirit always gentle and loving, the terrors of the violated law are portrayed, and the overtures of the Divine mercy held forth to the impenitent. The mould in which the sermons are cast retains something of the old-school formalism; while, in style and manner, they belong, no less than the volumes with which we have classed them, to the living pulpit of a living age.

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21. — *The Olive and the Pine.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 156.

Of this volume, which will see the light with the new year, we have received but a few leaves, most of them olive-leaves gathered during a year's residence in sunny Spain, bright and green as if fresh plucked. It is the initial volume of a new poet, or poetess we will say for once, for the sake of explicitness, though we ordinarily abjure the word. The First Part is a rhythmical record of travel and experience in the land of the olive, vividly graphic, rich in poetical thought and imagery, free in versification, the separate pieces in a very considerable variety of well-chosen measures. The Second Part consists of poems founded on New England scenes and incidents, and is characterized by equal merit of sentiment and expression. The poems as a whole indicate a

keen eye for the features of landscape, a quick sense of the phases of human life, delicate sensibilities, and a highly cultivated taste. They have nothing in them of the intense and passionate vein, which has been of late worked to excess; but, for all this, they are only the more genuine heart-utterances, and must find a more ready access to the appreciation and sympathy of our better public.

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22. — *The Household Book of Poetry.* Collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 798.

"THE purpose of this book," according to the Preface, "is to comprise within the bounds of a single volume whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language." We rejoice to say that this purpose is very far from being fulfilled. We miss many poems even more "beautiful and admirable" than the greater part of the contents of this volume. But that unfortunate introductory sentence is the only thing in the book which does not merit the thanks of our public. The selection is made with great skill and judgment, and from so wide a range of authors that hardly a name of acknowledged merit is overlooked. Many of the poems, and some of the choicest, will be new to nearly every reader, being drawn from sources accessible only to the searcher after hidden treasure. "Especial care has also been taken to give every poem entire and unmutilated, as well as in the most authentic form which could be procured"; and this, though obviously the demand of simple honesty, is a demand so often ignored, that compliance with it becomes a signal merit. The arrangement is novel; the subjects being classified, and the scattered poems of each author being brought together only by title in an alphabetical index of the authors.

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23. — *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 215.

READING "The Courtship of Miles Standish" aloud has made us almost converts to the adoption of the classic hexameter for English poetry. When the tongue is once accustomed to the movement, no other measure sustains for the ear a flow of melody so continuous and unrippled. Then, too, a hexameter verse is complete in itself, — it is in no need of rhyme, while iambic or trochaic verse without rhyme is

"blank" in fact, as in name, and, though it may flood the inward sense with poetic delight, it still leaves in the outward ear an unsatisfied craving. We are by no means solicitous to determine the merit of this as compared with Mr. Longfellow's other poems. We have enjoyed it, and thank him for it. It contains some descriptive passages of unparalleled beauty; and, if portions of it are woven from the common fabric of every-day life, the more true are they to the massive and resolute, yet quite prosaic characters of the Pilgrim Fathers and their daughters. Miles Standish was not a paladin, nor was John Alden a knight-errant, and Priscilla Mullins was a plain, outspoken girl, without a particle of romance about her; and, while we might not have chosen them for Mr. Longfellow's heroes and heroine, we are glad that he has chosen them, and has given us so lifelike pictures of them. The critics who find an anachronism in the treadle of the spinning-wheel are the best vouchers for the general verisimilitude of the story; for they show that they have applied the micrometer to every part of it. Among the other poems in this volume are some of the author's best pieces, such as "The Ladder of St. Augustine," "The Two Angels," "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport," and "My Lost Youth."

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24. — *The Age of Chivalry.* Part I. *King Arthur and his Knights.* Part II. *The Mabinogeon; or, Welsh Popular Tales.* By THOMAS BULFINCH, Author of "The Age of Fable." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 414.

MR. BULFINCH'S "Age of Fable," we pronounced, in certain regards, the best among many similar works; his "Age of Chivalry," no less worthy of our commendation, is, we believe, unique in its kind. We are acquainted with no other compendious manual of the mythology of the Middle Age, — a mythology with as fixed forms, as commonly received traditions, and as intimate relations with language, literature, and life in its own and succeeding times, as the body of Greek or Roman fable. This book, therefore, deserves to be studied by those who are perpetually finding in Dante and Ariosto, Spenser and the old English poets, and equally in the romance and poetry of our own day, allusions to mediæval myths, which convey to them little or no meaning. At the same time, those familiar with the ground will not fail to read with fresh interest these stories in the exceedingly graceful guise in which Mr. Bulfinch has clothed them. We can now only express our emphatic and unqualified praise, alike of matter and manner, alike as to what the book contains and what it excludes, hoping in a future number

to make it the text for a prolonged discussion of the myths of "the age of chivalry." We ought to add, that the work not only appears in beautiful typography, and with appropriate illustrations, but that, in addition to such copies as will be sought for a permanent place in the library, there are for holiday use certain ornamented copies with splendidly illuminated and colored engravings.

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25. — *The Daily Counsellor.* By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Hartford: Brown and Gross. 1859. 12mo. pp. 402.

We have here a brief poem, founded on a text of Scripture, for every day in the year. It is a volume designed as a companion and guide for private devotion. Such a book, from one whose mere name is a sufficient guaranty for the singleness of purpose in which it had birth, is above criticism. Yet it need not shrink from a severe critical test. The separate pieces are, with hardly an exception, of a high order of positive merit, both rhythmical and poetical, while, negatively, they are free from that besetting sin of hymn-writers and devotional poets, — the overlaying of sacred and Scriptural thought with their own conceits and prettinesses.

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26. — *A Memoir of the Life and Times of the Rev. Isaac Backus,* A. M. By Alvah Hovey, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology in Newton Theological Institution. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 369.

We have been doubly disappointed in this book. As a biography, it fails to meet our expectations; as a contribution to the ecclesiastical history of New England, it has an importance which only those who read it can adequately estimate. Mr. Backus was a man of fervent piety, intense zeal, unresting energy, unflinching tenacity of purpose; but of the delicate tracery of character and the more strictly personal experiences which give individuality and attract interest to a memoir, the surviving records are few and unemphatic. But for the greater part of the last century he stood in the van of the conflict for religious freedom waged by the Baptists with the dominant sect in Massachusetts. Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware of the extent to which, before, during, and for twenty years after the Revolution, the Baptists were oppressed by the Congregationalists. In numerous instances, their goods were distrained for the support of the regular ministry; not only men, but women, were imprisoned and shamefully maltreated for the

non-payment of parish taxes; and after the law exempted regular members of their societies from parochial assessment, collectors, constables, magistrates, and even the higher courts, often suffered the most pitiful legal quibbles to cut them off from this immunity. It is a disgraceful portion of our history, and in the present equality of all sects in the eye of the law, and the honored position held by the Baptists, it is difficult for us to believe that such things have been so recently; but here is ample documentary evidence, and it deserves to be faithfully read and diligently pondered, that we may know how fast and how far our community has made progress in the recognition of those rights of conscience, no less fundamental and more sacred than the political freedom for which many of the foremost abettors of this religious persecution put property and life at hazard.

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27. — *Black's Atlas of North America. A Series of Twenty Maps, constructed and engraved by* JOHN BARTHOLOMEW. *With Introductory Letter-press, and a Complete Index.* Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856. 39 folio pages of Letter-press.

WE have, within the last three months, had occasion repeatedly to refer to this Atlas, and hesitate not to pronounce it, on every account, by far the best Atlas of North America extant. So far as we have tested it, it is accurate, minute, and thorough. Its execution is in the very best style. The outlines are strong, the maps well tinted and shaded, the type clear and always legible, the most crowded portions unblurred. It may seem humiliating to send to Edinburgh for maps of our own continent; but we are not so stubborn adherents to the "American system" as to prefer inferior home manufactures to the superior products of the other hemisphere. We are indebted for the copy before us to Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., and we trust that they may find a prompt demand for a work of so essential service and use.

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28. — *From New York to Delhi, by Way of Rio de Janeiro, Australia, and China.* By ROBERT B. MINTURN, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 488.

THIS volume consists principally of the narrative of very extensive inland tours in China and India. The author is a keen and careful observer, and a highly entertaining writer. He visited regions which few European or American travellers have described, and he is equally skilled

and faithful in his delineation of natural scenery, works of art, and human manners and character. On a few subjects he contradicts our previous impressions. He places the Chinese higher and the Hindoos lower on the scale of humanity than we were prepared to find them. He takes what we cannot but fear is too low an estimate of the evils resulting from the opium-trade and opium-smoking. But even on this last subject, his evidently pure and high moral standard attaches weight to his judgment, though with us it does not countervail the abundant opposing testimony that has been offered by disinterested witnesses. On comparing some of his statements with those of Mr. Fletcher, in his work on Brazil, we are inclined to believe that his sojourn at Rio de Janeiro was too brief for the perfect accuracy of information, the evidences of which are patent in every other part of the volume. But, with these slight abatements, if they are to be made, it is many months since so well digested, instructive, and interesting a record of travel has come under our cognizance.

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29. — *The Law of Freedom and Bondage in the United States.* By John Codman Hurd, Counsellor at Law. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 617.

Mr. Hurd is establishing by this work his claim to be regarded as among the most sound, able, and learned of the legal writers of his country and age. He commences with the elementary principles of jurisprudence, of natural and positive, municipal and international law, and then traces, on fundamental principles, the effect of international law on the personal conditions of freedom and bondage. He then follows out in detail the effect in this regard of the English law on the American colonies, and the legal history of chattel slavery under the Roman law, in Christianized Europe, in the colonial possessions of England, and under the Constitution of the United States. By these preliminary investigations, which occupy more than half of the first volume, he establishes a basis for the consideration of the present legal attitude of slavery in the States and Territories of our Union, under the law and jurisdiction of the general government, and proposes in the remaining volume to pass in review the history and condition of municipal law as regards slavery in the several States. The work is strictly legal, and excludes all ethical and political discussion. The mass of authorities quoted, and the evidences of patient labor and profound thought on every page, assimilate the work to those masterpieces of German scholarship, which are the achievement of a lifetime and the

wonder of an age. At the same time, there is a lucidness of arrangement and a precision of method, which happily distinguish it from the shapeless masses of erudition that have been so often issued from the German press. Mr. Hurd's style is not always as transparent as his method, and a sentence sometimes needs a second reading to be thoroughly understood; but his thought is always clear, and the labor bestowed in enucleating it is never wasted.

30.— *The History of the United States, from their Colonization to the End of the Twenty-Sixth Congress, in* 1841. By GEORGE TUCKER. In 4 vols. Philadelphia: J. Lippincott & Co. 1856–1858. 8vo. pp. 670, 518, 526, 507.

MR. TUCKER gives, in a single chapter of a hundred pages, a *résumé* of the history of the Colonies prior to the Declaration of Independence, and the rest of the work is devoted to the Confederation and the United States. It is a political and national history, rather than a comprehensive narrative of important events, and the author's evident aim is to present from the Southern point of view such questions and subjects as have a sectional bearing, and have furnished the grounds of sectional controversy. Though, in the portions of the work which we have found time to read, we often dissent from him, we render our cordial testimony to his candor, generosity, and patriotism. He occupies the ground, which he has an undoubted right to occupy, of a friend of Southern institutions, with the full recognition, not only of the right of dissent, but of the *prima facie* reasons for it, on the part of those whose social environments and political training have been widely different from his own. He is a friend of the Union, and an advocate for mutual concessions, and believes that the slave question will, in process of time, become more manageable, by the proportionate diminution of the colored race, and by emigration to Africa, especially if it should receive efficient aid from the State and General governments. We regret that we can now afford so little space to a work so able, and hope at some future time to recur to it for the more thorough examination of the views which it maintains, and the policy which it defends. Meanwhile we commend it to our Northern readers, as adapted to make them, not less strenuous advocates of freedom, but more tolerant of opinions which must be understood and appreciated before they can be successfully encountered, on the floor of Congress or from the press. The *argumentum ad invidiam* has already been urged to a dangerous extremity; freedom needs far different weapons and champions.

31. — *The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY AND CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. IV. *Brownson—Chartres.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 766.

WE can only reiterate, with even stronger emphasis, the commendation which we have twice given of this work. The fourth volume contains, we think, a greater number of articles that bear the character of elaborate treatises than either of the preceding; and in our examination of its pages we miss no title that deserves a place, and find no traces of a slackened hand on the part of editors or collaborators. In our last number we gave voice to a complaint that had been made to us, of the omission of accents in foreign names. On examination we find that this omission seldom occurs, except where the established usages of the press sanction it in a particular type, or in the case of those Oriental names in which the accents are often arbitrarily inserted, and with no uniformity of practice.

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32. — *Arabian Days' Entertainments.* Translated from the German, by HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 434.

WE have here a collection of stories hardly less weird, wild, rich, and fascinating, than those of the "Arabian Nights." We suppose them of German authorship; but they are thoroughly Oriental in tone and coloring. They will be the fresh joy of children, and will revive in their elders the gorgeous forms, the fascinating horrors, the dazzling visions, the preternatural made natural, which took so strong and enduring hold on the imagination in their early days. The book came to hand just as we were closing our labor for the quarter; but the stroke of midnight could not persuade us to drop it. It will be eagerly read, and warmly appreciated, by young and old. The translation is admirably executed, — so well that it bears all the best marks of original authorship; and aptly designed and finely engraved illustrations enhance the interest and worth of as charming a gift-book as the holiday season can furnish.

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33. — *Struggles of the Early Christians, from the Days of our Saviour to the Reign of Constantine.* With an Introduction by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 147.

THIS little book has been prepared from a series of lessons written

out by a lady for her Sunday-school class. They were compiled with no ulterior design; but are now given to the public because the writer had reason to believe that they had served their purpose, at once in imparting instruction with reference to a momentous portion of history for which there was no easily accessible manual within convenient limits, and in awakening fervent sympathy with the piety and heroism of the martyr-age. The work is admirably well done, — all the better because the making of a book was the unpremeditated result, and not the aim. We would commend it not only to the young, but to readers of every age who have not ready access to more extended compends of Christian history. The "struggles of the early Christians" are precious, not only as furnishing edifying examples, but as affording an essential and unanswerable attestation to the Divine power of our religion, and the substantial authenticity of its records. Those whose sufferings are here depicted lived near enough to the Christian era to know whether there was reasonable doubt of the facts that underlie the truths of our religion, and it is not in the heart of man to incur ignominy, torture, and death, when a reasonable doubt opens a door of escape. The victims of the early persecutions were literally *martyrs, witnesses,* to what they had the means of ascertaining and every conceivable motive to ascertain. Indeed, what has been transmitted to us of the writings of Celsus and Porphyry authorizes the belief that the miraculous facts of the evangelic narrative were admitted on all hands, the only controversy being as to the agency to which they were to be ascribed, whether Divine or demoniac. For the purpose of evidence, the work before us is complete, as we cannot fitly extend the period of knowledge from what were equivalent to first-hand sources later than the close of the second century from the Apostolic age. And we may not unaptly trace the wisdom of Providence in permitting the age of conflict and suffering for the faith to last as long as its adherents could bear luculent testimony to the literal truth of the facts on which their belief rested. Subsequent martyrdoms are of worth as indicating the power of religious trust and consecration, but not as the testimonies of those who could speak with authority to men of all times and lands.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Sermon, addressed to the Second Presbyterian Congregation, Albany, on Sunday Morning, September 5, 1858, on the Completion of the Atlantic Telegraph. By William B. Sprague, D. D., their Pastor. Albany: Charles Van Benthuysen. 1858.

Christianity neither Ascetic nor Fanatic. A Sermon, preached at Trinity Church, New Haven, on the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, 1858, by the Rev. D. R. Goodwin, D. D., President of Trinity College. New Haven Sidney Babcock. 1858.

The Central Power of the Gospel: a Sermon, preached at the Installation of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, as Pastor of the First Church in Concord, Mass., July 8, 1858. By Rev. Chandler Robbins, D. D., Pastor of the Second Church, Boston. With the Charge, Right-Hand of Fellowship, and Address to the Society. Boston. 1858.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of Hon. James Richardson, delivered before the First Parish in Dedham, June 27, 1858. By Alvan Lamson, D. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

An Address delivered before the Alumni of the Divinity School in Harvard University, Tuesday, July 20, 1858. By C. A. Bartol. Boston. 1858.

The Pulpit and Rostrum. Sermons, Orations, Popular Lectures, &c., Phonographically reported by Andrew J. Graham, Charles B. Collar, and Felix G. Fontaine. No. 1. Nov. 15, 1858. Sermon on Christian Recreation and Unchristian Amusement, by Rev. T. L. Cuyler, delivered at Cooper Institute, New York, October 24, 1858. New York: E. D. Barker.

The Mathematical Monthly. Edited by J. D. Runkle, A. M., A. A. S. Vol. I. No. 1. October, 1858. Cambridge: John Bartlett.

The Democratic Age. Statesmanship, Science, Art, Literature, and Progress. Edited by C. Edwards Lester. Vol. I. No. 1. October, 1858. New York: Hale, Valentine, & Co.

Oberlin Students' Monthly. Devoted to Religion, Politics, and Literature. Vol. I. No. 1. November, 1858. Oberlin: Shankland & Harmon.

The Fortieth Annual Report of the Superintendents of the Portsmouth South Parish Sabbath School. Presented June 13, 1858. Portsmouth. 1858.

The Transactions of the New Hampshire Medical Society, Sixty-eighth Anniversary, held at Concord, June 1st and 2d, 1858. Manchester. 1858.

Forty-ninth Report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, presented at the Meeting held at Detroit, Michigan, September 7–10, 1858. Boston. 1858. 12mo. pp. 212.

Library of Select Novels. No. 209. My Lady Ludlow. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858.

Ernest Carroll, or Artist-Life in Italy. A Novel in Three Parts. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 344.

Physic and its Phases; or, The Rule of Right and the Reign of Wrong. A Didactic Poem, in Six Books. By Alciphron, "The Modern Athenian." Second Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 103.

The Laying of the Cable, or the Ocean Telegraph; being a Complete and Authentic Narrative of the Attempt to lay the Cable across the Entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence in 1855, and of the Three Atlantic Telegraph Expeditions of 1857 and 1858. With a detailed Account of the Mechanical and Scientific Part of the Work, as well as Biographical Sketches of Messrs. Cyrus W. Field, William E. Everett, and other prominent Persons connected with the Enterprise. Illustrated with Portraits, Engravings of the Machinery, and Scenes in the Progress of the Great Work. By John Mullaly, Historian of the Enterprise. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 329.

Safe Home; or the Last Days and Happy Death of Fannie Kenyon. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

Forty-seventh Annual Report of the Directors of the New Hampshire Bible Society, presented at the Annual Meeting of the Society, held at Hampton, August 25, 1858. Concord. 1858.

Speech of Henry Waller, Esq., on the Dred Scott Decision, and other National Issues involved in the Senatorial Canvass in Illinois. Delivered on Friday Evening, October 22, 1858, in Light Guard Hall, Chicago. Chicago. 1858.

Sixty-second Annual Report of the Boston Dispensary. Boston. 1858.

Introduction of the Power Loom, and Origin of Lowell. By Nathan Appleton. Lowell. 1858.

Specimens of the Garbling of Letters, by the Majority of the Trustees of the Dudley Observatory. Albany. 1858.

Paper on New England Architecture, read before the New England Historic Genealogical Society, September 4, 1858. By Rev. N. H. Chamberlain, of Canton. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

Calendar of Trinity College, Hartford, 1858 – 59. Hartford. 1858.

The Battle of Life. An Address, delivered before the Thalian and Phi-Delta Societies of Oglethorpe University, Georgia. By Hon. Hiram Walker. Macon. 1858.

A Catalogue of the Trustees, Instructors, and Students of Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass. October, 1858. Groton. 1858.

A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Harvard University, for the Academical Year, 1858 – 59. First Term. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1858.

Harvard University. 1858 – 59. Medical Department. Announcement of the Medical Course, commencing on the First Wednesday in November, 1858. Boston. 1858.

Catalogus Senatus Academici, et eorum, qui Munera et Officia gesserunt, quique alicujus Gradus Laurea donati sunt, in Collegio Bowdoinensi, Brunsvici, in Republica Mainensi. Brunswick: Joseph Griffin. 1858.

A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Brown University, 1858 – 59. Providence. 1858.

Our Alma Mater. An Address, delivered before the Association of the Alumni of Bowdoin College, by Alpheus S. Packard, August 5, 1858. Brunswick: J. Griffin. 1858.

Three Discourses upon the Religious History of Bowdoin College, during the Administrations of Presidents McKeen, Appleton, and Allen. By Egbert C. Smyth, Collins Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion. Brunswick: J. Griffin. 1858.

The Congregational Tune-Book: being a Selection from the Standard Choral Music of the Church, together with some other Ancient and Modern Compositions, adapted to the Hymns of the "Congregational Hymn-Book," "Vestry Hymn-Book," and to Congregational Singing generally. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 208.

The Congregational Hymn-Book, for the Service of the Sanctuary. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 752.

The Vestry Hymn-Book, a Choice Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Social and Private Worship. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 574.

Rational Cosmology: or, The Eternal Principles and the Necessary Laws of the Universe. By Laurens P. Hickok, D. D., Union College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 397.

The Municipalist. In Two Parts. New York: George Savage. 1858. 12mo. pp. 302.

Self-Made Men. By Charles C. B. Seymour. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 588.

The Higher Christian Life. By Rev. W. E. Boardman. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 1858. 12mo. pp. 330.

Electron; or, The Pranks of the Modern Puck: a Telegraphic Epic for the Times. By William C. Richards. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 84.

Vestiges of the Spirit-History of Man. By S. F. Dunlap, Member of the American Oriental Society, New Haven. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 404.

The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Translated out of the Original Greek, and with Former Translations diligently compared and revised. New York: Collins & Brother. 1858. 8vo. pp. 548.

The Extent of the Atonement, in its Relation to God and the Universe. By the Rev. Thomas W. Jenkyn, D. D., late President of Coward College, London. Third Edition, carefully revised by the Author for the American Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 376.

Agnes. A Novel. By the Author of "Ida May." Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 510.

Rollo in Rome. By Jacob Abbott. Boston: Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 1858. 16mo. pp. 223.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. The Talisman. — The Two Drovers. — My Aunt Margaret's Mirror. — The Tapestried Chamber. — The

Laird's Jock. In 2 vols. — Woodstock. In 2 vols. — The Fair Maid of Perth. In 2 vols.

The Wolf-Boy of China, or Incidents and Adventures in the Life of Lyu-Payo. By William Dalton. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 339.

The Anniversaries. Poems in Commemoration of Great Men and Great Events. By Thomas H. Gill. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 193.

The Harvest and the Reapers; Home-Work for All, and How to do it. By Rev. Harvey Newcomb. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 270.

Spurgeon's Gems, being Brilliant Passages from the Discourses of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 360.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, designed for Academies and High Schools. By Elias Loomis, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics and Mental Philosophy in the University of the City of New York. With Three Hundred and Sixty Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 351.

Writings of Caroline Elizabeth Jenness. With a Memoir. Boston. 1858. 8vo. pp. 275.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856, from Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. IX. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 782.

Letter of the Secretary of State, transmitting a Statement of the Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Nations, for the Year ending September 30, 1857. Washington. 1858. 4to. pp. 514.

Cornell's Grammar-School Geography. Forming a part of a Systematic Series of School Geographies. Embracing an extended Course, and adapted to Pupils of the Higher Classes in Public and Private Schools. By L. S. Cornell, Corresponding Member of the American Geographical and Statistical Society. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 4to. pp. 108.

The History of Prostitution: its Extent, Causes, and Effects throughout the World. [Being an Official Report to the Board of Almshouse Governors of the City of New York.] By William W. Sanger, M. D., Resident Physician, Blackwell's Island, New York City. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 685.

Matthew Caraby. A Narrative of his Adventures during the Autumn of 1848, among Friends and Strangers, in Country and in Town. By Benault. New York: Mason Brothers. 1859. 12mo. pp. 475.

The Ministry of Life. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 422.

Bertram Noel. A Story for Youth. By E. J. May. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 359.

Blonde and Brunette, or the Gothamite Arcady. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 316.

The Aimwell Stories. Jessie, or Trying to be Somebody. By Walter Aimwell. With Illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 320.

In and Around Stamboul. By Mrs. Edmund Hornby. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 1858. 12mo. pp. 499.

A New Latin-English School Lexicon, on the Basis of the Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. C. F. Ingerslev. By G. R. Crooks, D.D., late Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages in Dickinson College, and A. J. Schem, A.M., Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 982.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vols. I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 485, 540.

The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck. New Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 238.

The New England Theocracy. A History of the Congregationalists in New England to the Revivals of 1740, by H. F. Uhden. With a Preface by the late Dr. Neander. Translated from the Second German Edition. By H. C. Conant, Author of "The English Bible," &c., &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 303.

Bitter-Sweet, a Poem. By J. G. Holland, Author of "The Bay Path," "Titcomb's Letters," &c. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859. 12mo. pp. 220.

Nightcaps. By the Author of "Aunt Fanny's Christmas Stories." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 171.

Meta Gray; or, What makes Home Happy. By M. J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 207.

The Banks of New York, their Dealers, the Clearing-House, and the Panic of 1857. With a Financial Chart. By J. S. Gibbons. Thirty Illustrations, by Herrick. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 399.

A Will and a Way. Tales translated from the German of T. Michel and Aug. Moritz. By Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 213.

Life of George Washington. Written for Children. By E. Cecil. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 258.

Seedtime and Harvest. Tales translated from the German of Rosalie Koch and Maria Burg. By Trauermantel. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 291.

The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 281.

The Power of Prayer, illustrated in the Wonderful Displays of Divine Grace at the Fulton Street and other Meetings in New York and elsewhere, in 1857 and 1858. By Samuel Irenæus Prime. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859. 12mo. pp. 373.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By William H. Prescott. Vol. III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 476.

Peter Coddle's Trip to New York. Three Games in One. Comprising, first, a Game of Transformations; second, Literary Patchwork; third, a Literary Puzzle. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

The Heroes of the Last Lustre. A Poem. New York: Daniel Dana, jr. 1858. 16mo. pp. 135.

Christmas Holidays at Cedar Grove. By Mrs. William Wood Seymour, Author of "Easter Holidays at Cedar Grove." New York: Daniel Dana, jr. 1858. 12mo. pp. 243.

Wild Sports in the Far West. By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated from the German. With Eight Crayon Drawings, executed in Oil Colors, from Designs by Harrison Weir. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 396.

Book-Keeping by Single Entry. For Common Schools. Adapted to Payson, Dutton, and Scribner's Combined System of Penmanship. By L. B. Hanaford, A.M., and J. W. Payson, Principals of the Boston Mercantile Academy. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 4to. pp. 63.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXXIII.

APRIL, 1859.

ART. I. — 1. *A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude, in 1849-50. By Direction of the Right Hon. The Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General. With Private Correspondence relative to the Annexation of Oude to British India, etc.* By Major-General W. H. SLEEMAN, K. C. B., Resident at the Court of Lucknow. In two volumes. London. 1858.

2. *The Private Life of an Eastern King.* By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Nussir-U-Deen, King of Oude. [WILLIAM KNIGHTON.] Second Edition. London. 1855.

3. *Biographical Index to the Historians of Mohammedan India.* By SIR HENRY M. ELLIOTT, K. C. B., Foreign Secretary to the Government of India. In four volumes. Vol. I. General Histories. Calcutta. 1850.

4. *The Calcutta Review.* Vol. II. No. IV. Article II. *Romance and Reality of Indian Life.* Calcutta. 1844.

A PECULIAR value attaches to the description of Oude, in the late Sir W. H. Sleeman's journal of his tour, as a representation of the state of the country and its inhabitants, by an unprejudiced and most competent observer, during the later years of the native rule. Its value is not merely local and temporary. As an exhibition of a state of society fast disappearing in the East, and as a picture of the manners of a Mohammedan kingdom in India, it throws back much light upon the history of the Great Moguls, and the state of their

empire previous to its subjugation by the English. It serves to remove opinions which, though still common, were never correct. Illusions which remoteness, exaggeration, and romance had created, and which threw a glare of false splendor over the East, disappear before increasing knowledge, as the mirage of the desert vanishes before the eyes of the advancing traveller. It may be said with truth, that the popular ideas concerning the history of India are based more on fancy than on fact. The character of recent events is misinterpreted through ignorance of those which preceded them. The British possession of India is misunderstood by reason of imperfect knowledge concerning the previous history of the country.

For the whole period over which its history extends, India has been subject to frequent and violent changes in the persons of its rulers and the order of its government. Quiet and security have never been established within it for any long period. Conquest has succeeded to conquest, — each bringing a lengthened train of sufferings. The history of the Mohammedan rule is a record of the misery of the people, resulting from the tyranny of the rulers, — a misery which unsettled society, destroyed peace, checked progress, and reduced often to its lowest limits the hope of better times. Justice and morality were violated by the strong, and religion did not interfere to protect the weak. The gorgeous but incongruous splendors of the courts of Delhi and of Southern India were the reflection of wide-spread ruin and woe. The luxury of palaces was the fruit of the spoils of provinces. The gross and sensual indulgences of courts were supported by the booty of towns, and the distress of their inhabitants. In the accounts given by the native historians of India, — notwithstanding the corruption of their principles, the depth of their sycophancy, and the extravagance of their hyperboles, — the character of Oriental magnificence is reduced to its true level. The splendors of the East walked hand in hand with misery; the peacock throne stood on a soil soaked with blood; the gardens of delight were outnumbered by the deserts of want.

However the persons of the rulers might change, the tyranny of the rule remained invariable. Revolution in an Asiatic despotism brought about a change of governors, but

not of government. A system dependent on the sole will of the ruler was subject to no regular modifications, to no laws of improvement. The personal character of the monarch might render it for a time better or worse, but individual excellence could do little to effect any permanent amelioration. In the long list of the Mohammedan princes of India, a few names occur which are still held in honor. Among these no other is so famous as that of Akber. He introduced many wise and liberal measures, and cherished generous and enlightened designs. But even his reign is marked by caprices and cruelties, and his character was defaced by sensuality, while the effect of his wisest measures scarcely lasted beyond his death, and before the reign of his son had ended, little but the remembrance of them remained. In the history of the despotism of the Great Moguls, "nothing is stable but the absolute will of the monarch."

The evils consequent upon a system of unlimited and irregular authority were enhanced by the uncertainty of the succession to the throne. The death of an emperor was the signal for intrigues which were led on to bloody endings. The princes of the royal blood regarded one another with jealous rivalry. Each had his party of retainers, who had adopted his cause according to the dictates of personal liking or present advantage. The mass of the people took no part in the contest, but suffered from the confusion and devastation which accompanied it. From the death of Akber to the beginning of the present century, when the English took possession of Delhi, — a period of about two hundred years, — there had been but one undisputed succession to the throne.* Nor was there any power, after the succession had been settled, which held the different portions of the empire together by any natural force. The limits of the state were continually varying, according to the energy or capacity of successive rulers. The weakness resulting from a centralization that increased the

* In 1748, Ahmed Shah became Emperor, with no contending claimant for what was now scarcely worth contending for. After six troubled years he was violently deposed, and his eyes were put out by his conqueror. This putting out of eyes has been from time immemorial the manner adopted by the powerful in the East of ridding themselves of a dangerous rival.

luxury of the court, showed itself in the continual revolt of districts, and dropping off of provinces. Deputies of the imperial authority were often tempted to exercise authority for their own ends, and frequently established themselves as independent rulers. The country was not only impoverished by war, but drained in time of peace, for the support of imperial and vice-regal splendor. The wise and much-praised Akber is said to have kept an establishment of five thousand elephants and twelve thousand stable-horses. In his harem were five thousand women. He amused himself on his birthdays, and at other festivals, by being weighed in golden scales against silver, gold, perfumes, and other precious articles in succession, which were then thrown among the crowd of spectators. His eulogistic minister, Abú-l-Fazl, represents the royal weighing as having been a device for bestowing largesses upon the indigent. But the court historian, Abdu-l-Kádir, less inclined to flattery, gives a different picture of the birthday customs. The king received presents from the nobles, and from all his attendants, — so that money, food, perfumes, and even the gains of dancers and fiddlers, were brought to the royal treasury. "Even I," he says, "this powerless atom, who was held of no account at all, had to present my forty rupees, which received the honor of being accepted. I do not like my position, and should be glad to be in any other."* The rich officers of state, taking advantage of their position, plundered the weak and defenceless, and robbed the possessions of widows and orphans, a portion of which they presented as gifts to the monarch. The worthy Sir Thomas Roe, visiting the court of Delhi, declares he "never saw such inestimable wealth." The early European travellers were struck with astonishment at the magnificence of the imperial displays. "Magnæ regni illius divitiæ," wrote the Jesuit missionaries at the court of Delhi. But the displays of the

* For the accounts of Akber's lavishness, (and he was moderate in expense compared with some of the rulers of India,) see the Ayeeni Akberi, or the Institutes of the Emperor Akber, by Abú-l-Fazl, translated by Gladwin, Vol. I. pp. 46, 113, 222, and elsewhere. It appears that each of the ladies of the first quality in the harem received monthly, according to her merits, from 1028 to 1610 rupees. A rupee is now worth about half a dollar. Each elephant was allowed from three to five attendants.

court were the sign of the poverty rather than of the wealth of the country. The imperial treasury was insatiable, and the scanty earnings of the whole people flowed into the bottomless coffers of Delhi.

Bernier, whose quick intelligence makes him one of the most trustworthy, as well as entertaining, of the travellers in India, in writing to the minister Colbert, points out clearly the result of the system of extortion by which the imperial demands were supplied. "Avant que de finir, je dirai d'où peut venir que cet Empire du Mogol étant ainsi un abîme d'or et d'argent, on ne voit néanmoins pas qu'entre le peuple il y en ait davantage qu'ailleurs, au contraire le peuple y parait moins pecunieux, et l'argent s'y trouve plus rare, qu'en beaucoup d'autres endroits." *

The enervating influences which surround an Asiatic monarch produced their legitimate effect upon the characters of most of the Great Moguls. Brutal and sensual rulers were served by brutal and sensual ministers. Gross and disgusting debauchery prevailed. The affairs of state fell into the hands of such favorites as best administered to the dissolute pleasures of the monarch. The course of justice was perverted; corruption was universal. The chief officials, and large landholders, secure in distance or in the possession of favor, became the worst plunderers. The government of provinces was sold out to the highest bidders; and so long as the revenue was regularly paid, there was no question as to the mode of its collection. The people were exposed without resource to the violence of these petty, but absolute tyrants. Whole regions were devastated, their inhabitants being unable to satisfy the demands made upon them. The people lived in perpetual fear. The possession of property of any kind was dangerous. Famines, not infrequent from the want of rain, were enhanced in severity and terror by the ravages of troops and the extortions of governors. The native chroniclers repeat frequently, — "At this time, through warfare and famine, the country round about became a desert, and no husbandmen remained to till the ground."

* Voyages de François Bernier, (Amsterdam, 1711,) Vol. I. p. 306.

The effect of such a despotism is not merely material, it is also moral. A nation exposed to the unchecked will of its rulers must sooner or later acquire the vices of slaves. Sycophancy, falseness, and servility were burned into the Hindoo character by the hot irons of tyranny. Cruelty begat cruelty, deceit engendered deceit. The Hindoos learned to regard their rulers as enemies, and the lesson has not yet been unlearned. The bitter experiences of a thousand years are not to be forgotten in a generation.

The illustrations which the Indian historians afford, of the condition of the country under its native rulers, are such as may well furnish excuse for the main faults of the Hindoos. It is a painful task to read them, the sum of misery seems so great and so needless. But it is these accounts which enable one to understand some of the sources of the strength of the British empire in India, exhibit some of the dangers which attend it, and afford a palliation for some of the faults of its rule. From a few examples we shall see at least by what it was preceded.

One of the most famous and accomplished princes of the fourteenth century was Sultan Mohammed, the son of Tughlak Shah. Some men called him the Just, — but his cruelties were unsurpassed. At one time during his reign, the people occupying the country between the Ganges and the Jumna were reduced to such despair by grievous exactions, that they burned their houses and their grain-stacks, and cast themselves as wanderers on the world. Upon this the Sultan gave orders that all such peasants should be captured and put to death. He himself moved out with his army from Agra, as for a grand hunt, encircled a large district, and closing in upon those who might be found within his lines, caused them all to be barbarously put to death. "In this way," says the native writer, "he depopulated great tracts of his kingdom." *

Humayun, the son of Baber, and the father of Akber, had

* See Elphinstone, II. 62. See also Sir Henry Elliott's Index to the Mohammedan Historians, I. 289. This valuable and learned work never advanced beyond the first volume. It was cut short by the untimely death of its author. Sir Henry Elliott had acquired high distinction as a civil functionary, and as a scholar well versed in Indian literature. He was a great loss to India.

a long and troubled reign in the middle of the sixteenth century. His character had some traits of humanity, but his will was ungoverned, his passions hasty and violent. On one occasion, in the year 1536, after a great success in arms, he gave himself up to indolence and revelry. His followers imitated the example of their master. His camp was abandoned to the excesses of debauchery. It happened one evening, during this season of uproar, that a party, composed chiefly of under-officers of the household and the army, — clerks, secretaries, armor-bearers, and the like, — were feasting together in the gardens of Halal. One of their number repeated to them the old story, in its Indian version, but coming down from a far more distant antiquity, of the farmer and his sons, and the bundle of sticks. As it was then told, it was said that the great Tamerlane, in a day of adversity, had taken from each of his forty attendants two arrows. Tying them in a bundle, he offered it to each in turn to be broken. Then loosing the bundle, which remained unbroken, he showed how easily each man could break the two which belonged to him. The moral was plain. The imaginations of those who listened to the story, already heated by revelry, and by the remembrance of recent victory, took fire. They resolved to bind themselves together, and to set forth as conquerors on their own account. Their drunken spirits admitted no delay, and they started at once on their adventures. The next morning they were missed, and, their services being needed, a thousand men were despatched to pursue them and bring them back. They were soon overtaken, and brought into the imperial presence.

"The day of the week happened to be a Tuesday, when the Emperor, according to the fantastic astrological fancies on which at this period of his life he acted, clothed in red robes, the color suited to Mars, the guardian planet of the day, was sitting in state on the throne of wrath and vengeance. He too, though the judge, was probably still laboring under the effects of his previous excesses. The deserters were brought in, in small parties, and sentence pronounced on them with a capricious cruelty, embittered by the levity with which it was accompanied. Some were trampled to death by elephants, some were beheaded, some had their ears and noses cut off, some their fingers pared away. In the evening, the Imâm, or leader of the religious service in the mosque, who was a man of no great understanding, read,

according to custom, a portion of the Koran, after the first genuflexion. The chapter that he chose was that which alludes to the destruction, by the divine wrath, of the masters of the elephant, who impiously attempted to destroy the temple of Mekka. It displeased the Emperor, as if chosen with some allusion to his own recent employment; and when the service was over, he ordered the Imâm to be trodden to death by an elephant, for charging him, by insinuation, with tyranny. Mulána Muhammed Bergoli, a learned and saintly personage, high in the Emperor's favor, interceded for the Imâm, and pleaded that, being an ignorant man, he did not understand the Koran, and meant no ill. But this interference only further enraged the Emperor, who vented the passion, with which he was still inflamed, in reproaches directed against the intercessor himself; and the sentence was carried into effect. When, however, Humayun's rage had somewhat evaporated, and when he had leisure for cool reflection, he was seized with the deepest sorrow and remorse, and spent the ensuing night in tears and lamentations." — *Erskine's History of India*, II. 68, 69.

The most vigorous of the enemies of Humayun was the Sultan Shere Shah, who for a time was master of Delhi and of Bengal. He had raised himself from humble station to be the ruler of this vast kingdom. His government was energetic, and he administered the state with a strong hand, and with equity enough to call forth the praises of the historians of his reign. But there is a story told of him which affords a striking parallel in some of its circumstances, and gives a horrid precedent, to the treachery of Nana Sahib, and the massacre of Cawnpore. In 1543, Puran-Mal, a Rajpoot chieftain, held independent possession of the fort and town of Raisain, and the surrounding districts. Shere Shah, desirous to bring him under subjection, directed his arms against the fort, and, in order to excite the fanatical bigotry of his Mohammedan troops, and to give to his proceedings the character of a religious war, he assigned as the ground of his attack the fact that Puran-Mal, a Hindoo infidel, held as concubines, among the thousand women of his harem, many of Mohammedan birth. The siege was long; the fort was vigorously defended. At length, pressed by want, the Rajpoot leader agreed to capitulate, upon condition that he with all his followers and women should be allowed to retire in safety. The most solemn pledges were given by Shere Shah for the fulfilment of

this agreement. Puran-Mal, with full faith, marched out from the fort, and encamped upon the plain. Thereupon, according to the original accounts, several advisers of Shere Shah, learned in the law, gave it as their opinion that such a treaty was of no binding force, and that the infidels should not be allowed to escape. Shere Shah, acting upon their advice, surrounded the hasty camp of the Rajpoots with his whole army and his elephants, and poured in upon them a destructive fire from bows and matchlocks. The Rajpoots, seeing that they were betrayed, resolved to sell their lives dearly. Making a fire in the midst of their camp, they slew all their women and children, and threw their bodies, together with all the treasures they had brought from their strong-hold, into the flames. Then tying themselves together by their girdles, two by two, they rushed out upon their enemies. They fought with the energy of desperation, till every man of them was slain. Ten thousand men, women, and children are said to have fallen in this massacre. It was reported, that, of all the Rajpoot host, but two children were found alive, both girls, and that the Sultan, with excess of malice, gave one of them to a party of jugglers, and the other to be brought up as a dancing-girl.*

The magnificent mausoleum of Shere Shah still stands in the centre of a beautiful tank, in the little town of Sasseram, his birthplace. It is deserted and decayed, inhabited by a multitude of bats, and overgrown with weeds. The chain which supported the lamp that was to be kept burning over his grave is broken, and no priest recites the prayers of the Koran for the repose of his soul.

Though such treachery as his is uncommon in the annals of Indian rulers, treachery on a smaller scale was one of the most cherished arts of conquest. "Væ victis" was the common rule of war. With the advance of time there was no change in the principles or policy of the rule of the strong. A century and a quarter later, during the long and tormented reign of Aurungzebe, this monarch also found himself at war with the Rajpoots. The orders given to his troops were

* Erskine's History, II. 434. Zubdatu-T-Tawarikh, in Elliott's Biographical Index.

to cut off all supplies from fugitives, to lay waste the country, to burn the villages, to destroy the fruit-trees, to carry off the women and children.* The Mussulmans still venerate the name of Aurungzebe, and hold his character in admiration. When on his death-bed, in the eighty-ninth year of his life, he wrote to his youngest and favorite son a letter, in which he says: "I have committed many crimes, and I know not what punishment may seize me. The agonies of death come upon me fast." †

It would be easy to extend such accounts as these, and to add to them others of the dissoluteness and venality of monarchs, and of the suffering and degradation of their people. There is not a single reign in Indian history, on which the student can dwell with pleasure. The staple of the narrative is composed of recitals of lust, barbarity, treachery, and tyranny, with their accompanying evils. During the century that passed from the death of Aurungzebe to the occupation of Delhi by the English, and their gain of supreme power in India, the affairs of the country fell into a tumultuous condition, in which many former evils were continued and aggravated. The despotic influences which had so long moulded the native character remained in full vigor. There was but one main circumstance, which, having operated for an unlimited period, still existed to control the elements of social order, and to check the tendency to its entire disruption. This was the hereditary attachment of the mass of the natives to their local habitations, and to their system of village government. For the whole historic period, the principle of nationality among the Hindoos has manifested itself almost exclusively either in the narrow bonds of clanship, or the still narrower ties of the village community. In a strict sense, a Hindoo nation has never existed. Obscure as many of the causes of this fact may be, certain among them are plain. There is no ethnical homogeneousness in the Hindoo race; the influences of climate and soil have tended to create a self-indulgent apathy in regard to all the higher principles of social life; and a religious system curiously devised to ex-

* Elphinstone's History, II. 462. † Ibid., p. 514.

tinguish the nobler spiritual impulses and to stifle the moral energies, dating from a period of almost unknown antiquity and combined with a completely despotic theory and practice of government, has united with natural causes to prevent the growth of national interests and the formation of national institutions. It would lead us too far from our preseut purpose to pursue this inquiry.

Returning, therefore, to our immediate topic, the condition of India under its native rulers, it is a matter of striking interest to find how close a parallel is afforded by General Sleeman's account of Oude to the historical accounts of greater kingdoms, and to be enabled to fill out from his vivid and accurate descriptions the picture of the permanent state of Indian society under its native governments. The kingdom of Oude embraced an extent of territory of between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand square miles,* and its population amounted to perhaps four million inhabitants. The king, surrounded in his palace by favorites of the lowest origin, given up to the vilest debauchery, neither knew nor cared to know anything of the real condition of his subjects. The people were exposed, not merely to the extortions of irresponsible officials, but also to the raids and harryings of powerful landholders, and to a race of pettier banditti, driven by oppression, or led by simple love of arms and booty, to levy war upon their weaker neighbors. The royal troops sent out for the purpose of collecting revenue, or of reducing some rebellious chief to submission, were ravagers rather than protectors of the land. Living at free quarters, they stripped the last remnant of subsistence from the poor, till robber and soldier had become almost equivalent terms. When the king moved out from his capital, his line of march was marked by devastation. The author of that curious book, "The Private Life of an Eastern King," describing from personal observation a royal journey, says: —

"The villagers living along the route by which we journeyed were thrown into consternation by our appearance. The king and his reti-

* A territory somewhat smaller than that of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts combined.

nue had never made their way into this part of the country before; and the march of an Eastern sovereign through his dominions is a sad thing for the people. The king's servants regard themselves as a privileged race. They have a right, they think, to the best of everything, and to as much of it as they please; so that the plundering and maltreating of the unfortunate inhabitants went on upon all sides. Besides this, was any difficulty to be surmounted, any impassable road to be made practicable, or a new road to be made where road there never had been before, the villagers far and near were turned out to do it, — men and women and children all turned out to work as long as the nawab liked, their only pay the abuse and punishment they received if the work were not done as speedily as the nawab wished. People in England may possibly think such a state of things impossible; people in India, who have visited the territories of any native prince, must be aware that it is literally true." — pp. 64, 65.

Barbers, fiddlers, and dancers managed the affairs of the kingdom, and dispensed the royal favors. There was an open sale of offices and of justice. Pardon for any crime could be bought. In the private manners of the court there was neither decency nor modesty; in the management of public business, neither truth nor honor.

"No man feels mortified," says General Sleeman, "or apprehends that he shall stand the worse in the estimation of the government or its officers, for being called or proved to be a robber. It is the trade of every considerable landholder in the country occasionally, and that of a great many of them perpetually. The murder of men, women, and children generally attends their depredations." — Vol. I. p. 306.

The weakness of the government was such, that, even had it possessed the disposition, it had not the ability, to punish the crimes of the powerful chiefs. The revenue — which, owing to the extraordinary fertility of the kingdom, was generally sufficient, however wasteful the mode of its collection might be, for the needs of the public service — was spent in the gratification of most capricious and extravagant fancies. The pay of the troops was invariably in arrears, and, when other means failed for meeting their demands, they were sent out to exact tribute for themselves in the different districts of the kingdom. The great landholders, chiefs of a spurious feudal system, were at continual enmity with one another, and

there was no sovereign force to control their excesses, or to compel them to yield to its authority.

"Whenever they quarrel with each other or with the local authorities of the government, from whatever cause, they take to indiscriminate plunder and murder over all lands not held by men of the same class; no road, town, village, or hamlet is secure from their merciless attacks; robbery and murder become their diversion, their sport, and they think no more of taking the lives of men, women, and children who never offended them, than those of deer or wild hogs. They not only rob and murder, but seize, confine, and torture all whom they suppose to have money or credit, till they ransom themselves with all they have, or can beg or borrow. Hardly a day has passed since I left Lucknow, in which I have not had abundant proof of numerous atrocities of this kind committed by landholders within the district through which I was passing, year by year, up to the present day. . . . . .

"I one day asked Rajah Hunmunt Sing how it was that men guilty of such crimes were tolerated in society, and he answered by quoting the following Hindoo couplet: 'Men reverence the man whose heart is wicked, as they adore and make offerings to the evil planet, while they let the good pass unnoticed, or with a simple salute of courtesy.'" Vol. I. pp. 322–324.

A feudal system under a weak and disregarded monarch, in which men should be submitted to none of the restraints of religion or of a church, without any humanizing practices resulting from the idea of future retribution, without the rules of chivalry or the rights of sanctuary, — a system in which woman should be degraded, instead of being honored, in which weakness should be a temptation to attack, instead of a defence from it, — may represent to the imagination the confused and wretched state of society which lately existed in Oude, and which for many centuries prevailed over the greater part of India. Civilization necessarily remains stationary in a country in which the mass of the people have no stimulus to exertion, and live in constant fear lest even the means of subsistence be taken from them. Its advance must always depend in the first instance upon the prevalence of general security for life and property. Certain mechanic arts may flourish among slaves, but the intellect will not exert itself, and the moral nature urges it to no exertion, when the return

for labor is liable to seizure by another. India, up to the present century at least, had been continually growing poorer, and had retrograded rather than advanced in the arts of life, and in the culture of the understanding. In literature, in science, in commerce, in architecture, all her great achievements date from a very remote time. Ten years ago in Oude, all that the common people desired was quiet and protection from spoilers. It was what generation after generation before them had longed for, and never enjoyed. The pathos of the following passage from General Sleeman becomes terrible in its intensity, as one connects it with the long and dreary annals of the past.

"These industrious and unoffending Brahmins say that . . . . . there has never been any peace in the district, except during the time of Hakeem Mehndee, when the whole plain that now lies waste became a beautiful *chummun* (parterre). . . . . They told me that the hundreds of their relatives who had gone off during the disorders, and taken lands or found employment in our bordering districts, would be glad to return to their own lands, groves, and trees in Oude, if they saw the slightest chance of protection, and the country would soon again become the beautiful parterre which Hakeem Mehndee left it thirty years ago, instead of the wilderness in which they were now so wretched; that they ventured to cultivate small patches here and there, not far from each other, but were obliged to raise small platforms, upon high poles, in every field, and sit upon them all night, calling out to each other in a loud voice to keep up their spirits, and frighten off the deer that swarmed upon the grass plain, and would destroy the whole of the crops in one night, if left unprotected; that they were obliged to collect large piles of wood around each platform, and keep them burning all night, to prevent the tigers from carrying off the men who sat upon them; that their lives were wretched amidst this continual dread of man and beast, but the soil and climate were good, and the trees and groves planted by their forefathers were still standing, and dear to them; and they hoped, now that the Resident had come among them, to receive, at no distant day, the protection they required. This alone is required to render this the most beautiful portion of Oude, and Oude the most beautiful portion of India." — Vol. II. pp. 85, 86.

It was not, however, simply by pillage, or by offensive operations of any kind, that a great portion of the country was ren-

dered unfit for cultivation. The needs which even the most powerful chiefs experienced for their own defence, led to the withdrawal of large tracts from the uses of agriculture and the support of life. The country being destitute for the most part of building-stone, the strong-holds of its lawless land-owners were made with walls of mud or clay. But these walls afforded no sufficient protection to their inmates, exposed as they were to sudden and violent attacks. Such forts could easily be invested, and the garrison, however well supplied, could at length be reduced by starvation. To afford a barrier against this danger, it had long been the habit of the owners of forts to surround them with a wide belt of thick jungle, which presented almost insuperable obstacles to the rapid and near approach of any considerable hostile force. Within the limited territory of Oude, nearly nine hundred square miles, (about four per cent of its whole extent,) were occupied by jungles kept up simply for these purposes of defence, and for the subsidiary advantage of providing game and fish for their proprietors, food for their horses and cattle, and fuel for domestic purposes.

"The whole country is a level plain, intersected by rivers, which, with one exception, flow near the surface, and have either no ravines at all, or very small ones. The little river Goomtee winds exceedingly, and cuts into the soil in some places to the depth of fifty feet. In such places there are deep ravines; and the landholders along the border improve these natural difficulties by planting and preserving trees and underwood in which to hide themselves and their followers when in arms against their government. Any man who cuts a stick in these jungles, or takes his camels or cattle into them to browse or graze without the previous sanction of the landholder, does so at the peril of his life. But landholders in the open plains and on the banks of rivers, without any ravines at all, have the same jungles. In the midst of this jungle, the landholders have generally one or more mud forts surrounded by a ditch and a dense fence of living bamboos, through which cannon-shot cannot penetrate, and men can enter only by narrow and intricate pathways. They are always too green to be set fire to, and being within range of the matchlocks from the parapet, they cannot be cut down by a besieging force. Out of such places the garrison can be easily driven by shells thrown over such fences, but an Oude force has seldom either the means or the skill for such purposes.

When driven out by shells or any other means, the garrison retires at night, with little risk, through the bamboo fence and surrounding jungle and brushwood, by paths known only to themselves. . . . . As soon as the garrison escapes, it goes systematically and diligently to work in plundering indiscriminately all the village communities over the most fertile parts of the surrounding country, which do not belong to baronial proprietors like themselves, till it has made the government authorities agree to its terms, or reduced the country to a waste." — Vol. II. pp. 279, 280.

At the time of Sir W. H. Sleeman's journey, we were travelling through Oude. The contrast of the appearance of the country and its people with that of the neighboring British territory and subjects, was striking and immediate. Many tracts of fertile land, even in the neighborhood of towns, were out of cultivation. Villages were scanty, and of miserable aspect. In some of them the rows of mud dwellings were set in opposite lines, their backs forming walls of defence, and the two ends of the street were closed by walls and gates, for protection against attack. Everywhere was a look of insecurity, and an absence of the signs of assured prosperity. No modern edifices of any size or importance were to be seen outside of the larger towns; there were no recent public works, and the solid buildings of former generations were mostly neglected, and falling to decay. There was but one well-made, substantial road in the kingdom, that leading from Cawnpore to Lucknow; and even upon this road thronged with passengers and traffic, bands of robbers now and then made descents, sweeping off cattle, seizing goods, and carrying away women to be held as prisoners for ransom. The common roads were little more than bridle-paths, or, if wide enough for carts, were commonly in the roughest condition. Wild-looking encampments of troops, regular and irregular, were often seen. Almost every man on the roads and in the fields was armed, carrying a long matchlock, a spear or sword, and a round shield of buffalo-hide. General Sleeman well describes the face of the land.

"No respectable dwelling-house is anywhere to be seen, and the most substantial landholders live in wretched mud-hovels with invisible covers. I asked the people why, and was told that they were always

too insecure to lay out anything in improving their dwelling-houses; and, besides, did not like to have such local ties, where they were so liable to be driven away by the government officers or by the land-holders in arms against them, and their reckless followers. The local officers of government, of the highest grade, occupy houses of the same wretched description, for none of them can be sure of occupying them a year, or of ever returning to them again when once removed from their present offices; and they know that neither their successors nor any one else will ever purchase or pay rent for them. No mosques, mausoleums, temples, serases, colleges, courts of justice, or prisons are to be seen in any of the towns or villages. There are a few Hindoo shrines at the half-dozen places which popular legends have rendered places of pilgrimage, and a few small tanks and bridges made in olden times by public officers, when they were more secure in their tenure of office than they are now. All the fine buildings raised by former rulers and their officers at the old capital of Fyzabad are going fast to ruin. The old city of Ajoodhea is a ruin, with the exception of a few buildings along the bank of the river raised by wealthy Hindoos in honor of Ram, who once lived and reigned there, and is believed by all Hindoos to have been an incarnation of Vishnoo." — Vol. II. pp. 26, 27.

Such was Oude in 1850. In the following spirited dialogue, a curious view is given, not only of the distractions of the land, but also of the theories of history and government based by the natives upon the facts of which they alone are cognizant. The whole scene is eminently picturesque.

"In 1847, Lonee Sing, with one thousand armed men and five guns, attacked his cousin Monnoo Sing of Mohlee, killed four, and wounded two persons; and, in collusion with the local governor, seized upon all his estate. Redress was sought for in vain; and as I was passing near, Monnoo Sing and his brother Chotee Sing came to me at Mahomdee to complain. Monnoo Sing remained behind sick at Mahomdee; but Chotee Sing followed me on. He rode on horseback behind my elephant, and I made him give me the history of his family as I went along, and told him to prepare for me a genealogical table, and an account of the mode in which Lonee Sing had usurped the estates of the other members of the family. This he gave to me on the road between Poknapoor and Gokurnath, by one of his belted attendants, who, after handing it up to me on the elephant, ran along under the nose of Rajah Bukhtawur Sing's fine chestnut horse without saying a word. I asked the Rajah whether he knew Lonee Sing. 'Yes,' said

he; 'everybody knows him; he is one of the ablest, best, and most substantial men in Oude; and he keeps his estate in excellent order, and is respected by all people.' 'Except his own relations,' said the belted attendant; 'these he robs of all they have, and nobody interposes to protect them, because he has become wealthy, and they have become poor!' 'My good fellow,' said the Rajah, 'he has only taken what they knew not how to hold, and with the sanction of the king's servants.' 'Yes,' replied the man, 'he has got the sanction of the king's servants, no doubt, and any one who can pay for it may get that now-a-days to rob others of the king's subjects. Has not Lonee Sing robbed all his cousins of their estates, and added them to his own, and thereby got the means of bribing the king's servants to let him do what he likes?' 'What,' said the Rajah, with some asperity, 'should you, a mere soldier, know about state affairs? Do you suppose that all the members of any family can be equal? Must there not be a head to all families to keep the rest in order? Nothing goes on well in families or governments where all are equal, and there is no head to guide; and the head must have the means to guide the rest.' 'True,' said the belted attendant, 'all can't be equal in the rule of states; but in questions of private right the case is different; and the ruler should give to every one his due, and prevent the strong from robbing the weak. I have five fingers in my hand; they serve me, and I treat them all alike. I do not let one destroy or molest the other.' 'I tell you,' said the Rajah, with increasing asperity, 'that there must be heads of families as well as heads of states, or all would be confusion; and Lonee Sing is right in all that he has done. Don't you see what a state his district is in, now that he has taken the management of the whole upon himself? I dare say all the waste that we see around us has arisen from the want of such heads of families.' 'You know,' said the man, 'that this waste has been caused by the oppression of the king's officers, and their disorderly and useless troops, and the strong striving to deprive the weak of their rights.' 'You know nothing about these matters,' said the Rajah, still more angrily. 'The wise and strong are everywhere striving to subdue the weak and ignorant, in order that they may manage what they hold better than they can. Don't you see how the British government are going on, taking country after country, year after year, in order to manage them better than they were managed under others? and don't you see how these countries thrive under their strong and just government? Do you think that God would permit them to go on as they do, unless he thought that it was for the good of the people who come under their rule?' Turning to me, the Rajah continued: 'When I was one day riding over the

country with Colonel Low, the then Resident, as I now ride with you, Sir, he said, with a sigh, "In this country of Oude what darkness prevails! No one seems to respect the right of another; and every one appears to be grasping at the possessions of his neighbor, without any fear of God or the king." "True, Sir," said I; "but do you not see that it is the necessary order of things, and must be ordained by Providence? Is not your government going on taking country after country, and benefiting all it takes? And will not Providence prosper their undertakings as long as they do so? The moment they come to a stand, all will be confusion. Sovereigns cannot stand still, Sir; the moment *their bellies are full* (their ambition ceases), they and the countries they govern retrograde. No sovereign in India, Sir, that has any regard for himself or his country, can with safety sit down and say that *his belly is full* (that he has no further ambition of conquest): he must go on to the last."'"* — Vol. II. pp. 90 – 94.

It was but a few years after the date of this striking conversation that the British government in India did indeed "go on to the last," so far as Oude was concerned. Affairs in that unhappy kingdom had proceeded from worse to worse. In 1852, Sir W. L. Sleeman, still occupying the place of Resident at Lucknow, wrote to the Governor-General: "There is not, I believe, another government in India so entirely opposed to the best interests and most earnest wishes of the people, as that of Oude now is." In February, 1856, the kingdom of Oude was annexed by proclamation to British India. In June, 1857, its people were in full rebellion against British authority. The officers of government were murdered, captive, or fleeing for their lives. In no other district of India was the rising against the English so general. It might beforehand have seemed to a speculative reasoner, that the nation would welcome with joy the change from a rule so corrupt and oppressive as that of the native government, to one steady and comparatively just and liberal, as was that of the English. But the new settlement of Oude was of too

* "The Rajah's reasoning was drawn from the practice in Oude, of seizing upon the possessions of weaker neighbors, by means of gangs of robbers. The man who does this becomes the slave of his gangs, as the imperial robber, who seizes upon smaller states by means of his victorious armies, becomes their slave, and ultimately their victim. The history of India is nothing more than the biography of such men, and the Rajah has read no other."

recent a date to have afforded to any large portion of the people an experience of its results. They had as yet felt only the first discomforts of the system. No ties of association or of personal dependence bound them to their new rulers. The leaders of the country, officials with their host of menials, robber chiefs with their dependents, deprived of office, and restrained by the strong hand of superior authority, felt that the change was destructive to their power. They had lost their accustomed occupations and excitements of marauding and murdering, of pillaging and torturing. For a time they remained in a state of passive and sullen submission. But when the Sepoy army of Bengal broke into revolt, they eagerly hoisted the standard of rebellion, and the ferocity which they had long displayed in their dealings with their own countrymen burst out with fresh spite against their foreign rulers. The great robbers flocked in from the country, with their wild bands, to join the cruel armed rabble of the city, who through the dreary summer and autumn of 1857 gathered thick around the hasty defences of the Residency at Lucknow, and strove with continually recruited forces to overcome the wasting numbers of that heroic garrison.

Whatever wrong England may have committed in the annexation of Oude, in the depriving a brutal king and a brutal aristocracy of the power of misgovernment, may well seem to have been expiated in the close trenches of the Residency, in the fights through the narrow streets of Lucknow, in the deaths of Lawrence and of Havelock.

We have spoken of the contrast afforded by the aspect of the adjoining British territory to that of Oude, under native rule. A similar contrast, though in some respects less marked, was presented to the country under British rule by other native states, even those reputed to be best governed. After observing such visible difference, and after study of the history of India, it is impossible to hesitate in accepting the conclusion, that, whatever evils may attend the rule of a foreign power, they are vastly inferior to those developed under the native governments. The British authority in India is despotic; but its despotism is not that of a single will. With little restraint upon it from within, it is subject to the

most compulsory restraints from without. It is practically a responsible government. All its subjects are entitled to protection and to justice. The established principle of its rule is the promotion of the prosperity of the people, and even self-interest has furthered the practical application of this principle. With a full acknowledgment of the many and great mistakes, of the not infrequent commission of absolute wrong, by British officials, and of the very incomplete performance of their duties, it may yet be safely asserted, that no foreign conquered possession was ever governed in the interests of its people more truly than British India has been during the last generation. "I firmly believe," says the enlightened and upright Henry St. George Tucker, after long experience and wide knowledge of Indian affairs, — "I firmly believe that the establishment of the British empire in India is conducive to the welfare and happiness of many millions of human beings." * Just before leaving India, after thirty-eight years of faithful service, Sir Charles (afterward Lord) Metcalfe — a man of the purest virtue and the highest integrity, who had given form to many important measures, but to none more important than that securing freedom to the press in India — wrote, in his answer to a public address: "Our dominion can only endure by the affections of the people; by their feeling that under British rule they are more prosperous, and happy, and free, than they could be under any other government, and that their welfare and our rule are linked together. I look to the liberty of the press as one of those measures which, by showing the paternal disposition of the government, will tend to produce that result, — a result not to be expected from a system of unconfiding restraint." †

These two passages, to which many of like bearing might be added from other sources, are of importance, as showing

* Memorials of Indian Government, being a Selection from the Papers of Henry St. George Tucker, Late Director of the East India Company, (edited by John William Kaye, London, 1853,) p. 483. This volume, with that of the Life and Correspondence of Mr. Tucker, contains much matter of interest and importance to the student of the Anglo-Indian policy. Few men have had a more intimate acquaintance with the various details of the British administration of India, and few have written more clearly or more ably concerning them.

† Kaye's Life of Lord Metcalfe, (1854,) Vol. II. p. 332.

the deliberate opinions of honest and high-minded men, whose means of observation and whose powers of judgment peculiarly fitted them for the formation of correct views in regard to the character and course of the Anglo-Indian government. The revolt which has lately shaken the British empire in India to its very centre, affords no denial of them. That revolt had its origin in many sources, some of which are easily seen, while others remain still obscure. But there is no sign that it in any degree arose from any continued or general course of tyranny on the part of the government. Wounded pride, alarmed superstition, personal misunderstanding, absence of sympathetic relations, and inherited hatred of rulers, were the chief moral agents in its production. By many of the officers of the government the revolt is even now regarded with less indignation than disappointment. Sincere in their desire to serve the people of the land in which their lot had fallen, they have been disheartened to find how little their efforts had been appreciated, how far their dispositions had been misconceived. The grand defect of the Anglo-Indian rule lies, not in its general scope and object, but in the personal relations of the ruling to the subject race. It is a defect which only time, and the wider spread and stronger influence of Christian principles among the individuals to whom the administration of government is confided, can effectually remedy.

Under the new arrangement which has just been entered upon for the government of India, a magnificent opportunity is afforded for the gradual removal of the abuses of the system which had grown up under the rule of the East India Company, for the more rapid and more consistent promotion of the interests of the people, and for the eradication from their characters of some of those faults which previous tyrannies had implanted in them. Something of future progress may be judged from results already achieved. The leaven of Western civilization has begun to ferment. Our pages have in past years* given accounts of some of the great works of

* See North American Review for October, 1853, Art. VI. "Canals of Irrigation in India"; and for October, 1855, Art. XI. "The Opening of the Ganges Canal."

internal improvement undertaken by government, by which plenty has been secured in districts previously exposed to the periodical desolations of famine, and peace and civilization promoted. The story of Colonel Dixon's successful efforts, by well-planned, mild, and conciliatory measures, to change the wild and ferocious inhabitants of Mairwara into a peaceful and industrious race of cultivators, has the charm of romance with the interest of reality. Under his admirable and ingenious management, throughout a tract of rugged mountainous country, rich cultivation and prosperous villages were substituted for heavy jungle; industry and affluence succeeded to rapine and poverty.* There is no parallel to such achievements in the former history of India. To another distinguished officer, Major (now General) Ludlow, is due the extinction of widow-burning among the Rajpoot tribes, with whom the custom was most firmly established, — a result accomplished by no compulsion, but by patient, rational, and convincing arguments. In gaining this result a heavy blow was dealt against the whole fabric of Hindoo superstition.† Still more recently it has received another blow in the doing away of the prohibition of the re-marriage of widows, — a prohibition which had long been a source of great misery and vice.

Throughout the country such changes as these have been brought about by English officers, under the sanction and with the aid of the government. From Lahore to Madras great works of improvement have been begun, and carried on to completion. Western energy is changing the face of the land. The revolt was the last great struggle of the old against the new, of the East against the West, of false religion against Christianity, — it was the death-struggle of the past.

In 1852 the Commissioners of the Punjab presented their first report on the administration of that country during the first two years after its annexation to British India. It ended with the following words: "They [the Commissioners] are

* See "Sketch of Mairwara. By Lieut. Col. C. J. Dixon." London. 1850.

† Widow-Burning. A Narrative. By H. J. Bushby. London. 1855.

not insensible of short-comings, but they will yet venture to say that this retrospect of the past does inspire them with a hope for the future."

The first two names appended to this report are those of the brothers Henry and John Lawrence, — the dead and the living.

ART. II. — 1. *The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 281.

2. LORD BROOK'S *Life of Sir Philip Sidney.* With a Preface, etc., by SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, Bart., K. J. Kent: Printed at the Private Press of Lee Priory, by Johnson and Warwick. 1816. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. pp. 145, 146.

3. *The Miscellaneous Works of* SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, Knt. With a Life of the Author and Illustrative Notes by WILLIAM GRAY, Esq., of Magdalen College and the Inner Temple. Oxford: D. A. Talboys. 1829. Post 8vo. pp. 398.

4. *The Covntesse of Pembrokes Arcadia.* Written by SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight. Now the Sixt Time Pvblished. London: Imprinted by H. L. for Simon Waterson and Mathew Lownes. 1622. 4to. pp. 588.

MUCH has been written in illustration of the Elizabethan age. Yet the theme has lost none its attractiveness; and each new attempt to portray the character of the great Protestant Queen, or to make us more familiar with the eminent statesmen who adorned her court, and the no less eminent writers who successively arose during her reign, is sure to be favorably received. Her reign, indeed, forms a conspicuous era in the political and religious history of England. By her strong and energetic will Protestantism was firmly established, and England waged successful war against the greatest of the Catholic monarchs. Under her imperial sway literature and the arts flourished, a spirit of adventure was rife, and important maritime enterprises were undertaken. There was also in the personal characters of the men then prominently upon the stage much to attract the student and to excite an

interest in their personal fortunes, apart from the interest felt in them by virtue of their connection with the state. They were men of no ordinary mark; and the circumstances of the times were such as to call for the exercise of all their powers. The re-establishment of Protestantism in the place of Romanism, the strengthening of the throne against the dangers arising from a disputed succession, the prosecution of a foreign war, the suppression of domestic violence, and the disentanglement of domestic intrigues, were among the labors which Elizabeth and her advisers had to encounter; and these all involved questions which demanded a large and far-sighted statesmanship for their solution. Nor was it in politics alone that the men of that epoch found an ample field for vigorous exertion. Various causes had contributed to give a strong impulse to intellectual pursuits, and much of the activity of the age found expression in prose and verse. In not a few instances the same persons became famous for their achievements in both directions, and united the renown of a soldier or a statesman with that of a poet or a scholar.

Among the men who wore this double crown with distinguished grace Sir Philip Sidney holds the first rank. His contemporaries regarded him with an admiration which it is difficult now to understand; and this feeling was not confined to his own countrymen, but was largely shared by other nations. Dying at the early age of thirty-two, he left a reputation for intellectual wealth, for personal courage and all knightly qualities, and for wisdom in counsel, which few men have been able to build up in a long life. Even down to the middle of the last century his works continued to be read with delight, and to be frequently reprinted. But since that time his reputation as a writer has sensibly declined, and the number of persons at the present day who are familiar with his works must be very small. His personal character, however, is held in scarcely less admiration now than at any previous period. His name is still one of the most brilliant in English history, and even the contemporary estimate of his virtues is accepted with but little qualification.

It is to this admiration for his character, rather than to any especial interest in his writings, that we owe the prepara-

tion of the volume named first at the commencement of this article. The author, who is understood to be a lady of New York, has accordingly labored to bring into prominent relief his most attractive personal qualities, and has dedicated the volume to her son as a "memorial of one whose name is a synonyme for every manly virtue, and whose example, surpassing the standard of the age which it adorned, remains still brilliant when centuries have passed away." Her knowledge of the subject is ample; she has had access to the best sources of information; and she has enriched her narrative by many well-chosen citations from previous biographers and from Sidney's own writings. Her most obvious faults are a somewhat ambitious and swollen style, and a too uniform strain of panegyric. There is, besides, some confusion in the details by which she attempts to illustrate Sidney's times. But, with these qualifications, her work is an interesting sketch, and is well adapted to its purpose. Nor should we omit to speak with high commendation of her excellent analyses of Sidney's writings. They are sufficiently full and minute to give her readers a very fair idea of most of his works, and have evidently been prepared with much care.

The very rare and valuable Life of Sidney by Lord Brooke is the original authority for many of the well-known incidents narrated by subsequent biographers. It is the production of a companion and ardent friend of Sidney, who viewed all his actions through the colored medium of a strong personal attachment, and its delineation of his character must be received with caution, but its statement of facts is entitled to full credit. Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was the son of a Warwickshire knight, and was born about 1554, — the same year in which Sidney first saw the light. He was carried to court at an early age, and there experienced the various fortunes which awaited the courtiers of Elizabeth, being alternately in favor and in disgrace. Yet he represented his native county in Parliament, and held several important places during her reign; and at her death he was Treasurer of the Navy. In the succeeding reign he still continued in favor, and in 1620 he was raised to the peerage. Early in the reign of Charles I. he founded a Professorship of His-

tory at Cambridge; and during his whole life he appears to have shared the literary tastes of his friend. His death occurred in September, 1628, from the effect of a wound received from one of his servants.* Besides the Life of Sidney, which was published posthumously, he wrote several tragedies, essays, and poems. Some of these minor productions were also published after his death; but they are strongly marked by the faults of the age, and are now very little known. His Life of Sidney is an interesting memoir, and shows considerable mental power in the writer. A Life of Elizabeth was also planned by him, but it was never completed, in consequence of the refusal of the Earl of Salisbury, who was Secretary in the reign of her successor, to permit him to make an examination of the state papers.

The volume edited by Mr. Gray contains all of the works commonly ascribed to Sidney, except the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, and the metrical version of the Psalms of David, which last was partly composed by his sister. It also comprises a small and valuable collection of his letters, and is enriched by several illustrative notes. The Memoir is short and well-written; but it has the same defects which characterize the two works already mentioned, and is marked by an extravagant tone of eulogy. There were elements enough of real excellence in the personal character of Sidney to excite a well-grounded admiration; and the writer who attempts to gloze over his faults, and to deny the licentious character of his amatory verse, only weakens the lessons which his life is suited to teach. Yet Mr. Gray "cannot perceive any of that shocking sensuality" in Astrophel and Stella which Mr. Godwin justly condemns, and thinks that "the unhappy course of their loves, and the notoriously brutal character of Lord Rich, may be received as some excuse, if not as a perfect justification, of the passionate, yet rarely indecorous, regard which Sidney continued to express in his verses for the object of his earliest and most vehement attachment." To

* Lord Brooke and Sidney were distantly related, ancestors of both having married into the family of Lord Beauchamp. In the epitaph on his monument at Warwick, Lord Brooke describes himself as "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

such weak excuses do biographers descend, rather than acknowledge the existence of any faults or vices in their heroes.

The family of Sidney was of French origin, and traced its history back to the twelfth century, when Sir William Sidney came over from Anjou with Henry II., to whose service he was attached as knight chamberlain. His descendants do not appear to have continued at court, and it is not until the time of Henry VIII. that the family again emerges into notice. In the reign of that monarch, and of his successor, Edward VI., another Sir William Sidney basked in the royal favor, and was rewarded by Edward with the gift of Penshurst Castle. At his death he left one son, Henry Sidney, who carried the family name to a much higher renown than it had before attained. Born in 1529, this eminent statesman held office under Edward VI., by whom he was appointed ambassador to France; and after the death of that amiable prince he had the good fortune to enjoy the favor of both Mary and Elizabeth. By the latter he was made Lord President of Wales, an office which he held for more than twenty years; and he was also three times named Lord Deputy of Ireland.* In the administration of the affairs of this unfortunate country he was not successful; and in 1578 he was ordered to resign his government, in consequence of the bitter complaints of the English of the pale. Mr. Hallam, indeed, does not hesitate to stigmatize his conduct as "an attempt to subvert their liberties"; and it seems clear that the complaints were not unfounded. But he did not lose the Queen's favor, and he was finally acquitted from all the charges brought against him. At an early age he married Lady Mary Dudley, eldest daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, by whom he had three sons and one daughter, the famous Countess of Pembroke. Lady Sidney is described by Lord Brooke as "by nature of a large, ingenious spirit"; but "the mischance of sickness having cast a veil over her excellent beauty," she did not court public observation, and

* He seems to have declined the last appointment, which was offered to him in 1582, either in consequence of the Queen's refusal to give his son the reversion of the office, or because the younger Sidney was unwilling to reside in Ireland.

spent most of her time in the seclusion of private life. It was probably from his mother that Philip Sidney inherited the more amiable traits of his character; and from his father he undoubtedly derived his enterprising spirit and his fondness for public life.

He was their eldest son, and was born at Penshurst Castle, in the western part of the beautiful and fertile county of Kent, on the 29th of November, 1554, the same month in which Romanism was re-established in England. His name, we are told, was given him as a well-timed compliment to Philip II. of Spain, whom Mary had recently married; but it does not appear that his father felt any special affection for the old religion, or looked with special favor upon the hated Spanish marriage. Of his youth little is known except the fact that he was reputed to be grave and thoughtful beyond his years, so that his father called him, in the pedantic phraseology of the age, *lumen familiæ suæ*. His childhood was probably passed partly at Penshurst and partly in London, where, according to Mr. Peter Cunningham, his grandfather and his father successively occupied a house in Threadneedle Street, belonging to the collegiate church of St. George, Windsor. At an early age he was sent to the grammar school at Shrewsbury, in order to be near his father, who had taken up his residence in Ludlow Castle, upon receiving the appointment of President of the Principality of Wales. Here the boy made rapid progress in his studies; and a letter from Sir Henry Sidney is extant, acknowledging the receipt of two letters, written when Philip was only twelve years old, one in Latin and the other in French.

When he was fourteen, he was transferred to Christ Church College, Oxford; and, according to all his recent biographers, he afterwards studied at Cambridge.* At Oxford, his studies were pursued under the immediate eye of the Reverend Dr.

* The circumstance of his studying at both Universities is not mentioned by his early biographers; and Anthony Wood says expressly that he continued at Oxford until he went upon the Continent. Dr. Zouch, who published an elaborate Life of Sidney in 1808, from which subsequent writers have drawn largely, mentions a residence both at Oxford and at Cambridge, but without quoting any authority for the statement.

Thornton, an amiable and accomplished scholar, who was so proud of his pupil's renown, that he caused the fact of his having been "the tutor of Sir Philip Sidney" to be recorded upon his tomb. The course of Sidney's collegiate study was broad and symmetrical, taking in the whole range of literature and science; and his rapid and brilliant progress attracted especial notice. Entering into the perusal of the classics with the ardor which characterized that age, he early became familiar with Greek and Latin, and his taste for the modern languages was equally marked. About the time he entered the University, negotiations were carried on for his marriage, at a future period, with Anne Cecil, daughter of Lord Burleigh; but for some reason the marriage was given up, and the lady subsequently became the wife of the Earl of Oxford, afterward the personal enemy of Sidney.*

As heir apparent to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, a brilliant future was opened for Sidney, when he left the University; and, anxious to be furnished at all points, he determined to accompany the Earl of Lincoln upon his embassy to France. Accordingly, in May, 1572, he received permission from Queen Elizabeth "for her trusty and well-beloved Philip Sidney, Esquire, to go out of England, into parts beyond the seas, with three servants and four horses; to remain during two years, for his attaining the knowledge of foreign languages." While in Paris he attracted the notice and favor of Charles IX., who appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber. But a fortnight after receiving this dangerous honor Sidney gladly withdrew from the court of that cruel and treacherous monarch, and sought refuge from the horrors of St. Bartholomew in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, at that time the Queen's resident minister at the court of France, to whose friendly offices his uncle had previously recommended him. "He is young and raw," so Lei-

* Lord Burleigh, at that time known as Sir William Cecil, seems to have shown the first inclination to break off the match. In a letter dated February 24, 1569, Sir Henry Sidney writes: "For my part, I never was more ready to perfect that matter than presently I am; assuring you for my part, if I might have the greatest prince's daughter in Christendom for him, the match spoken of between us on my part should not be broken."

cester wrote, "and no doubt shall find those countries, and the demeanors of the people, somewhat strange unto him; in which respect your good advice and counsel shall greatly behove him for his better directions, which I do most heartily pray you to vouchsafe him, with any other friendly assistance you shall think needful for him." Sidney spent but a short time under the roof of his future father-in-law; and soon after the massacre he left Paris, in company with the Dean of Winchester, passing through Strasburg and Heidelberg, to Frankfort, where he spent several months in the house of Andrew Wechel, a learned printer, and a man of considerable reputation in that age. Here he made the acquaintance of Hubert Languet, a distinguished Protestant scholar, and the reputed author of a somewhat celebrated Latin treatise against tyrants, who had fled from France in consequence of the religious persecutions. Languet was many years his senior; but similarity of tastes produced a close friendship, which was terminated only by death, and for several years they kept up a familiar correspondence. To this eminent man the young scholar was indebted for much valuable advice; and it cannot be doubted that Languet's influence over Sidney, at this early period of his life, was highly beneficial.

From Frankfort the young traveller went in the following spring to Vienna, where he spent some time in company with the brother of Sir Henry Wotton, perfecting himself in horsemanship, fencing, and other manly accomplishments; and then, turning his steps southward, he successively visited Venice and Padua. In each of these cities he spent several months, prosecuting his studies with zeal and success, and devoting himself especially to the study of astronomy, geometry, and the classical and modern languages. "I intend to follow your advice about composition thus," he writes to Languet from Padua: "I shall first take one of Cicero's letters and turn it into French; then from French into English, and so once more by a sort of perpetual motion it shall come round into Latin again. Perhaps too I shall improve myself in Italian by the same exercise." In a subsequent letter from the same place he tells his friend: "Of the German language, my dear Hubert, I absolutely despair. It has a sort

of harshness, (you know very well what I mean,) so that, at my age, I have no hope that I shall ever master it, even so as to understand it." In the same letter he gives his correspondent a noticeable insight into his character at this period. "I readily allow," he says, "that I am often more serious than either my age or my pursuits demand; yet this I have learned by experience, that I am never less a prey to melancholy than when I am earnestly applying the feeble powers of my mind to some high and difficult object." From Northern Italy it was his intention to proceed to Rome; but he was dissuaded from this purpose by Languet, who feared that his principles were not yet settled upon a sufficiently firm basis to resist the seductions of the papal city, and that he might fall a victim to the attempt to convert him to Romanism. To this advice Sidney yielded, though he afterward expressed his regret at not having persevered in his original intention. He retraced his steps slowly through Germany and Holland, returning to England in the early part of 1575.

Shortly after his return, negotiations were opened for his marriage with the Lady Penelope Devereux, the frail and beautiful sister of the Earl of Essex. Sidney's affections appear to have been deeply engaged, and he afterward celebrated her charms under the name of Stella in his Sonnets, and under that of Philoclea in the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia; but this second marriage scheme was soon abandoned, under circumstances which were not deemed creditable at the time. "Truly, I must say," Sir Edward Waterhouse wrote to Sidney's father, "as I have said to my Lord of Leicester, and Mr. Philip, the breaking off from this match, if the default be on your parts, will turn to more dishonor than can be repaired with any other marriage in England." Nevertheless, the obloquy was encountered; and not long afterward Lady Devereux married Robert, the third Lord Rich. Her wedded life was unhappy, and she never exhibited any affection for her husband, whom she had married with undisguised aversion. They were at length divorced; and after her brother's death she espoused the Earl of Devonshire, who had been Sidney's rival while she was the wife of Lord Rich. Her second husband was of too sensitive a nature to endure the opprobrium

which attached to his marriage, and after a few months he died of shame and mortification. His widow followed him to the grave within a year.*

It was probably about the time when the negotiations for his marriage were in progress that Sidney began his public career. His first official appointment was of a diplomatic character, as ambassador extraordinary to the imperial court, upon the death of the Emperor Maximilian II. The ostensible purpose of his mission was to condole with Maximilian's son and successor, Rodolph II.; but its real objects were to ascertain what were the political sentiments of the new Emperor and the German princes, and to watch over the general interests of Protestantism. This delicate trust he discharged with much adroitness, showing a diplomatic skill and discretion not often found in so young a person. "There hath not been any gentleman, I am sure," says Secretary Walsingham in a letter to Leicester, "these many years, that hath gone through so honorable a charge with as great commendations as he." While he was in Germany, he not only visited the imperial court, but he also opened communications with several of the electoral princes; and, in pursuance of his instructions, he made inquiry in regard to the Emperor's disposition, the state of his revenues, the probability of his marrying, his relations with his brothers, the persons by whom he was advised, and also in regard to the sentiments of the Emperor's brothers and the extent of their political influence. The results of these inquiries are embodied in an interesting and instructive letter to Secretary Walsingham, printed in Mr. Gray's volume. Upon his return through the Netherlands, in 1577, Sidney made the acquaintance of the Prince of Orange, upon whom he produced a very favorable impression, which led to a

* Mr. Craik has brought together much curious and interesting information about Lady Rich, in the first volume of "The Romance of the Peerage," and has also given numerous extracts from Astrophel and Stella, with a very judicious commentary. He inclines to the opinion that the sonnets and poems under that title were written after Sidney's marriage, and not long before his death. But this is by no means certain. There was undoubtedly a considerable interval between the earliest and the latest sonnets, but it does not seem probable that they cover so much time as is implied by the supposition that some were written "little more than a twelvemonth before Sidney's death."

friendly correspondence. When Lord Brooke met William at Delft, some years later, that wise and thoughtful prince bore cordial testimony to Sidney's rich promise.

"With himself," says Lord Brooke, "he began *ab ovo*, as having been of Charles the Fifth's privy council before he was one-and-twenty years of age; and since, as the world knew, either an actor or at least acquainted with the greatest actors and affairs of Europe; and likewise with her greatest men and ministers of estate. In all which series of time, multitude of things and persons, he protested unto me (and for her service), that if he could judge, her Majesty had one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of estate in Sir Philip Sidney that this day lived in Europe."

Upon Don John of Austria, whom Sidney also met about the same time, he seems to have left a similar impression; and it was with a high Continental reputation that he returned to England.

In the course of the next year Sidney made his first appearance as an author, being then in his twenty-fourth year. His uncle, the Earl of Leicester, had invited the Queen to spend a few days at the princely seat of Wanstead House, that he might, by fresh evidences of devoted loyalty, strengthen his ascendency over her mind; and to add to her pleasure Sidney wrote a masque, entitled "The Lady of May." The piece is short; it is marked by the fantastic conceits of the age, and is sufficiently adulatory in its tone to gratify the most courtly taste. While her Majesty was walking in the garden, attended by her courtiers, she was suddenly accosted by a woman dressed in rustic apparel, who besought the royal interposition to decide between the rival suitors of her daughter, the Lady of May, who was unable to decide for herself. She then placed in the Queen's hands some complimentary verses, and withdrew, but only to give place to a noisy throng of shepherds and foresters escorting her daughter, the rival suitors, and their friends and supporters. An animated contest in verse then ensued between the two rivals, Therion the forester, and Espilus the shepherd, interspersed with prolix speeches from a pedantic schoolmaster, and remarks from the other characters. At last her Majesty pronounced the desired decision; and the Lady of May

closed the play with an adulatory address to the Queen. The merits of the piece, as we have intimated, are small, but it is deserving of notice as the first production of Sidney's pen, and as a characteristic specimen of the servile compositions by which Elizabeth's vanity was flattered.

About the same time Sidney took an active part in a much more serious business, the defence of his father from the charges brought against him for misgovernment in Ireland. Into this defence he entered with the impetuosity which forms a marked blemish on his character. Thus, in a letter to his father's secretary, who rested under the suspicion of having betrayed the Lord Deputy to his enemies, he writes:—

"Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you, before God, that if ever I know you to do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you."

The same vehement spirit involved him in a quarrel with the Earl of Ormond, whom he also accused of treachery; but through the interference of their friends, the breach was healed before any evil results had occurred. His father's heart, however, seems to have been sensibly touched by the son's eagerness and warmth; and in a letter written about this time to his second son, who was then travelling on the Continent, he says: "Imitate Philip's virtues, exercises, studies, and actions: he is a rare ornament of his age, the very formular that all well-disposed young men of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth, I speak it without flattery of him or myself, he hath the most virtues that ever I found in any man."

For the next year or two Sidney's name does not appear in connection with public affairs; but in 1579 he wrote his celebrated letter to Queen Elizabeth, dissuading her from marrying the Duke of Anjou, youngest son of Catherine de Medici.* This letter, which has been much and deservedly

* Hume, who is notoriously careless and inaccurate, places his abstract of this letter under date of 1581. Other writers assign its composition to the year 1580. But for several reasons we are inclined to place it in the latter half of 1579.

praised, undoubtedly exercised considerable influence over the Queen's mind in determining her subsequent course; for it is the glory of Elizabeth's character, that she never allowed her personal wishes to interfere with the interests of her country. With much clearness and force of reasoning, Sidney maintained that the only sure support of her government was the affection of her Protestant subjects, and that this would be endangered by her marriage with a Catholic prince; that the Catholics were the natural enemies of her throne, and needed only a powerful head to become formidable; that the turbulent and ambitious character of Anjou was suited to inspire a fear lest he should place himself at their head, in which case he would probably be seconded by the French king, his brother; that the marriage of Mary with Philip II. did not afford a precedent for the proposed marriage, since they were of the same religion, and France was a check upon any ambitious designs which Philip might form; that there were no advantages to be anticipated from a marriage with the French prince, which might not be anticipated from any other marriage, while there were peculiar evils and dangers connected with it; and that, even if she were to die childless, her fame would be secure.

"Let such particular actions," he says, in conclusion, "be found out (which be easy, as I think, to be done) by which you may gratify all the hearts of the people: let those in whom you find trust, and to whom you have committed trust, in your mighty affairs, be held up in the eyes of your subjects: lastly, doing as you do, you shall be, as you be, the example of princes, the ornament of this age, the comfort of the afflicted, the delight of your people, the most excellent fruit of your progenitors, and the perfect mirror of your posterity."

Though the advice was probably at first unpalatable to the Queen, she does not appear to have been offended by it; and it was certainly such as was most consonant with her own dignity and the interests of the country. It is perhaps the most important, if not the most agreeable, service which Sidney ever rendered to his royal mistress; and though he may have been in some degree influenced by family considerations, the service was none the less real and substantial.

The zeal which Sidney manifested against the marriage was

probably a chief cause of his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, one of the leaders of the opposing faction. To this quarrel Sidney's biographers have attached much and deserved importance, since it gives us considerable insight into his character, while, by leading to his temporary withdrawal from court, it afforded him the leisure which he occupied in writing the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. The circumstances, as related by Lord Brooke, are briefly these. One day while Sidney was at play in the tennis-court, within sight of the Queen's windows, the haughty Earl came into the court, and in a supercilious tone gave some directions with which Sidney declined to comply. A sharp altercation ensued, in which Oxford commanded Sidney to leave the court, and called him a puppy, — "in which progress of heat," as Lord Brooke quaintly remarks, "as the tempest grew more and more vehement within, so did their hearts breathe out their perturbations in more loud and shrill accent." The noise of the tumult attracted the notice of the French commissioners, who were then in attendance upon the Queen, upon which Sidney demanded in a loud tone what the Earl had said. On being answered with the same offensive epithet, he gave his opponent the lie direct. At length Sidney withdrew from the tennis-court in a state of great indignation. Some hostile messages passed between the parties; but before matters had reached a crisis, the Lords of the Council interfered and referred the matter to the Queen. Her Majesty accordingly administered a sharp rebuke to Sidney, telling him that there was considerable difference in rank between earls and gentlemen; that the inferior ranks owed respect to their superiors; that princes must uphold their own creations; and that the gentlemen's neglect of the nobility set a bad example to the common people. This reproof must have galled Sidney's pride; but in respectful terms he replied, that, although Oxford was a great lord, he was not lord over him, and could claim no other homage except that of precedency. The final result was Sidney's temporary retirement from the court. His anger against Oxford had been vehement, and he was by no means ready to overlook the insult. In a letter to Sir Christopher Hatton, dated August 28th, 1579, and printed in the

second volume of Wright's "Queen Elizabeth and her Times," he says: —

"As for the matter depending between the Earl of Oxford and me, certainly, sir, however I might have forgiven him, I should never have forgiven myself if I had lain under so proud an injury as he would have laid upon me, neither can anything under the sun make me repent it, nor any misery make me go one half word back from it. Let him therefore, as he will, digest it. For my part, I think tying up makes some things seem fiercer than they would be."

Upon his withdrawal from court he repaired to Wilton, the seat of his sister, who had married the Earl of Pembroke, some years before. Here he composed the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, "the most celebrated romance that was ever written," says one of his early biographers. This once popular production was never completed, and was written on loose sheets of paper, most of it in his sister's presence, the rest being sent to her in sheets as fast as it was finished. His principal object, as we learn from his own admission, was to celebrate the perfections of Lady Rich; and at the end of one of the long episodes in the Second Book, he exclaims: "Alas, sweet Philoclea, how hath my pen till now forgot thy passions, since to thy memory principally all this long matter is intended!" Whether he had any ulterior aim in its preparation is extremely doubtful, — at least none is apparent. Lord Brooke indeed assures us, "that in all these creatures of his making, his intent and scope was to turn the barren philosophy-precepts into pregnant images of life." In another place the same partial friend writes: "I know his purpose was to limn out such exact pictures of every posture in the mind, that any man, being forced in the strains of this life to pass through any straits or latitudes of good or ill fortune, might, as in a glass, see how to set a good countenance upon all the discountenances of adversity, and a stay upon the exorbitant smiling of chance." But whatever may have been the hidden wisdom its early readers found in it, it attained a great popularity, which was not much diminished for several generations. Milton, indeed, pronounced it "a vain amatorious poem," and thought it was "not to be read at any time without great caution." But, with this exception, it is not

easy to find any adverse criticism upon the work before the time of Horace Walpole, who reduced its swollen reputation to very moderate dimensions, declaring that it was "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through."

From this judgment we cannot very widely dissent. It is true that the Arcadia contains many noble sentiments expressed with great beauty and force, many just reflections upon the duties of the governing classes, and not a few descriptions of exquisite grace and truthfulness. Still the impression produced upon the reader is that of insufferable weariness. Nor will it be denied that the book is disfigured by the quaint conceits, the pedantry, and the affectation which characterized much of the literature of that epoch; and that there are many passages which no gentleman would now read aloud in his family. The coarseness and indelicacy of the age have left their impression very deep on Sidney's pages. Most of the book is written in prose, but it is interspersed with songs and versified dialogues, of which it is not too harsh a criticism to say, that, with few exceptions, they are utterly worthless. It is commonly asserted that Sidney requested the manuscript should be destroyed at his death, probably from a belief that the work was unworthy of his powers. In this judgment he was certainly correct, notwithstanding the remarkable popularity which the romance long enjoyed. The weary reader who has plodded through its well-nigh interminable episodes is irresistibly led to the belief, that it was not in literary exercises that Sidney would have achieved his highest renown if his life had been protracted. Even Lord Brooke virtually admits this when he says, "They that knew him well will truly confess this Arcadia of his to be, both in form and matter, as much inferior to that unbounded spirit of his, as the industry and images of other men's works are many times raised above the writer's capacities," and when he further tells us, that Sidney's "end was not writing, even while he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for tables and schools."

Sidney's self-enjoined exile from court was not of long continuance; and though he had so strongly opposed the French

marriage upon a former occasion, he did not hesitate to take part in a tourney held in honor of the commissioners sent over in 1581, by Catherine de Medici, to renew the negotiations. In this triumph, as it was called, the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, Sidney, and Fulke Greville were the challengers; and the part of the tilt-yard where the Queen was seated was designated, in courtly phrase, as the Castle of Perfect Beauty. After many adulatory speeches addressed to the flattery-loving Queen, the tilting began, and was continued for two days, with much pomp and the most servile adulation of her Majesty. It is probably to this magnificent display of skill in the arena that Sidney alludes in the forty-first sonnet of Astrophel and Stella, in which he ascribes his success in a tilting-match to the favoring smiles of Lady Rich.

"Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well, that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
Town-folks, my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise:
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;

"Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race."

In the course of the same year, the French prince made a short visit to England for the purpose of urging his suit in person, and appears at first to have met with much encouragement. Upon his return to the Netherlands he was accompanied by a numerous train of the nobility and gentry, including the Earl of Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sidney; but soon after the Queen began to waver, and the marriage treaty was broken off.*

* Francis Hercules, Duke of Alençon, and upon the accession of his brother Henry III. to the throne of France also Duke of Anjou, was small in stature, deeply marked by the small-pox, and not at all prepossessing in appearance. Yet he succeeded in exciting the Queen's interest, and when he returned to the Netherlands, in February, 1582, he had reason to regard himself as an accepted suitor.

In 1581, Sidney was chosen a member of the House of Commons for the county of Kent; but in the very meagre Parliamentary records of that age we have been unable to discover any notice of his services, except the fact that he was appointed a member of the committee to determine what measures should be brought before Parliament. There was then, however, as has been well remarked by Lord Macaulay, no regular opposition in Parliament to the measures of the Queen's government, and it is not probable that Sidney took any active part in the discussions. Parliamentary oratory dates from a later period, though even in Elizabeth's time there was some bold speaking, which served to prepare the way for Pym, Elliot, and their associates of the reign of Charles I. Under favorable circumstances Sidney would doubtless have acted a conspicuous part, and his impetuous temper would have made him a bold and frequent speaker.*

It is to this period, as we are inclined to believe, that we must refer his amour with Lady Rich, and the composition of Astrophel and Stella. The lady had recently married Lord Rich, who was considerably older than his wife; but this circumstance did not prevent Sidney from addressing her in most ardent verse. It is commonly thought that his suit was unsuccessful, "though," as Mr. Hallam justly remarks, "far enough from being Platonic"; and this view is sustained by numerous passages in the sonnets. But there are other passages which seem to throw doubt upon it, and the real

But he was soon satisfied that Elizabeth had no intention of marrying him. He died in June, 1584, at Chateau Thierry, of a rapid consumption, hastened by his debaucheries. His character has been drawn in very dark colors by almost every historian who has had occasion to refer to him. Mr. Motley, in his Dutch Republic, pronounces him "the most despicable personage who had ever entered the Netherlands," and expresses the opinion that "History will always retain him as an example, to show mankind the amount of mischief which may be perpetrated by a prince, ferocious without courage, ambitious without talent, and bigoted without opinions." M. Henri Martin is scarcely less severe in the "Histoire de France." Speaking of Anjou's death, he says: "Personne ne regretta ce malheureux prince, aussi faux et aussi vicieux que ses frères."

* Sidney sat also in the Parliament of 1584, and was a member of the committee to which was referred the bill confirming the Queen's patent to Sir Walter Raleigh for the discovery and colonization of "such remote heathen and barbarous lands, not actually possessed by any Christian prince, nor inhabited by Christian people," as he might select.

facts in the case are not easily ascertained. Some of the sonnets are of great beauty; others exhibit a lamentable laxity of moral principle; and others are full of forced conceits and pedantic phrases, breathing little of the spirit of genuine poetry. Thus, in the seventh sonnet, he enters into an elaborate discussion of the question why Stella was born with black eyes; and this sonnet may be taken as an adequate representative of a very considerable part of his poetry.

"When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
In color black why wrapped she beams so bright?
Would she, in beamy black, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest lustre, mixed of shades and light?
Or did she, else, that sober hue devise,
In object best, to knit and strength our sight,
Lest, if no veil these brave gleams did disguise,
They, sun-like, should more dazzle than delight?

"Or would she her mirac'lous power show,
That, whereas black seems beauty's contrary,
She, even in black, doth make all beauty flow?
Both so, and thus, she, minding Love should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed,
To honor all their deaths who for her bleed." *

Quite different from this is the twenty-seventh sonnet, which may be quoted as a favorable specimen of his more simple and unaffected manner.

"Because I oft, in dark, abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company;
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise;
They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise;

"Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,

* In the description of Philoclea in the First Book of the Arcadia, Sidney indulges himself in the same extravagant conceit. Her eyes were black, he tells us, "black, indeed, whether Nature so made them, that we might be able to behold and bear their wonderful shining, or that she, goddess-like, would work this miracle with herself, in giving blackness the price above all beauty."

Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace."

There are also many passages in the sonnets which, when separated from their context, may be read with pleasure. Among them the following lines from the thirty-ninth sonnet are especially deserving of notice.

"Come, sleep: O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so."

But upon the whole it must be admitted that the predominant characteristics of these sonnets are quaintness and affectation; and that their moral tone is in general very low. It is probable, however, that they were not designed for publication; and they were not printed until 1591. At that time both Lord and Lady Rich were living; and, as Mr. Hallam remarks, "it is rather a singular circumstance that, in her own and her husband's lifetime, this ardent courtship of a married woman should have been deemed fit for publication."

About the time that Sidney was engaged in this intrigue he wrote the Defence of Poesy, the most pleasing of all his productions, and one of the finest prose-writings of that age. Its style is diffuse and sometimes obscure, but for the most part forcible and harmonious; and the book exhibits throughout that wealth of learning which was one of Sidney's most noticeable characteristics. Opening with a reminiscence of his residence at Vienna, he next proceeds to show the antiquity of poetry, to indicate its different kinds, and to prove the superiority of the poet over moral philosophers and historians; "for he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it." The poet, he further tells us, "beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion,

either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner." From this introductory discussion Sidney passes to a special defence of the different kinds of poetry, and answers severally the objections which he supposes will be urged against poets and poetry. In conclusion he speaks of the contemporary English literature, especially the drama, and ends with a brief and pointed address, conjuring all who "have had the ill-luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools."

Not long after this, Sidney married, much to the Queen's dissatisfaction, the only surviving daughter of his old protector, Sir Francis Walsingham. Of his married life, which was of brief duration, we know very little. Spenser, indeed, tells us that Stella was the only woman whom he really loved; and this is very likely to be true. After his death his widow was twice married, — first to the unfortunate Earl of Essex, Lady Rich's brother, and subsequently to the Earl of Clan-Ricard. But whatever may have been the relations between Sidney and his fair young wife, he seems to have been regarded with more than ordinary affection by his father-in-law. The letters which passed between them were frank and manly; and Walsingham frequently alludes to him in his correspondence with others. To his father-in-law he was probably indebted for assistance in the pecuniary difficulties by which he was several times embarrassed, and for other kindly offices.

In January, 1583, he was knighted at Windsor by the Queen, although the year before she had refused his petition to be joined with his uncle, the Earl of Warwick, in the charge of the ordnance. A year or two later he undertook the defence of another of his uncles, the Earl of Leicester, who had been bitterly assailed by the Jesuit Parsons, in a notorious libel, printed in Flanders in 1584, and commonly designated in England at the time as "Father Parsons's Green Coat," but since known as "Leicester's Common-

wealth." In this virulent pamphlet all the current stories to the disparagement of Leicester were unsparingly rehearsed, and he was accused of a long catalogue of hateful and dastardly crimes. With characteristic impetuosity Sidney hastened to draw up a reply, the temper of which is well shown by a single passage near the close, where, referring to his adversary's assertion that the Dudleys were not of noble origin, he writes: "But to thee, I say, thou therein liest in thy throat; which I will be ready to justify upon thee, in any place of Europe, where thou wilt assign me a free place of coming, as, within three months after the publishing hereof, I may understand thy mind." Certainly there was no want of spirit in the reply; but there was a singular want of argument. Upon only one point — that in regard to the nobility of the Dudleys, from whom he boasted that he was descended — was it in any degree satisfactory; and most of the charges were left unanswered. It was probably to his own perception of its weakness, or to the request of his uncle, that its suppression was owing; and it was printed for the first time about the middle of the last century.

Hitherto his life had been passed almost entirely in study and lettered ease, or in attendance upon the court; but his active and ambitious spirit sought a larger scope for the exercise of his various accomplishments. He had attained his thirtieth year, and, with the exception of his embassy to Germany, he had held no important commission in the Queen's service. Doubtless he felt capable of much greater things, and fretted for a fitting occasion to serve his country in the field or in the council-chamber. It was while his mind was in this restless and unsatisfied state, that his attention was directed to the New World, which then filled so large a place in the minds of all men. Inspired by the reports brought home by successive navigators, and eager for adventure, he at once planned an expedition to America, in connection with Sir Francis Drake. The preparations were made as quietly as possible, and it was not until he was informed the fleet was ready to sail that he went down to Plymouth, the appointed place of departure. In this journey he was accompanied by Lord Brooke. Upon their arrival they found the

preparations by no means so far advanced as they had been led to believe; and Lord Brooke seems at once to have conceived a suspicion that Drake was playing them false. This suspicion he communicated to Sidney one night after they had retired to their chamber. At first Sidney was inclined to discredit it; but afterward he yielded his unwilling assent to the arguments advanced by Lord Brooke, and to those which his own observation furnished him. How far this distrust of his associate was well founded cannot be determined; but it is certain that the Queen obtained some information in regard to the proposed expedition, and resolved to prevent Sidney's departure, though for what reason does not appear. The first messenger sent for this purpose was stopped on the way by two soldiers in disguise, acting under Sidney's direction, and the letters of recall, of which he was the bearer, were forcibly taken from him. A second messenger was then sent down to Plymouth with peremptory orders for Sidney to desist from his proposed expedition, under penalty of the Queen's severe displeasure. He was thus reluctantly compelled to give up his hope of winning renown in America. But, as Lord Brooke observes, "from the ashes of this first propounded voyage to America, that fatal Low Country action sprang up, in which this worthy gentleman lost his life."

Upon the assassination of the Prince of Orange, Elizabeth determined to succor the Protestants of the Netherlands, in their long-protracted struggle with the Spanish monarchy. A treaty was accordingly concluded in July, 1585, by which England agreed to furnish an army of six thousand men, and the revolted Provinces ceded the possession of certain towns and the strong fort of Rammekins, as security for the proper performance of the stipulations entered into on their part. Leicester was appointed commander-in-chief; and Sidney was named Governor of Flushing and of Rammekins, and was also made a general of horse. Lord Brooke has given a most interesting account of the policy which Sidney favored in the conduct of the war, but it is a little singular that this important passage has apparently escaped the notice of subsequent biographers. According to Lord Brooke's statement, Sidney weighed the matter with a calmness and sobriety of

judgment which justify the high estimate of his powers formed several years before by William the Silent. "To carry war into the bowels of Spain," we are told, "and, by the assistance of the Netherlands, burn his shipping in all havens, as they passed along, — and in that passage, surprise some well-chosen place for strength and wealth, easy to be taken, and possible to be kept by us, — he supposed to be the safest, most quick, and honorable counsel of diversion." But as this view did not fall in with the Queen's plan of operations, he entered zealously into the execution of her designs; and his letters from the Netherlands show with what patient fidelity and untiring energy he labored.

On the 18th of November, 1585, he landed in the Low Countries, and proceeded at once to enter upon the duties intrusted to him. It was not until the following June, however, that he appears to have been engaged in any important enterprise. In that month he surprised and captured, without the loss of a single man, Axel, a maritime town in Zealand, not far from Flushing. His next important undertaking was an unsuccessful attempt to prevent the enemy from throwing supplies into Zutphen, which was then besieged by the English army, under Leicester. On the evening of the 21st of September, a portion of these supplies was conveyed into the town; but as the work was not completed, it was determined to continue operations the next day. The morning was thick and foggy, so that even near objects could be but dimly discerned, when a considerable body of the Spanish troops was suddenly encountered by a smaller body of English under Sidney and Sir John Norris, at the village of Warnsfeld, about half a mile from Zutphen. A fierce battle immediately began, which was still further aggravated by the inability of the combatants to distinguish between friends and foes. Sidney, as might have been anticipated, was among the foremost in the fight, and had two horses shot under him. At length he received a musket-shot just above the left knee, which "so brake and rifted the bone, and so entered the thigh upward, as the bullet could not be found before the body was opened."

As he was retiring from the field, faint with loss of blood,

but still preserving the entire command of his faculties, an incident occurred which in the minds of most readers is more intimately connected with his name than any other circumstance in his life. Feeling a thirst natural to his condition, he called for water, which was brought to him as soon as possible. But just as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, a dying soldier was borne along, who cast an eager glance at the grateful draught. Sidney saw it; and with heroic self-denial he took the bottle from his mouth, and handed it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Certainly no finer instance of self-sacrifice is recorded in history, and there is nothing in Sidney's life which better illustrates the real beauty of his character.

From the field of battle he was conveyed in the Earl of Leicester's barge to Arnheim, where he received the most careful attention from the surgeons, from his wife, who had come over to Holland to be with him, and from numerous devoted friends. At first it was not thought that his wound would prove fatal; but unfavorable symptoms soon appeared, and it was found impossible to extract the bullet. Sidney felt that his end was approaching, and he prepared for it with Christian resignation. A minute and tedious account of his last days was drawn up by his chaplain, — supposed to have been Mr. George Gifford, a noted preacher of that age, — which is printed at length by Dr. Zouch. During his illness Sidney suffered much, so that, as Lord Brooke tells us, his shoulder-bones wore through the skin; but he bore his sufferings without complaint, and, according to the same writer, "he called the ministers unto him, who were all excellent men, of divers nations, and before them made such a confession of Christian faith, as no book but the heart can truly and feelingly deliver." From Mr. Gifford's account, we learn that he was at first much troubled in regard to his sins, the near approach of death, and a fear of the future judgment; but these apprehensions were at length dispelled, and "with great cheerfulness he did often lift up his eyes and hands, giving thanks to God that he did chastise him with a loving and fatherly coercion, and to his singular profit whether the soul live or die." In this condition he lingered for several days,

conversing much on religious topics, and indicating a wish that his friends should continue to address him when he could no longer answer. On the 17th of October he breathed his last, in the arms of his friend and private secretary, William Temple, who had relinquished a life of study that he might follow Sidney to Holland, and who had been his devoted attendant through all his sufferings.

His death caused a profound and universal grief both in England and in Holland. The United Provinces sought earnestly to have his body interred at their expense, and to erect a costly monument to his memory; but the honor was declined. His remains were immediately carried to Flushing, and thence conveyed in a ship, draped in black and with black sails, to the Tower Wharf in London, where they were landed early in November. They then lay in state in the Minories without Aldgate until the 16th of February, when the funeral was celebrated with unusual magnificence in St. Paul's Cathedral. The procession was headed by thirty-two poor men, to indicate his age; and the pall was borne by the Earls of Huntingdon, Leicester, Essex, and Pembroke, and Lords Willoughby and North. A great train of mourners followed, among whom were seven representatives of the seven United Provinces, dressed in black, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, on horseback and arrayed in their official robes, and the Company of Grocers in their livery. A tablet bearing an inscription adapted from a French epigram on the Sieur de Bonnivet was hung in the choir; but no monument now marks Sidney's resting-place or enshrines his memory.

In attempting to form an estimate of Sidney's character, and to ascertain the justness of his claims to the position assigned to him by his contemporaries, it must be conceded that his writings do not furnish an adequate expression of his powers. It is evident not only from the testimony of those who knew him best, but also from the ability which he exhibited in his mission to the imperial court and upon some other occasions, that he possessed an intellect more capacious and far-reaching than would be inferred merely from reading the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia and his poems. All of his

works were written before he was thirty years old, and before his powers had fully ripened. They have therefore the faults naturally to be looked for in the productions of a young man. But in addition to this, Sidney's nature was singularly impulsive, and the warmth of his feelings tended to aggravate these peculiar faults. If he had lived to riper years, and had revised his early productions, it cannot be doubted that he would have introduced many changes affecting both their form and their substance, and would have made them far more worthy of his reputation. Probably he would have outgrown to a considerable degree those faults of his age which may be traced so readily in his writings, and which a more mature taste would have rejected. With advancing years the hot passions of youth would have cooled, and he would have breathed a less fiery spirit into his works.

Statesmanship, however, appears to have been the department of intellectual effort in which he would probably have won the highest renown. He was too rash and impulsive to be a successful soldier. But we cannot doubt that he would easily and quickly have grown into a great statesman, if he had had the requisite training and a fitting opportunity for the trial of his capacity. With the exception, however, of the embassy to Germany, upon which he set out before he was twenty-two years old, and his letter in regard to the Queen's marriage, he never had an opportunity of showing his ability in the management of public affairs. His own opinion was that the Queen was unwilling to give him employment, and that she was disposed to find fault with him whenever there was a chance to do so; but this was only the petulant expression of disappointed ambition. It cannot be doubted that Elizabeth would have raised him to high office if his death had not disappointed every anticipation; and we entertain scarcely less doubt that he would have performed the duties assigned to him in a manner creditable to himself and useful to his country. As it is, to quote the words of the elder D'Israeli, "His fame was more mature than his life, which indeed was but the preparation of a splendid one."

The most obvious defect in his character, and the source of many errors, was his impetuousness. Yet he was a trusty

and devoted friend, and drew others to him by an irresistible attraction. Languet, Fulke Greville, Spenser, William the Silent, and many of the most renowned of his contemporaries, were his personal friends. According to the measure of his ability he was a generous patron of literature; and many works were inscribed to him by needy authors. It is not improbable, therefore, that the disordered state of his pecuniary affairs was in part owing to his patronage of learned men.* Spenser, in particular, is said to have received pecuniary gifts from Sidney, and to have passed some time with him at Penshurst, where, according to some commentators, "The Shepherd's Calendar" was written; but this statement is denied by other writers. It is certain, however, that Spenser was indebted to Sidney for his introduction to the Earl of Leicester; and there is but little doubt that he also received other favors from his accomplished and powerful friend. These two characteristics of Sidney, the impetuosity of his temper and the strength of his affections, were often strikingly illustrated in the same act; as in his defence of his father's administration in Ireland, and in his defence of Leicester. In the one case, affection for his father, and in the other regard for his uncle, led him to espouse the cause with warmth, and in both cases his ardor carried him far beyond the limits of a proper discretion.

His personal courage was undoubted; and in his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, he was clearly right in regard to the question at issue, though even here he seems to have lost the command of his temper, and to have used language unbecoming a gentleman. Under the circumstances, it was natural that he should feel indignant, and express himself with warmth; but he can scarcely be justified for indulging in a violent personal altercation at such a time and in so public a place. In his subsequent conduct he seems to have acted with spirit and judgment; and his reply to Elizabeth, when

* It is well known that Sidney left a considerable amount of debts at his decease, for which he endeavored to make provision by his last will. From his own letters, we learn that as early as 1581 his necessities were very great, and at that time he had recourse to his friends, in the hope that they might induce Elizabeth to grant him some pecuniary gift.

she reproved him for the part he had taken, was dignified and manly. Nor can his withdrawal from court in consequence of her reprimand be regarded as a mere outburst of petulant resentment. His course throughout the affair, we may add, furnishes a striking illustration of the high principles of honor by which he was uniformly governed. In this case he was the aggrieved party, and such appears to have been the relation which he occupied in all his personal difficulties. He had too keen a sense of honor and justice to encroach upon the rights of others. But he was at all times tenacious of his own rights and of the honor of his family; and he was ready to defend both with his pen or his sword. Proud of his ancestry, and with much of the spirit of a knight-errant of the Middle Age, he regarded an imputation upon those whose blood flowed in his veins as a personal insult, and resented it as such.

The darkest blot upon his fame is his amour with Lady Rich. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of his biographers should have suppressed all allusion to it, and that others should have passed lightly over the subject. But the facts are too manifest to be concealed, and no sophistry can essentially modify their character. It may indeed be urged, in extenuation of his conduct, that the moral sense of the age was not very delicate, and that he does not appear to have suffered in the estimation of his contemporaries. The force of this argument will be freely admitted by all who are familiar with the social condition of England in the Elizabethan Age. Still it does not reach the heart of the matter, and it is but a poor excuse for such a man as Sidney, to say that he was no worse than were many of the most illustrious of his contemporaries. He ought to have been much better; for in other respects his principles were pure and lofty. In yielding to his passionate regard for Stella, he sank to the level of the courtly throng by whom he was surrounded, and to whom he was in everything else immensely superior.

ART. III. — 1. *Illustrated Hand-book of Architecture.* By JAMES FERGUSSON, Esq., M. R. I. B. A. In two volumes. London. 1855. 8vo.

2. *Essays on Architecture.* By PROFESSOR GOTFRIED SEMPER, late Director of the Royal Academy of Architecture at Dresden.

THE study of ancient architecture is but of yesterday. Ever since the so-called *renaissance*, we have been talking and writing about the classic style; yet the knowledge of its origin, its growth, and its meaning has come only since the discovery and investigation of its sources in Egypt and in Assyria. We now see the most exalted passage in the history of art as a connected and intelligible chapter, instead of a parcel of stray leaves supplemented by the imaginations of modern *dilettanti*. The condition of ignorance which has prevailed, together with its natural concomitant, pedantry, has had a peculiar and mischievous effect. The amount of injury caused by our false view of classic architecture will never be rightly estimated, till the building art shall regain that vitality which has been lost for centuries. This view has represented the Greek orders as a sort of architectural dispensation, whose cause, reason, circumstances, accessories, and uses are not to be questioned, but which is only to be reduced to rule, and used for our implicit guidance. The absurdity of all this we will not stop to criticise, but only ask, in passing, a question belonging to modern architecture, — whether the view referred to would become any less absurd, if for the word *Greek* we were to substitute *Gothic*. We can derive no benefit from any bygone style by subjecting ourselves to it. On the contrary, if we would really get help from it, we must search into its ideas and principles, and study its natural history. It is this genuine, useful study which is so recent; and its first comprehensive and accessible manual is that of Mr. Fergusson. In treating of all architecture, he has adopted an arrangement of subjects which, however good for his purpose, is wholly unsuited to ours, as we intend merely to review one great chapter in architectural

history, — that which appertains to Egypt and Assyria, and their influence on the art in Greece. A few philosophers, transcending that not very useful accomplishment, ordinary architectural book-learning, have, during the last fifteen years, studied, lectured, and written about ancient architecture. Among these we take peculiar pleasure in mentioning Professor Semper of Dresden, whose valuable discoveries and deductions, never adequately collected and published, remain in the memories of his pupils. A clear, unbiased, philosophical work, embodying all the important facts in detail on this subject, is as yet wanting, and is greatly to be desired.

The earliest known, and yet the best, building in the world is the Egyptian. Peculiar in many ways, in none is it more distinguished than in this, that it is almost the sole expression of a single mighty people. The Egyptian language, of development far from perfect, was little suited to the highest literary works, though we know that it had a literature which has perished. This tongue no children remain to continue. Silent for ages, it stands petrified in the Nile valley. On that strip of green, which the river won from the desert, there grew up an architecture, majestic in form, brilliant in color, enriched with wonderful sculptured work, and inscribed from end to end, bringing down to our time the knowledge and the faith of three thousand years ago. To speak adequately of Egypt, one should not only have studied, but have seen and felt, its architecture; and even then description is not easy. Miss Martineau has here rendered a peculiar service; for to the clear and comprehensive intellect, and the quick sympathy which the subject demands, she joins the power of graphic and picturesque narration. We cannot speak of Egypt without acknowledging our debt to her.

Egyptian architecture is strongly local. Though it taught the world, it never left its own home. Indigenous by the Nile, five centuries of rule over Assyria could not transplant it to the Euphrates. The river and the desert in their endless contest: — hence Egypt with its theology, its whole form of life, and its architecture. Again, this style shows a most persistent vitality. After the nine hundred years of foreign domination under the Shepherd Kings, the ancient art re-

appeared in full vigor. After the two hundred years of barbarous Persian rule, the native style rose for the third time great; and at last, in its extreme old age, it died a natural death, dissolving slowly into the Roman civilization.

The Egyptian temples completely expressed the religious life of the nation. Containing in their innermost depths the sanctuary of the higher mysterious worship, they included also the dwellings of the king and the priestly class; and the great halls and courts were the scenes of religious pageants and ceremonies for the people. The great feature of the building is the all-enclosing, massive wall, receding upward, full of stability and repose, and swelling into vast propylæa at the front. Within, as in the great hall at Karnac, colossal and brilliantly colored columns rise in multitudes, yet never appear outside the mighty wall which shuts them in, — as the bark of the palm, still unbroken, encloses its inward growth. The two central rows rise higher than the rest, and through the break thus made in the roof streams in the golden sunshine of Africa. This light from above falls aslant far in among the columns, yet fails to penetrate the whole depth. The interior is not dark, but interminable.

The entrance to these temples lay through fair and solemn sculptures. Nor were the graceful obelisks wanting there, while from afar looked down the colossi, majestic and serene through the ages.

Lastly, we have the tombs cut in the living rock; where were shut in, not only the man, but his works; where he lay down amid the sculptured story of his life, — a story without an end, broken off in the telling.

Apart from all the rest stand those early royal tombs replete with history, — the Pyramids. They are much older than the temples. Excelling in but few elements of architecture, they are yet the solemn prelude to all the grand harmony that followed. "The *early* Egyptians," says Mr. Fergusson, "built neither for beauty nor for use, but for eternity."

The painted and sculptured walls in the oldest pyramids display an art which had reached its culmination, while the remains of buildings belonging to the same age show a style

just emerging from wooden forms; thus indicating that the pyramids were built near the commencement of stone architecture in Egypt. The inference from these facts is that the Egyptians had learned painting and sculpture by practising them in another material. Now the aboriginal art of Egypt was that of pottery; and the forms afterward cut in stone had doubtless been previously elaborated on vases. This becomes still clearer in tracing to their origin the subsequent architectural forms. There are two columnal types variously combined and modified. One is the square stone pier, rendered by cornering eight, sixteen, and thirty-two sided, and, finally, fluted. The other, that with bell-shaped top, shows by its form and by its ornamental treatment the recollections of ceramic art. Both capital and base seem evolved; the column sometimes even contracting just above the base like a vase, and irresistibly recalling the potter's wheel, which had whirled out its forms of clay long ere the temples began to be. This type of column, — used in the earliest and grandest temple, the great Karnac hall, — we may call peculiarly Egyptian.

Assyrian architecture presents a complete contrast, and indeed seems complementary, to Egyptian. It belongs perhaps to all the early building world except the valley of the Nile. Remembering the dominant Egyptian wall, we are struck at once with the negation of this feature in Assyrian building. First comes an immense terrace of Cyclopean masonry, mounted by the most grand and imposing flights of steps ever constructed. On this marvellous platform stood vast palatial edifices, well representing the politico-religious system of Assyria, — a deified royalty, the monarch offering to the gods the worship he himself received from the people. The wall, about seventeen feet high, and of enormous thickness, was so treated, both within and without, that it lost altogether the massive effect of masonry, the structure of unburnt bricks being lined, for the first nine feet, with finely carved alabaster slabs, and, for the remaining height, richly decorated in color. Above, (adopting the admirable plan of restoration suggested by Mr. Fergusson,) was a second or roof story of wood. On the top of the great walls, on an area about equal to that of the

lower apartments, stood long rows of finely-wrought columns with bracket capitals, supporting the roof-timbers. Between these columns the bright Eastern daylight reached the lower rooms indirectly, or was excluded at pleasure by means of curtains. Meanwhile the galleries thus formed on the wall-tops were, in cool, fine weather, the pleasantest part of the building. The roof-story and the terrace are the dominant features of this architecture. The palace was adorned throughout with admirable sculpture, painting, and inscription. At the portals stood the majestic winged bulls, and on the walls within were the well-known bass-reliefs. The prevalence of winged figures is remarkable, and is perfectly in keeping with a style of building the most light and brilliant that ever existed. These ancient slabs are so full of meaning, that they are telling us now the true story of an empire which perished at the dawn of written history.

In Assyria, as in Egypt, the sculptures from the oldest monuments are the best. There were, chronologically, two Assyrian empires, separated by five hundred years of Egyptian domination, and all the remains found belong to the second period. We cannot suppose that their arts were derived from Egypt; for their character is utterly unlike anything Egyptian. This character gives the strongest evidence of the prior material in which the artistic forms were elaborated. Not only the whole ornamentation, but also the manner in which it is used, is animated by the recollections of textile work. Whether we consider the lining of the wall below, where the rich tapestry has stiffened into stone, or the brick-work above, clothed with soft, deep colors, or the curled volutes hanging around the columns, or direct our attention to the ornamental forms themselves, — the same patterns now worked on the royal dress, now swaying in the gorgeous curtain, and anon adorning the palace wall (the sculptures even containing elaborate pictures embroidered on robes reproduced in stone), — all everywhere speak of the Assyrian loom, the oldest and most famous of the world. We find this style of ornamental art pervading a vast area. It prevailed in Asia Minor, and, previously to the Hellenic civilization, in Greece, as well as in Mesopotamia. It has a name, unobjectionable

because not liable to be misunderstood, — that of Ionic. It is impossible to believe that this style could have been thus elaborated, and have been so diffused as to become domesticated as early as we find it among distant and stranger tribes, had it originated in the capitals of the second Assyrian period. On the contrary, we have no reason to suppose the style less ancient than that of Egypt, the two nations having been, from time immemorial, competitors in power and civilization. We must then refer the Ionic art to the first Assyrian empire. It is an interesting question whether its originators were akin to the rulers of the second empire. The remains found among the Pelasgian tribes of the West are all sepulchres, while the monuments in the Eastern capitals are exclusively palatial, there being no evidence that the masters of these cities cared for their dead. From this we might be sure that these two races were not nearly related; and we know, besides, of the latter, that they were akin to the Jews, both from their intimate intercourse and from the close similarity between the Assyrian palaces and the buildings of Solomon. Now, among the Pelasgians, the Ionic style is so deeply rooted as to appear indigenous with them and their kindred. If so, its originators were not nearly related to the people dominant in Assyria during the period to which the palatial remains belong. We know that the empire was composed of three nations, with three languages, all written in the cuneiform character. We may suppose that the tomb-builders were one of these, the palace-builders another, and that the third people were the Persians. We are not ready to admit, however, that these tribes represented the whole human race. Mr. Fergusson uses the terms Tartar, Semitic, and Aryan, to which it may be objected, that they involve theories which, though generally admitted, have recently been called in question by high ethnological authority, as a single glance at the system of Dr. Bodichon will show. This distinguished savant ascribes all ancient architecture to the "brown race," a strongly defined type of humanity, distinct alike from the blonde man of Northern Europe, the yellow man of Eastern Asia, and the black man of Southern Africa; there being one exception to this state-

ment, namely, the Egyptians, whom he considers a mixed race, — brown and black.

The part played by the Persians in architectural history is sufficiently evident. Educated by contact with their more civilized neighbors, they still possessed an inherent strength which the others had lost. From the time of the great Cyrus, they succeeded to that glorious heritage, the Assyrian architecture, which they modified and improved. Under their vigorous touch, the delicate wooden columns turned to stone at Persepolis; and the old style was treated with such freshness and power as to reach its culmination.

But a far greater artistic triumph was in progress in the West. The ancient woof of Ionic art extended, as we have seen, over Greece, whose intimate connection with Asia was at length sundered by the Trojan war. Then followed centuries of change and growth; and then, about the year 650 B. C., grafted on the old Pelasgian stock, appeared the Hellenic architecture. That a new people then became dominant in Greece is doubtless true, though we must here again question the assumption that they were a separate type of humanity.

During the transition period which Mr. Fergusson well calls the "dark ages of Greece," the rising people were not left to themselves. The highest, the most ancient art-instruction of the world, was imparted to them; and the source of that instruction was Egypt. It is now impossible to deny the influence of Egyptian ideas on the Greek temple. Too much has been made of the resemblance between the so-called proto-Doric of Egypt and the Parthenon order. What they have in common was the least salient characteristic of the Egyptian columns, and was, in fact, one at which both nations might have rapidly arrived by nearly the same steps. The distinctive feature of the Doric order is the wonderfully curved echinus capital. This is wholly Grecian, — there being full evidence that it did not exist elsewhere. Perhaps the true statement would then be, not that the Egyptians gave to Greece the Doric order, but that they taught the men of the Dorian civilization to build. How those wonderful pupils "bettered the instruction" is well known.

The Doric was the great order of Greece. Peculiarly her own, it was born and it died with her. The Ionic order, naturally occupying the second place, — that of a superseded civilization, — flourished only where the influence of the Pelasgians still lingered; then, with the Ionian colonies, returned to its native Asia, where it lasted till it was lost in the Roman empire. Meantime, the old Ionic ornamentation pervaded and adorned the whole Grecian architecture.

We must now return once more to the great hall of Karnac, and those glorious columns which we described as peculiarly Egyptian. This type the Greeks, in their later civilization, adorned with the acanthus-leaf and the Ionic volute, and thus created the Corinthian order. Originating in the ceramic forms of Egypt, and stamped with the collective art of Greece, it passed to Rome, destined not to die in her civilization, but to survive her power.

The great feature of the Greek temple is its columnar system, including entablature, pediment, and roof. The wall is a subordinate feature, appearing in the perfected style entirely surrounded by columns. The temples were of fine white marble, and were not only enriched with the greatest sculptures of the world, but were also brilliantly decorated with color. We believe, with Professor Semper, who himself carefully examined the remains in Greece, that the temple was colored throughout, the surface of the marble being first prepared with a coating like lime-putty. The walls were probably covered with fresco pictures, while the columnar or roof system was treated in such a manner as to heighten the effect of its exquisite proportions and outline.

Here let us pause for a moment, to compare the artistic developments of Persia and Greece, — the Eastern and the Western culminations of ancient architecture. The despotism received from others, and brought to perfection a lovely ancient style. The republic inherited from Asia, learned from Egypt, and wrought out for itself the most noble architecture of the world.

It is not a pleasant task to vindicate what we wish only to study and admire. As, however, there has been a loud rattling among the whitened bones of our architecture against the

warm colors of vigorous Grecian life, — modern prejudice even refusing to admit the clearest evidence of polychromatic decoration, — we would say a few words in defence of the Greek usage in this particular. To the objection urged, that it was wrong to cover up the costly marble, we reply, that the object of the Greeks was not to show the excellence of their material. Having made sure that the stone was suitable and precious, their next thought was to ren ler it beautiful. To those who contend that an harmoniously colored exterior is not beautiful, we would suggest that they are condemning that of which they have probably no experimental knowledge.

We would not, however, quarrel with the disposition to question even Greek artistic usages. Let us, in our architectural barbarism, have at least the grace of honesty, and not pretend to admire what we do not really feel. No deference to authority will help us. Only through humble, unprejudiced, and patient study can our architecture gain light and life. Our motto should be, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

ART. IV. — *Discourse on the Life and Virtues of the Rev. Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, late Pastor of St. Michael's Church, Loretto. Delivered on the Occasion of the Removal of his Remains to the new and splendid Monument erected to his Memory by a Grateful Flock.* By the Very Rev. THOMAS HEYDEN. Published at the earnest request of the Monumental Committee. Printed for the Monumental Committee at Loretto, Pa. 1848.

THE Church of Rome, in claiming the title of Catholic, has not neglected to assert a right to it, by sending propagandists of her faith to every quarter of the habitable earth. Whenever the discoverer or conqueror opens up new and unexplored regions, there appear almost simultaneously with him her zealous missionaries. Neither the scorching sun of India, the everlasting ice of the pole, the jealousy of Oriental gov-

ernments, nor the savage human soil of America and Africa, has deterred them from planting the banner of the cross. The names of Xavier, Loyola, Vincent de Paul, and Ralle are familiar to our ear as household words, while that standing at the head of this article will be recognized by few readers, save as one distinguished in European politics and wars. Yet the heir of the noble house of Gallitzin, like another St. Aloysius, forsook courts, wealth, and honor, at the call of the despised Nazarene, and for forty-one years labored and suffered on the bleak summits of the Alleghany Mountains, dropping the titles of a Russian prince, to become an humble pioneer and pastor to a few sheep in this Western wilderness.

The Russian house of Gallitzin is of Asiatic origin, and maintained a high rank among the barbarous hordes which the founder of the present imperial dynasty succeeded in amalgamating into a great nation. A powerful family, priding themselves upon their ancient rank, they have held important places under the different sovereigns who have successively wielded the sceptre of the North. Their vast estates are situated principally in the department of Moscow, and cover about the same number of square miles that the State of Pennsylvania contains. In the year 1768, the head of this house, Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin, was sent by the Empress Catharine as Ambassador to the Court of Holland. On his way thither he stopped at Berlin, to visit the royal family of Prussia. There was at that court, in attendance upon the wife of Prince Ferdinand,* a very beautiful young lady, the daughter of Count de Schmettau. Those familiar with the history of Frederick's reign will recognize in De Schmettau the brave field-marshal who, with a Prussian garrison of 12,000 men, held the city of Dresden, in 1758, against the king of Saxony and the Empire, and who, on the approach of Marshal Daun and the army of Maria Theresa, burnt the suburbs of that city, — an act deemed at the time one of merciless severity, but which saved the town and the Prussian garrison.†

* Brother of Frederick the Great.

† Two of his sons were distinguished officers in the Prussian service. One of them, General de Schmettau, fell in the battle of Jena.

The Russian ambassador sought and won the hand of the fair maid of honor, and the Countess Amalia de Schmettau became the Princess Gallitzin, and proceeded with her husband to the Hague, where, on the 22d of December, 1770, Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, the subject of this article, was born.

Connected as were the parents of the unconscious infant with two of the most powerful courts of the age, and residing as the accredited minister of one of them at a third, there were doubtless great rejoicings over the birth of an heir to the ancient name and immense estates of De Gallitzin. As he lay in his cradle of state, decorated with the insignia of hereditary military rank, how would the ambitious and infidel father have received the tidings, had some prophetic hand drawn aside the veil, and shown him, in the future, his son, casting aside these vain earthly trappings, and "having on the breast-plate of righteousness, his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, — taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit," to fight against the pomps and vanities of the world, as a simple soldier of the cross?

The atheistical opinions held by the parents of this child render his life the more remarkable. His father, though nominally of the Greek Church, had been during fourteen years the Russian Ambassador at Paris. At that period the new school of philosophers were making converts to their views among the high and mighty of the French court and capital. It was not strange that an intimacy with Voltaire and Diderot should persuade a young and enthusiastic foreigner of the beauty of their systems. Voltaire, who flattered the Empress Catharine, by regretting that he was not born a Russian, did not hesitate to make her envoy the theme of his praises, for the scientific zeal he manifested in collecting curiosities and antiques, with which he intended to enrich the museum of Zarskoi Zelo. His refined taste and liberal principles made him the firm friend and constant correspondent of the leading infidel philosophers during their several lives. The Princess Gallitzin, although educated a Romanist, and in her early childhood strictly observant of religious duties,

was placed under the influence of an infidel teacher, who attempted to eradicate all traces of these youthful convictions: her beauty of person, and the admiration she everywhere excited, had a baleful effect upon her heart; and she herself was accustomed to relate, that, when only nine years old, in passing from the confessional through the church, she heard some one exclaim, "My God, what an angel!" and that thenceforward vanity became her ruling passion. Shortly after her marriage, she accompanied her husband to Paris, where she was introduced to his literary friends. Diderot endeavored to win her over to his own atheistical opinions; but, though she was more than indifferent to the subject of religion, her naturally strong mind discovered the fallacy of his reasonings, and she would often puzzle the philosopher with the simple interrogative, "Why?" Though she did not adopt entirely the system of the French school, yet constant association with its choice spirits, and the reading of their works, destroyed all traces of her former faith.

With such parents, one an avowed atheist, and the other scarcely better, the son was carefully educated in ignorance of religion. He was surrounded by teachers belonging to the prevailing school of philosophy. His father prohibited any priest or minister from having access to his son, and manifested the strongest determination and solicitude to have this order strictly obeyed. Of course all books of religious tendency were also excluded. The Princess managed her two children upon the principles of Rousseau, and thus, while advancing in all worldly learning and accomplishments, they were deprived of the sweet influences of heavenly wisdom.

In 1783, the Princess and her children established themselves at Munster, in Westphalia, on account of the great learning of the teachers in that city, and they at length made it their home, while the diplomatic duties of Prince Gallitzin, and his passion for travelling, caused him to be only an occasional resident there. Soon after their retirement thither, the Princess being attacked by an alarming illness, which threatened to prove fatal, the good and learned Fürstenberg sent his own confessor to converse with her on the subject of religion. This priest, Bernard Overberg, frequently visited

her to carry the consolations of his faith as to a dying woman; but she persisted in saying that she did not fear death, and the priest could only prevail on her to promise, that, in case she recovered, she would devote herself earnestly and sincerely to the study of Christianity. She eventually regained her health, and was faithful to her promise. During three years she gave herself to study, and sought instruction from Fürstenberg and Overberg, both distinguished in Germany for their labors in the cause of education. In 1786, the light of truth broke in upon her mind, and she accepted the faith as held by the Romish Church. On the feast of St. Augustine, for whom she conceived a special devotion, she made her first communion. She spent the remainder of her life in Munster, "in prayer, in resistance to her own will, and in regrets for her past life." While she was thus devoted to the religion she had adopted, her literary tastes drew around her some of the most distinguished men of the age. Hemsterhuis, Hamann, Jacobi, and Goethe were among her intimate friends. This princess was the Diotima to whom Hemsterhuis, under the name of Dioklas, addressed his work on Atheism, and it was through a correspondence with her that Count Stolberg, author of a History of Christianity, was converted to the Romish faith. The conversion of the mother produced a profound impression upon the son; he who had been educated in the gloom of unbelief began to have glimpses of light. He accidentally picked up in a bookstore a copy of the Bible, which he purchased, and great was his satisfaction in the secret perusal of a volume so rich and wonderful. In 1787, at the age of seventeen, he became a convert in full, and took the name of Augustine at the time of his confirmation.* Prince Gallitzin was annoyed by the change

* The conversion of the Princess Amalia and that of her son had an influence upon other members of the Gallitzin family. Alexander Gallitzin, a cousin of the young prince, in 1814, at the age of fifteen, and while under the care of a Jesuit teacher, became a Romanist, which so enraged his uncle, then Minister of Worship to the Emperor, that the Society of Jesus was immediately banished from Russia. Another aunt of young Alexander became a convert, and her daughter, Elizabeth Gallitzin, having abjured the Greek religion, was one of the founders of the Order of the Sacred Heart at Paris. In 1840, this lady came to the United States, where she founded four houses of her order, and died at New Orleans, of yellow-fever, three years afterward.

he witnessed in the sentiments of his wife and child; but his ambitious views for his son were not yet altered. He had given him an education befitting his rank and expectations, and one that particularly qualified him for a military life.* At the age of twenty-two, he appears to have been learned in all that was required to form an elegant and accomplished gentleman of the last century, and he was about proceeding to Vienna, to assume his duties as colonel in a regiment of the Austrian Imperial Guards. He had received the appointment of aide-de-camp to General Von Lilien, then commanding the army in Brabant, at the commencement of the campaign against revolutionary France. But in March, 1792, Leopold, Emperor of Germany, died, — as his friends supposed, of poison administered by an agent of the secret order of Illuminati, — and the king of Sweden was assassinated by Anckarström. These two catastrophes struck terror into the royal and noble families of Europe, who, after the horrible events of the French Revolution, might be pardoned the suspicion that the Jacobins were entering in disguise the service of their enemies, to play more conveniently the part of assassins. In consequence of these events, strict orders were issued by the Austrian and Prussian governments, disqualifying all foreigners from holding military commissions. Therefore, young Gallitzin was excluded. Russia not then taking any part in the war against France, no occasion appeared for him to pursue the profession of arms. As was customary with persons of his age and rank, a few years of foreign travel were required to complete the cycle of accomplishments. But Europe was convulsed with war, and the state of the whole continent prevented his parents from exposing him to the dangers incident upon the grand tour. At that period the patriotism of Washington, and the learning of Franklin, had turned the eyes of the Old World towards the New; and Prince Gallitzin, that his son might not be deprived of that necessary adjunct of a liberal education, the observation of

* Instances of his agility in athletic exercises are still related by the hardy mountaineers, and many remember seeing him stand by the side of a horse, put his hand on his withers, and spring over him, and then, changing hands, immediately repeat the operation.

foreign manners and customs, proposed that he should travel two years in North and South America.

When the young traveller parted with the Prince of Orange, his early friend, with the fervent feelings of youth, in view of the multiform dangers which threatened them, they vowed to each other eternal friendship. It was stipulated, that, in the event of either being in peril or difficulty, the other would make all possible efforts for his safety and protection, — a promise well remembered, and faithfully kept by the Prince in after years, when be became king of Holland. Demetrius Gallitzin was accompanied to this country by a travelling tutor, a young and zealous German missionary. This priest appears to have taken advantage of his situation, during the voyage, to turn the heart of his charge towards the life of a devotee. The young and enthusiastic mind of his pupil was influenced by the example of St. Francis Xavier, frequently presented for his admiration, accompanied with that most appropriate lesson for the dignitaries of the earth: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

In company with his tutor, he reached the United States in the autumn of 1792. Here let us pause for a moment to contemplate this young man, possessed of all the advantages of elegant and profound learning, his manners polished and refined by a residence at the most voluptuous European courts, with a form commanding and dignified, a face handsome and expressive, and a charm of address and powers of conversation to which none were insensible. Add to all these personal gifts high titles and immense wealth, and we seem to see one upon whom fortune has lavished every favor, leaving nothing for the heart to desire. Yet in his ears the Master said: "One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me." Unlike the rich man of the Gospel, he obeyed the summons. He believed himself called to the ecclesiastical state, and the contemplation of the toils and privations of that vocation, and the remembrance of the friends and home he was forsaking, had no power to prevent him from enlisting under the banner of the world's Redeemer.

He accordingly applied, soon after landing in Baltimore, for admission into the Theological Seminary, then recently founded there by the Sulpicians, and entered upon his duties, November 5th, 1792. After taking this step, he wrote to a friend in Germany, begging him to dispose his mother to look favorably towards this change in his prospects, adding that he had sacrified himself with all he possessed to the service of God and the salvation of his brethren in America, where the harvest was so great and the laborers so few. The Princess was quite unprepared for the accounts thus received of her son's choice, and wrote to the Superiors of the Seminary, to express her doubts and fears respecting his vocation; but she received for answer the assurance of the Abbé Nagot and the Bishop, that they had never presented at the altar a candidate for holy orders about whose devotion they felt so certain. He therefore received ordination from the hands of Bishop Carroll, on the 18th of March, 1795, and was the second Romish priest ordained in the United States, and the first who received all the orders in this country.

So charmed was he with the religious atmosphere of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, that he desired to spend there the remainder of his days, and he actually became a member of the Order. The Bishop, however, soon found it necessary to detail the young priest upon missionary duties, in which he proved himself so efficient, that he was kept constantly thus employed. These duties appearing to Father Gallitzin incompatible with those of a Sulpician, he ceased to consider himself one. The first mission assigned him was at Conewago, where there already existed a flourishing congregation. This was one of the only three Romish places of worship in the interior of Pennsylvania. These had been founded by a legacy from a British Romanist, Sir John James. His will was contested by his relatives; but the secret of the trusts invested in the French funds was preserved by the priests, and the sum of a hundred pounds sterling was annually devoted to the American mission in Pennsylvania. From Conewago, Father Gallitzin went to different towns and stations in the three States of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, including Taneytown, Pipe Creek, Hagerstown, Cumberland,

Martinsburg, Chambersburg, Winchester, Path and Shade Valleys, Huntingdon, and that vast and then unexplored region, the Alleghany Mountains. His labors over this extended missionary field were arduous in the extreme; for he never spared himself or shunned any sacrifice when there offered the opportunity of gathering a single soul into the fold of his church. Experience, however, soon convinced him that he must select some portion of this great vineyard for special cultivation, some point where he could form a colony, to serve as a fulcrum for the Archimedean lever of his operations. He accordingly, with true apostolic devotion, chose the bleak and uncultivated region of the Alleghanies, in Pennsylvania, just then beginning to attract the attention of settlers. In 1799 he selected for his permanent residence one of the highest sites on the western side of the mountains, about two hundred and fifty miles from Philadelphia. Here he built with logs from the forest a rude church, twenty-five feet by thirty, which was sufficiently large to accommodate the ten or twelve Romanist families scattered over the mountains. With one solitary exception, there was previously neither priest, church, nor religious establishment of that faith, from Lake Erie to Conewago, from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, and one may judge of the labors and privations Father Gallitzin must have endured in travelling through this wilderness to carry the consolations of religion to the widely remote stations where some few of his communion resided. During these long missionary excursions, the bare floor was frequently his bed, the saddle his pillow, and the coarsest food his fare.

In founding a colony on the site he had chosen, it was necessary for him to purchase large tracts of land, and subdivide them into small farms, in order to induce emigrants to flock thither. Selling these allotments at the nominal price of four dollars an acre, but oftener giving them away, he erected grist-mills, saw-mills, and other facilities of subsistence which were not then to be found in that region, whose settlers had been wont to travel thirty or forty miles to grind their bread-stuffs, and to procure the necessaries of life. He contracted a very large debt, relying upon his patrimony for the means of pay-

ing it. The town thus founded he named Loretto, in honor of the Virgin Mary, whose humble house, believed by the faithful to have been transported from Palestine to that city of the Adriatic, is saluted by the returning sailor with the sweet hymn, "Ave, maris stella."

In March, 1803, while the young missionary of the Alleghanies was busily carrying out his benevolent plans, his father died at Brunswick, still clinging to his atheistical notions, and embittering the existence of his wife, by reproaching her with the loss of their only son, who had exchanged the soft raiment of kings' palaces for the girdle of camel's hair and the locusts and wild honey of the wilderness.

The news of Prince Gallitzin's death reached his son, accompanied by the urgent solicitation of his mother and friends that he would sail immediately for Russia, with the proper evidences of his identity, and claim the family estates as the legal heir and successor. They held before him the immense benefit which the possession of such wealth would enable him to confer upon his needy colony. The Princess wrote to the Abbé Nagot and Bishop Carroll, urging the same arguments, upon which they advised his return.

But Father Gallitzin felt that, if he went home, it would be like turning back after putting his hand to the plough, and he stated to the Bishop that he had "caused a great number of Catholic families to settle in a wild and uncultivated region, where they formed a parish of considerable size; that the legislature had proposed to establish there a county seat, and that numbers still continued to flock thither." As the Bishop was not able to send any other priest to take his place, he was convinced that the shepherd should remain with his flock. The zealous missionary wrote to his mother, that, whatever he might gain by the voyage in a temporal point of view, could not, in his estimation, be compared with the loss of a single soul that might be occasioned by his absence. At the earnest entreaty of his mother, he appointed Baron de Fürstenberg, prime minister and vicar-general to the Elector of Cologne, and the Imperial Counts Frederick Leopold de Stolberg and Clemens Augustus Mervelt, his agents for the

recovery of his lawful patrimony, and in 1808 he received the following report from them regarding it.

"The question concerning your claim and that of the Princess, your sister, to your father's property in Russia, is so determined by the Senate at St. Petersburg, that you, dearest Prince, in consequence of having embraced the Catholic faith and clerical profession, cannot be admitted to the possessions of your deceased father, and therefore your sister, the Princess, is to be considered sole heiress to the said estate, and is to be put in possession of the same. The Council of State has given the same decision, and the Emperor has sanctioned it, so that the sentence has now received the force of law. The Princess, your sister, has, by the laws of Russia, perfect control over the income, but cannot give the property away, or dispose of it by will. However, she is at liberty to sell it, and dispose of the moneys arising from the sale. You see, then, dearest Prince, that you are only nominally excluded. Your dear and respected mother often thought it possible, and even probable, that the decision would fall out the way it did, and was wont to say, 'It is immaterial whether the sentence in Russia be pronounced in favor of both my children, or only of my daughter; my son can lose nothing by it.' Even in Russia, the business is considered in the same light. We therefore congratulate you on the happy issue of this matter, without regarding the killing letter of the law, as in this case the spirit of justice and love makes up the loss to you."

The Princess Anna Maria de Gallitzin, whom the Russian courts had declared sole heiress of her father, to the exclusion of her brother on account of his religious faith, engaged to divide equally with him the revenue of the estates during her life, and at her death to leave him all. These promises, made in good faith, were subsequently rendered null and void by her marriage with the needy German Prince von Salm. Principally through the influence of her brother's letters, she too had become a Romanist, and the most affectionate feeling existed between them. She had made her will, and apprised him that in it she had left him a large sum of money; but on her death-bed, and in the moment of mortal agony, a paper purporting to be her last will and testament carefully prepared was placed before her, and a strong hand guided hers until her name was affixed to this instrument, by which all her fortune was left to her husband, the Prince von Salm. After the death of his sister, Father Gallitzin was informed

of all the particulars of the fraudulent substitution of a new will, and offers were made him to use his name and contest it at law. As clear proof of the facts could be had, there was no doubt that the last will would be declared illegal; but he declined to make any stir in the matter, saying that an investigation must injure some one, and he could suffer wrong and hardship, but would inflict none. By the death of the Princess von Salm, the Russian estates, not having been sold, passed to the next male relative, and were inherited by a cousin, — that Prince Gallitzin who, as aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, entered Paris with the allied armies at the downfall of Napoleon.

When an acquaintance of Father Gallitzin inquired of him if the difference between the Greek and the Roman Church was so great as to be impassable, hinting that by such a change his estates would be restored to him, he replied, smilingly: "I deem the difference quite sufficient to keep me where I am. In view of the Russian courts, I am legally dead. My cousin is the lawful heir; I have reason to believe him an excellent man; but never having been in Russia, I do not know him personally. He manifests much regard and kindness towards me, as I learn from the Russian Ambassador at Washington."

The Princess Gallitzin died in 1806, before the decision of the Russian courts was made known. By her will she left the large and valuable collection of Greek and Roman antiquities made by her husband, and which had become her property, to be sold, and the proceeds applied by the Abbé Overberg to found religious institutions for the poor, and for other charitable objects. The Abbé decided that the colony of the Reverend Prince de Gallitzin, on the Alleghanies, met the design of the will, and the proceeds of the sale, twenty thousand dollars, were paid to Prince von Salm, to be forwarded to his brother-in-law in America; but only half that amount was sent over, the urgent wants of the German prince absorbing the balance.

Father Gallitzin had been encouraged to hope that he should receive a large share of his patrimony, and, depending upon remittances from home, he had incurred debts for his

beloved people. His ardent desire was to rear up a great Catholic settlement around the summits of the Alleghany Mountains, and for this end, undismayed and undaunted by difficulties and embarrassments that would have overpowered a weaker mind, he patiently toiled and waited. It is estimated that he expended upon these objects about seven hundred and fifty thousand francs, or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. No portion of this was spent for his own pleasure or comfort, as his personal habits were peculiarly plain and simple. His food generally consisted of coarse bread and garden vegetables, his clothing was of the plainest and roughest homespun, and his house was a rude log-cabin, whose door was always hospitably open to the poor and the stranger. To complete his self-abnegation, he dropped the noble name of De Gallitzin, and passed among his people as plain Mr. Smith, which he chose as sounding somewhat like his mother's name of Schmettau, and as a perfectly safe disguise to shield him from the inquiries which even in that remote corner of the earth pursued the princely missionary. His name was entered on the State records as Demetrius Augustin Smith, when he appeared in court to defend the guardianship of a child intrusted to his care, and on a writ of ejectment for certain lands.

At the time when his labors were much embarrassed for want of the promised remittances from Europe, the Prince of Orange, now by the pacification of Europe become the king of Holland, instructed his ambassador at Washington to seek out the residence of his early friend. Inquiries were set on foot, and after some difficulty the Prince de Gallitzin was discovered in the humble Father Smith of Loretto. The king manifested the most friendly disposition towards his friend, and offered to do for him anything in his power; but all pecuniary aid was declined. The king, however, hearing of his need, authorized the envoy to say that he had still in his possession certain jewelry belonging to Gallitzin, a gold watch-chain, snuff-box, and rings left in his keeping when the young traveller departed for this country, for which he directed his minister to pay the sum of two thousand dollars. "I knew well enough," said Father Gallitzin, when re-

lating the circumstance, "that it was done through friendship, as it was far more than the value of the articles. He thought I was poor, and his delicacy found this mode of approaching me. I could not refuse to receive it, for our boyish vows of friendship and every consideration that could move me were invoked." The promises of kings and princes are proverbially made to be broken; but this deserves to be recorded as a remarkable instance of faithfulness, still more singular when we remember the king of Holland as the defender of Protestantism on the continent of Europe, and the Russian prince as the propagandist of the Roman Catholic dogmas in America.

At the time of Father Gallitzin's urgent need of money, he accepted a loan of five thousand dollars from the Russian ambassador at Washington, for which he gave his bond, expecting to be able to return it speedily, but being disappointed in receiving remittances, he hastened to the capital to seek an interview with the ambassador, who invited the missionary to dine with him, and asked Henry Clay, then recently returned from the court of Holland, and other distinguished guests, to meet him. After dinner, when cigars and a candle were placed on the table, Father Gallitzin, who sat near his host, saw him carefully rolling up a paper for an allumette, and involuntarily following his hand as it approached the candle, discovered his own name, and recognized in the burning paper the bond for five thousand dollars. Embracing the first opportunity, he spoke to the ambassador upon the subject, who declared the matter entirely settled, and would hear no more about it. As a pendant to these anecdotes of high life, we will add another drawn from humbler walks. When the laborers on the Pennsylvania Canal, then in progress, heard that the home of Father Smith was to be sold by the sheriff, they raised the money and paid the debt.

In 1837, Father Gallitzin, writing to a friend in Europe, who urged him to return and make another effort for the recovery of his estates, says:—

"I am afraid my journey to Europe must be deferred *ad Græcas Kalendas*. Being in my sixty-seventh year, burdened moreover with the remnant of my debts, reduced from eighteen thousand to about two

thousand five hundred, I had better spend my few remaining years, if any, in trying to pay off that balance, and preparing for a longer journey."

He considered that a retirement from his post would be construed into a desertion of his beloved flock, and would appear like a desire to shun the pecuniary responsibility he had incurred. Like the Israelites under Moses, his people often murmured, and said, "Ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger."

In enumerating the labors of Father Gallitzin in his bleak mountain home, we must not neglect to mention that he found time to write several religious books, which have become celebrated both in Europe and America. They have been compared by competent judges to the Exposition of Faith by the immortal Bossuet. The occasion which called forth these works was a fast-day sermon preached by a Presbyterian minister of the neighboring town of Huntingdon. This discourse was said to be a recast of one delivered about the time of Braddock's campaign, by William Smith, D. D., an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia, and proprietor of the town of Huntingdon. In that something was said of "our Papist and heathen neighbors," referring to the French and Indians who then held Fort Duquesne and the borders of Pennsylvania. The reproduction of this old sermon appears to have been a circumstance peculiarly unfortunate, as the Democratic wing of the congregation took offence at some remarks against President Madison's administration, and seceded, while Father Gallitzin, in behalf of the "Papist and heathen neighbors," demanded an explanation and retraction. The controversy was for a time carried on in the local newspapers; but at length the Presbyterian minister published a pamphlet against Father Gallitzin and his religion. In reply Father Gallitzin issued a book entitled "A Defence of Catholic Principles." It was circulated freely among Protestants, and universally considered by far the abler work of the two. The humility which led him to say, in one of his prefaces, that he was glad that the same God who had made an ass speak had enabled his ignorance to say something in favor of the Catholic cause, induced him to think that it was not the graces of

diction and vigor of style which made his work admired, but a leaning towards the faith therein defended. He therefore published two other volumes, severally called "A Letter to a Protestant Friend," and "An Appeal to the Protestant Public." Both of these bear the marks of learning and refinement, joined with great earnestness of purpose and sincere faith in the doctrines set forth. They were extensively read by the class to whom they were addressed, and, with the knowledge of the heroic devotion of the writer to the cause he advocated, it does not seem strange that they should have been instrumental in turning many Protestants to a faith which had borne such fruits. We must believe that it was the lifelong example of the author, and not the principles set forth, which produced the effect.

Though retired from the world, Father Gallitzin took a lively interest in the public affairs of his adopted country. During the war of 1812, nearly all the members of his congregation capable of bearing arms sought the scene of conflict. One recreant among their number deserted his post, and, on his return home, called upon his pastor, who refused the proffered hand, and, assuming a proud and stately attitude befitting the born prince, — the spirit of the soldier rising above the habit of the priest, — sternly rebuked the deserter with the biting sentence: "Leave my presence; I never shake hands with a coward."

Father Gallitzin, though severe to himself, was kind and benevolent to all others, — charitable even to a fault. If what he gave was misapplied by the receiver, he would say, "I gave it not to him; I gave it to God." The winter before his death was particularly severe. Snow fell to an unusual depth, so that not only the poor, but many in comfortable circumstances, became short of fuel. Hearing of the distress on this account, Father Gallitzin sent word for all who were in need to come to him, and his scanty stock was made common property. In connection with this we may mention that he never permitted the introduction of stoves into the church. In the coldest days of a mountain winter, on one of the bleakest summits of the Alleghany range, he officiated without any other warmth than his own zeal; yet

neither he, nor any one of his congregation, was ever heard to complain of the cold. He was also much opposed to the use of ornaments in the sacred edifice; and, during his lifetime, pews and seats were unknown there, but all knelt or stood during the entire service.

The following account of Father Gallitzin as a preacher is given by a Protestant gentleman, who was personally acquainted with this remarkable man.

"In turning to the audience, after the services of the altar, he presented the appearance of a man in the decline of life, yet not in the least enfeebled by age or disease. Though far from robust, his appearance was still vigorous and elastic. It will be borne in mind that this was within a year of his death, when he was nearly seventy years of age. He commenced his remarks in a simple and conversational style, in remarkably pure English, and in the most familiar terms that could be selected to convey his ideas. As he progressed, though you could notice no change in his voice or his manner, yet your interest in the speaker and in his theme deepened with every sentence. His remarks thrust themselves home to every bosom; and it seemed as if every member of that vast congregation felt himself individuated, and addressed in matters concerning himself more nearly than any other person. Once or twice in the course of his remarks, he was truly eloquent. Then his form would incline slightly forward, his face become flushed, and his eye light up with an almost unearthly brightness. But this would be only momentary, and so far from being studied, it seemed to be against his better judgment; and at the end of a sentence or two the conversational style was resumed. His sermon (if it could be called by that name) occupied less than thirty minutes in its delivery."

Father Gallitzin's health was always delicate, and the unremitting labors of Passion Week appear to have occasioned the illness which terminated in his death. A life so holy was perfected and glorified in its close. Trusting alone in the merits of a crucified Saviour, he sank quietly to his rest. Self-exiled from his native land, far from the home and tomb of his noble kindred, this missionary of the cross died where for forty-one long years he had lived and toiled and suffered. Directly in front of the church is the monument erected to his memory, where his mortal remains repose. The traveller, as he stands on this elevated point of land, looks down upon

the wide expanse of country over which the feet of this man of God so often trod to visit his widely scattered flock, through drifting snow or summer's scorching heat. Commencing with only twelve families, he left six thousand souls to mourn his departure. The memorial which they erected to their beloved pastor is a handsome stone cenotaph, approached by a flight of broad steps. But its solidity and beauty are impaired by the large wooden coffin and cross, colored in imitation of stone, which crown the pile. On two sides slabs of white marble are inserted (already cracked by the severity of the cold). One of these bears the following inscription: —

"Sacrum memoriæ Dem. A. e Principibus Gallitzin Nat. XXII. Dec. A. D. 1770, in sacerdotium erectus, et sacro ministerio per tot, annos perfunctus, fide, zelo, caritate insignis. Hic obiit die VI. Maiæ, A. D. MDCCCXL. R. I. P."

On the other slab are cut these words: —

"Sacred to the memory of Demetrius A. Gallitzin, of the noble Russian family of that name; born at the Hague Dec. 22d, 1770; died here May 6th, 1840. He was pastor of this congregation one and forty years. A loving flock, reaping the fruits of his all-sacrificing zeal, erected this monument as a tribute of respect to his virtues, and a memorial of their gratitude, A. D. 1847."

In person Father Gallitzin was about five feet eleven inches in height, and well proportioned. His face was handsome, manly, with a marked expression of firmness and courage. He who once saw the peculiar expression of his lustrous eye could never forget it. Singularly affable and gentle in his manners, he yet inspired all who approached him with respect. He seldom mentioned his antecedents, save to intimate friends, and nothing annoyed him more than to be spoken of as anything beyond plain Father Smith, the pastor of the Alleghanies. He was several times offered a bishopric, and the see of Pittsburg was pressed upon his acceptance; but as he had resigned all temporal power and preferment, so did he shrink from receiving spiritual honors, wishing for nothing beyond the care of the humble colony he had planted in the wilderness.

It seems a little singular that no extended memoir has been

written of a man who has made so decided a mark upon the region where he dwelt. Though he was universally spoken of with praise, by persons of every rank and sect, yet the eulogy whose title stands at the head of this article, and a few slight notices in magazines and newspapers, are the only published records vouchsafed by a Church generally too ready to canonize new saints, in honor of this ardent confessor and convert to her faith. The writer of these pages has had much difficulty in collecting from different sources, and arranging connectedly, even this brief sketch of his truly apostolic life and virtues. The name of Gallitzin, so honorably borne and humbly renounced by one who united the seemingly incongruous titles of Prince, Priest, and Pioneer, has been given to a village at the western terminus of the tunnel which connects, through the great barrier of Nature, the East with the West. Emerging from among the foundations of the everlasting hills, the traveller on the Pennsylvania Railroad, as the light of day once more greets his eyes, will hear the conductor's call of Gallitzin, and know that on the summit of the mountain, through whose bosom he has just passed, lived, unknown to fame, one born and educated in the enervating atmosphere of courts, but who gave up his earthly inheritance to lead a life of toil amid these rude forests, hoping for an eternal reward in that crown of glory which fadeth not away.

ART. V. — *Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. 12mo. pp. 528.

THIS is a book of decided mark, rich in thought, bold in diction, and in aim and purpose true and earnest. It treats the highest and most sacred of subjects with the reverence of a genuine disciple, kindling his heart at the altar of the living God, and schooling his thoughts by the discipline of patient study. It has, throughout, the vividness and glowing inspiration of genius. Its style is fresh and racy; sometimes,

perhaps, too redundant of rhetorical figure for philosophical discussion. This may have little force with careful thinkers; but it contributes much to effect on that numerous class of minds with which rhetoric is more powerful than logic. It is therefore well that the esteemed author did not give his thoughts to the world in a dry and scholastic style, but in a manner so eminently adapted to the popular mind. This is the more important, for the reason that many of those who ought to be benefited by the book have been led astray by exciting appeals to sentiment and imagination, and have become incapable of appreciating an argument unless it is introduced to them through the same channels. But while this style of writing upon such subjects has its advantages, it has also its disadvantages, and must not be allowed to displace the more exact and logical discussion, through which cautious thinkers are enabled to see the truth in its own beauty, like pearls at the bottom of calm, crystal waters.

With this general notice of the work before us, we proceed to the examination of some of its principal points and arguments.

Christianity teaches that the universe includes a realm of spiritual beings, God himself and all his rational creatures made in his image; and that what is commonly called *nature* is in their service. Each of these systems is governed by laws adapted to its constitution and needs. In accordance with this view the author says: —

"Exactly this we expect to show; viz., that God has, in fact, erected another and higher system, that of spiritual being and government, for which nature exists; a system not under the law of cause and effect, but ruled and marshalled under other kinds of laws and able continually to act upon, or vary the action of the processes of nature." — p. 38.

The first and most express denial of this is found in *atheism*. The creed thus designated knows no higher divinity than nature and its laws, which it supposes to be uncreated, necessary, eternal. It is the old Sadducean doctrine, asserting that there is "neither angel nor spirit." It is *materialism*, in the strictest sense. If there be any religious element grafted upon it, the term to designate it would properly be

naturalistic religion. We must not confound this with *natural* religion; for the latter term is used to designate the religion taught by nature, which, so far as it goes, may be the same as that taught by revelation; while the former term is intended to deny all other existence, and thus to preclude all religion but that of mere nature.

The next denial is found in *pantheism*. This differs from atheism in supposing a sort of intelligent *nisus* in nature, in obedience to which the universe has eternally moved on, as now, by fixed and necessary laws. All is one and the same being; all is God. Such was the doctrine of Spinoza, in which he followed out and reduced to system the speculations of some ancient Chaldæan and Greek philosophers. Thus Lucan in the Pharsalia introduces Cato as saying:

> "Estne Dei sedes, nisi terra, et pontus, et aër,
> Et cœlum, et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
> Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris."

Xenophanes, Parmenides, Melissus, and others of that school, taught substantially the same doctrine, called, from its birthplace, the Eleatic philosophy. In modern times this doctrine has been somewhat modified, at least in terms. Some of the more absurd positions of the apostate Jew, refuted by Bayle, Clarke, Cudworth, and others, have been so accommodated to the speculations of the Hegelian philosophy, as to give it a rather decent and inviting face.

Pantheism is of two kinds, — *material*, or hylozoism, and *spiritual*, or psychozoism. The former denies the existence of spirit, and differs from atheism only in affirming that the phenomena of nature and life are not the result of a fortuitous concourse of atoms, but of eternal laws in nature itself. The latter affirms the existence of spirit, and sometimes virtually denies that of matter. Its distinctive point is that of making all spirit one and the same substance, — God, — of which are the spirit of man and all other spirits. It is this latter pantheism that finds itself so much at home in the Platonic and German philosophies. It creeps into some mystical sermons of a certain class of speculative and sentimental preachers, who are not perhaps themselves always aware what they are preaching. It is the philosophical basis of what may be

called rationalistic universalism, as distinguished from that which appeals to the Scriptures.

Now if the above views are correct, it will appear that, while the author before us has done excellent service, he has not exactly met the main points at issue, whether with the naturalistic, pantheistic, or absolute religion. He claims that man, like God, is a supernatural being, having power over nature as God has, only of a lower grade.

"Though there seems to be an immense difference in the grade of the results accomplished, it is only a difference which ought to appear, regarding the grade of the two agents by whom they are wrought. How different the power of two men, creatures though they be of the same order; a Newton, for example, a Watt, a Fulton; and some wild Patagonian or stunted Esquimaux. So, if there be angels, seraphim, thrones, dominions, all in ascending scales of endowment above one another, they will, of course, have powers supernatural, or capacities to act on the lines of causes in nature, that correspond with their natural quantity and degree. What wonder, then, is it, in the case of Jesus Christ, that he reveals a power over nature, appropriate to the scale of his being and the inherent supremacy of his divine person?" — p. 60.

We presume that the author maintains, with us, that the miracles of Christ were wrought by the power of God. Now, however man may operate *upon* matter, availing himself of its laws, he never *creates* it, not even the smallest particle. The distinction here between man and God is not in grade, but in kind. It does not appear that such kind of power as man has, however augmented, could originate matter. It is not of a kind to be relevant to that effect. Power is a property or attribute, and is always relative. Out of relation it is not power. Pantheism claims that, whatever feats may be performed *upon* matter, we know of no power, however augmented, which can *create* it; and it asserts the absence of all proof that such a power does or can exist. It hence infers that matter, if it exists at all, is self-existent and eternal. But if it has the prerogatives of self-existence and eternity, it holds a position which Christian theism gives only to God, and thus challenges the honors of his throne. We have, then, only to suppose it permeated with life and intelligence, working by inherent and necessary laws, and we have just what pantheism claims.

All is God. This differs little from the old notion of an *anima mundi;* and the famous couplet of Pope,

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul,"

becomes something quite other and more than fine poetry.

Nor does the author's argument gain anything upon the pantheist or the naturalist, by giving the name "powers" to God, angels, and men, in common. Strictly speaking, neither God nor man is a power, but a being who has power as one of his attributes. But the power of God and the power of man differ, as we have said, not only in degree, but in kind. God has creative power; but man has not creative power, even in the least degree. The power to create matter and the power to operate upon it are infinitely apart from and unlike each other. The one is human, the other divine. God has never intrusted the glory of creative power to another, — not even to the highest angel. "By him were all things created." If we descend from men to brutes, they too have powers as adequate to their purposes as human power is to its purpose. They have power to propagate, rear, and protect their species, and to do all they were made to do. Descending from them to vegetables, these too have their appropriate powers. There is power in the herb and in the oak, power in the waterfall and in the diamond. Man is as powerful for the end for which he exists, as God is for that for which he exists; and the horse or the waterfall is as powerful for its purpose as man is for his. The horse has more power to draw than man has, but not to think; the waterfall has power to turn a wheel, but none to reason. The power of a waterfall may just as soon solve a mathematical problem, as the power of man may create a particle of matter. Suppose the power of the waterfall infinitely increased; it comes no nearer to solving the problem. Suppose the power of man infinitely increased; it comes no nearer to creating matter.

Nothing is gained, then, by departing from the current nomenclature. Except in poetic use, the term "powers" indicates neither beings nor things, but one of their properties. We have been accustomed to call God, angels, and men, ra-

tional beings, and all else irrational or inanimate nature. The former are in philosophy *persons;* the latter, *things.* Neither are powers, but all are powerful in their way. The creation of matter implies a power, therefore, transcending all analogies and all comprehension. We can no more comprehend how matter is created, than we can create it. This pantheism claims; and this we fully admit.

Nor does the geological argument refute the pantheist. Let us see. The argument is, that there was a time when a certain creature — say the mastodon — was not upon the earth, and then afterwards the mastodon was upon the earth; that there was a time when man was not, and then a time when man was; — that successive creations have thus taken place. These facts are recorded in the rocks that cannot lie, and reported by unerring science. It is claimed that they demonstrate a supernatural power. But we must remember that none of these are original creations of matter. They exhibit new modes and combinations of it, with corresponding activities; but how does it appear that, in the sweep of everlasting ages, they may not have come in the natural progress of necessary and eternal laws? How do we know but that the formative power in question is *in* nature, and not *above* it? The former is all that the pantheist claims. Nature is then his God. But it is argued that man has a spirit, which effects changes upon matter, and that God does the same, in an infinitely higher degree. Unfortunately for the argument, science reveals to us no operation of the spirit of man, except in its connection with matter; and the question at issue is, whether what we call life and spirit are properties of matter, eternally inherent in it, so that nature itself has the power to produce the successive species of creatures, or whether the power resides in a purely spiritual being, apart from matter. In the former case we have pantheism; in the latter, a personal God. The geological argument certainly proves the existence of a power very unlike that of man, and in some respects vastly more wonderful. Man has power to *propagate* his species, but here is a power that *originates* a species. Now it is admitted that the power of man to propagate his species is in nature; and how is it certain that

the power which originates a species is not also in nature? We have not, it is true, witnessed the latter phenomenon; but this is no proof that it may not occur, at certain distant intervals, as the result of mere natural law. It should be remembered, however, that proof has never been furnished that this phenomenon ever did thus occur. Science has demonstrated the phenomenon as a fact, but of its cause it is wholly ignorant. As a question of pure science, therefore, the pantheist and the Christian theist are here both in the same predicament: neither knows anything about it, and it can be settled only by a higher appeal.

The question of miracles, as related to the views of Theodore Parker, has no necessary connection with either naturalism or pantheism; for he espouses neither of these. He claims allegiance to "*absolute* religion." It is at this point that he is at issue with Christianity; and it is precisely and only here that he is to be philosophically met. The speculations of Leibnitz, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, commencing with the theory of monads and pre-established harmony, passing through various ontological and empirical inquiries concerning reason and understanding, the universal and individual Ego, and the cognition of phenomena alone as distinguished from their causes, culminated in the virtual rejection of all objective testimony. It was the problem of the transcendental philosophy to harmonize the subjective and the objective, and this was finally done by merging the latter in the former. "Everything which is, is in essence like the reason, and is one with it." "Besides reason there is nothing, and in it is everything. Reason is the absolute." All objectivity is only an apocalypse of reason, and thus every man is a revelation to himself. No external evidence can reverse the previous decisions of the absolute and infallible reason. On this theory, involving some fundamental and primary truths with fundamental and primary errors, was based the absolute religion, — a religion of course depending in no wise upon word and miracle, testimony and teaching. Its motive force is sentiment. Æsthetics is joined to teleology, and the true and the beautiful, as cognized in the intuitions of reason, is the sole divinity. Such is the philosophy and such the

religion called absolute, which Mr. Parker has brought out so luminously, but not always accurately, in various forms.*

We do not, of course, propose to discuss this subject here, but will simply say, that, when the absolute religion is stripped of all accidents and thoroughly sifted, nothing of it remains but empty abstractions, if we except those essential principles of truth and right which Christianity admits. As we have said, Mr. Parker is not a naturalist; that implies the belief of something quite substantial, apart from the intuitions of reason. He is not a mystic, that is, a spiritualistic pantheist. He is an absolutist; and this, when carefully examined, indicates one who, under the inspiration of sentiment, relies upon the supposed absolute self-revelations of reason, to the exclusion of objective testimony. Reason is all in religion, as in philosophy. Hence Mr. Parker denies miracles, not because he is naturalistic, assuming that there is no power above nature, but because miracles, as he asserts, could be of no service in proving an absolute religion, too deeply implanted in the very constitution of the soul to require that kind of evidence. Indeed, he thinks that miracles would rather weaken than confirm it. The denial of miracles is a legitimate *sequitur* of his philosophy, and hence the philosophy furnishes the true point of attack.

We have a word to say, in this connection, respecting the following remark of our author upon vital chemistry: —

"The lives that construct and organize the bodies they inhabit, are the highest forms of nature, and are set in nature as types of a yet higher order of existence, viz. spirit, or free intelligence. They are immaterial, having neither weight nor dimensions of their own; and, what is yet closer to mind, they act by no dynamic force, or impulsion, but from themselves; coming down upon matter, as architects and chemists, to do their own will, as it were, upon the raw matter and the dead chemistry of the world." — p. 72.

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* See particularly, on this subject, Kant's Critique of the Pure Reason, of the Æsthetic Faculty of Judgment, and of Religion within the Bounds of Pure Reason, Fichte's Theory of Science (*Wissenschaftslehre*), Schelling's Essay on the World-Soul, and Hegel's Phenomenology of the Mind and Science of Logic, in connection with Parker's Sermons of Theism, Discourse of Religion, and Ten Sermons of Religion.

But life is not a being or thing by itself: it is a *property* of some being or thing. To speak of "*lives*" as immaterial, and coming down upon matter as architects and chemists to do their own will or to execute a "certain plastic instinct," is to use language that has no meaning, or to assert that there are living immaterial *creatures*, pure spirits, existing in nature as its "highest forms, which construct and organize the bodies they inhabit." This begs the very proposition which the naturalist denies, namely, that any such spirits do exist apart from matter. It is, however, one form of the spiritualistic pantheism, and is a figment of the old Platonic doctrine. But we have no idea that our author means to teach it. He undoubtedly believes, as much as we do, that the "lives" which pertain to vegetables and animals did not exist before the beings of which they are a property, but that God creates, or causes to be propagated, the various vegetables and animals *alive*. Life does not go before that to which it pertains, and cause it to be; the creature or thing is caused to be alive, and to be what it is, by a higher power.

The proof that there is an eternal and self-existent God, the Creator and Ruler of the universe, competent to the miraculous or supernatural attestations of his will claimed by Christianity, depends on no precarious argument. Whether we argue *a priori*, from the insight of reason, or *a posteriori*, from effect to cause, the demonstration is alike certain. No other view than that which recognizes such a God satisfies the demands of enlightened reason. Man the finite looks for the infinite, but does not find it, until he finds it in a God able to create as well as to govern material nature. Moreover, if God does not create matter, then God belongs to matter as much as matter to God. They are either one self-existent substance, or they are, as some ancient philosophers maintained, two self-existent substances, equally enthroned side by side in eternity. We are not, then, to worship God alone, as the enthroned Creator of all things; but to regard him as rivalled, displaced, occupying only half a throne. Spirit and matter are coequal. But when we contemplate God as both creating and controlling material nature with reference to a wise and benevolent end, the highest demand of

reason is satisfied. Such a God we may all see we need, to have the care of us, and to be the object of our enlightened and affectionate homage. If we argue *a posteriori*, from effect to cause, the proof is no less sure. We do not, indeed, comprehend the power that creates either a particle of matter or a finite spirit; it "passeth all understanding." No more do we comprehend the power which causes a new species to begin to exist, or which works a miracle of any kind; but we know that new species *have been* caused to exist, and we have unquestionable proof that miracles have been wrought.

But in admitting the evidence of a God, who is the Creator and Disposer of material nature, we do not need to suppose that in a whole past eternity he has existed alone, — a supposition at which some minds revolt. As he eternally had the power to create and to destroy at his pleasure, it is not for us to say that he has not eternally used it. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"; but this may refer to the beginning of the present economy. Whether other economies have come and gone, at the almighty fiat, in past eternal ages, we are not informed. All that Christian theism claims on this point is, that God is an infinite personal Spirit, the Creator of all, and the righteous Ruler of all in the interests of his great spiritual family. Here the finite spirit finds its Infinite Father; here the dependent soul finds its God. Man is a person, and can rationally love and worship only a personal being. This is the reason why feticism and all kinds of idolatry are so debasing. None but a being both personal and infinite could be the Father and Maker of man; none but such a being can man truly love and worship as God. The stream cannot rise above the fountain; the less cannot give existence to the greater. If man has the high and distinguishing rank of personality, his Maker and Father cannot have less. It is certain, from the constitution of the soul, that man was made to love and worship; but as the affections have beings, and not things, for their object, he cannot in justice to himself love and worship any other than a personal and infinite God, such as Christianity reveals.

Pantheism teaches that the universe is a system of *development*, made through and in accordance with eternal princi-

ples of intelligence. But development implies the existence already, in embryo, of that which is to be developed. Thus the boy at a certain age develops his molars, which existed in embryo in the jaw when it was formed. All creatures with which we are acquainted first exist in embryo; and the embryo is the product, not of development, but of creating or producing power. The embryo must first exist, or it cannot be developed, and it cannot exist without a cause. As one species is not developed into another, the first parents of any species must have been caused to exist by a power before and above them. And what can pantheism mean by "an eternal principle of intelligence" working in nature? A principle is a reason or rule by which a *being* works. It does not itself work. Neither is a principle intelligent; for intelligence is the property of a mind. The phrase in question has no meaning whatever, and it must be understood as a figurative mode of indicating an eternal BEING, endowed with intelligence.

No more can God be a perpetual *becoming*, as pantheism maintains, — a passing onward in everlasting succession of development. This is philosophically absurd. A material body may be alive or dead, and be the same body still. The same matter may continue to exist in the same form, or pass into other forms and live in other bodies. But not so a spirit or person. Unless it is a *living* spirit, it does not exist at all. The spirit of the brute, we suppose, is a mere animal spirit, and ceases to exist when the brute dies; but the spirit of man, we are taught, survives the body. It must be the same spirit still; its identity and personality are essential to its existence. It is not a *becoming*, when it leaves the body; it is still, as ever, the same personal *being*. Precisely this must be true of God, through all the mutations of nature. As the body of man, which he uses for a time, becomes old and worn, and he at last rejects it, but is himself the same personal spirit still, so material nature waxes old like a garment, and when God has served his purpose by it, he puts it away, but is himself eternally the same.

The doctrine of Christian theism is, therefore, strictly reasonable, while that of pantheism is philosophically absurd. Both

must admit facts for which we know of no cause in nature; the former, the creation of matter, for instance; the latter, the origin of the various species of creatures; but the former directs us to a cause above nature, an eternal and infinite God, able to create and to govern all; while the latter utterly fails to indicate any rational cause able to do either. In such a God as Christianity reveals, the Christian miracles, and all the other exhibitions of supernatural and divine power and wisdom, are abundantly provided for.

The nature and reasonableness of a system of moral agency are exceedingly well stated by our author: —

"Is it any impeachment of God, that he did not care to reign over an empire of stones? If he has deliberately chosen a kind of empire not to be ruled by force; if he has deliberately set his children beyond that kind of control, that they may be governed by truth, reason, love, want, fear, and the like, acting through their consent; if we find them able to act even against the will of God, as stones and vegetables cannot, — what more is necessary to vindicate his goodness, than to suggest that he has given them, possibly, a capacity to break allegiance, in order that there may be a meaning and a glory in allegiance, when they choose it?" — p. 96.

The author's entire course of remark on this point is as true and forcible in thought as it is beautiful and rich in illustration. But we are not so well pleased with his reasoning about the "condition privative," to account for man's sinning. When he had so clearly and forcibly said that man is a moral agent, he had said all that was justly required. Man was able to sin, simply because he was able to obey. As a matter of history, he actually has sinned; but his conduct in so doing is utterly inexcusable, and not to be accounted for by referring it to a condition privative. The author does not indeed say that his condition "produces, or makes necessary, but involves the certain lapse into evil." He says of a sinless person on probation: —

"He must of course be spontaneous to good, and can never fall from it until his spontaneity is interrupted by some reflective exercise of contrivance or deliberative judgment. But this will come to pass, without fail, in a very short time; because he is not only spontaneous to good, but is also a reflective and deliberative being. And then what shall become of his integrity?" — p. 111.

The subject is here embarrassed by a gratuitous assertion. How is it certain that "a being in a perfect form of harmony," and "spontaneous to good," will invariably, "by some reflective exercise of contrivance or deliberative judgment," fall from his integrity? The matter of fact rather is, that the first step in wrong is usually taken for the *want* of deliberative judgment. But the author says: —

"It is another condition privative, as regards the moral perfection of powers, that they require an empirical training, or course of government, to get them established in the absolute law of duty, and that this empirical training must probably have a certain adverse effect for a time, before it can mature its better results. . . . . .

"This process, or drill-practice, will require two economies or courses, the first of which will be always a failure, taken in itself, but will furnish, nevertheless, a necessary ground for the second, by which its effects will be converted into benefits; and then the result — a holy character — will be one, of course, that presupposes both." — pp. 117, 118.

But if there be holy angels, as the author supposes there are, we have no intimation that they were put upon "drill-practice," and fell from their integrity, and were afterwards reclaimed. On the contrary, we are taught that "the angels which kept not their first estate" are reserved for punishment; clearly indicating them as exceptions to the general rule. If some fell, others did not fall. By what authority, then, is it asserted that "the first economy of probation will be always a failure"? The speculation of Mr. Faber upon this and some other scriptures is too much like some of his interpretations of the prophecies to be entitled to serious respect. Any hypothesis to explain why men sin, which commits the whole universe of intelligent beings to certain sin and misery, as the way to holiness and bliss, is not to be seriously entertained. Besides, it removes no difficulty, but rather creates a new one; since just in the degree in which a "condition privative" accounts for sin, it apologizes for it. Sin is a transgression of the law, — wrong-doing; and it is absurd to suppose that doing wrong is the way to learn to do right. Whatever repentance and return to duty may follow, it is an immense loss to have ever sinned. The best of governments may have a bad community and a peniten-

tiary, but these comprise only a fraction of the people; and even if the earth be regarded and treated by God as a sort of penitentiary, we are not thence to infer that the vast majority of beings made in his image, throughout his boundless empire, have not been true and faithful to him from the beginning, and will not be so for ever.

The nature of the Devil has ever furnished a theme for curious speculation. Citing the Manichæan doctrine of two eternal principles, the one of good and the other of evil, our author considers the good principle as God, and the bad principle "as only a condition privative"; the one a "positive and real cause," the other "a bad possibility that environs God from eternity." He supposes that this "bad possibility becomes a bad actuality, an outbreaking evil or empire of evil in created spirits, according to their order"; and this is what he understands by Satan: —

"For Satan, or the devil, taken in the singular, is not the name of any particular person, neither is it a personation merely of temptation, or impersonal evil, as many insist; for there is really no such thing as impersonal evil in the sense of moral evil; but the name is a name that generalizes bad persons or spirits, with their bad thoughts and characters, many in one." — pp. 134, 135.

The notion of Davenport is referred to as authority upon this subject. Our author adds: —

"There is also a further reason for this general unifying of the bad powers in one, or under one conception, in the fact that evil, once beginning to exist, inevitably becomes organic, and constructs a kind of principate or kingdom opposite to God." — p. 135.

But evil is not a concrete term. It does not indicate a being, or a class of beings, which can become organic and constitute a kingdom. Sin is not an agent; the term indicates the quality of something done. We speak of sin, figuratively, as doing this or that; but we mean that some person or persons did it by sinning. It is only personal beings, acting wickedly, that can organize and construct a kingdom opposite to God. To say, as our author does, that "sin has it in its nature to organize, mount into the ascendant above God and truth, and reign in a kingdom opposite to God," is to use the language of bold rhetoric, and as such it

expresses an important truth; but as the language of philosophical accuracy it is simply not true. Setting all rhetoric aside, the truth is this: — There are intelligent spirits, personal beings, who are wicked and malicious, whom the Scriptures call devils, or there are not. If there are not, then the terms Devil, Satan, Adversary, and the like, are always to be understood figuratively, as indicating the bad principles and actions of men.

The author's discussion of the fact of sin is very able and conclusive, both in style and in argument. The subtile speculations of Dr. Strauss, and the less subtile and therefore less dangerous speculations of Mr. Parker, which make sin a mere "oscillation" in nature, he treats with just rebuke. In speaking of the anticipated consequences of sin, he admits that there had been wicked beings in existence, "fixed in a reprobate character by long courses of evil," before the human race began to be; and he supposes that "they had been visitors and travellers" in this world, so to speak, "during all the long geologic eras that preceded our coming; hovering, it may be, in the smoke and steam, or watching for congenial sounds and sights among the crashing masses and grinding layers, even before the huge monsters began to wallow in the ooze of the waters, or the giant birds to stalk along the hardening shores. What they did, in this or that geologic layer of the world, we of course know not. As little do we know in what numbers they appeared, or by what deeds of violence and wrong they disfigured the existing order." Here is imagination enough for either Milton or Dante himself. The author is accounting for the disorders of the pre-Adamite state. The problem of logicians has been to show why there were so many marks of sin and violence in the world during the geological ages, before man lived and sinned. This hint is thrown out to solve the riddle. It is certainly a bright and bold fancy, if no more. But the cited views of Professor Agassiz in regard to premeditation, and prophetic types among animals, in creation; and those of Professor Dana, respecting unity of plan in the successive formations; together with the light reflected by the researches of Hugh Miller upon the general subject, — are all quite to the purpose, and

very instructive. As God foresaw the wickedness of man, it was as much his wisdom to anticipate it in creation, as it is the wisdom of the statesman who plants a colony to anticipate crime by building a prison. And it would be only carrying out the great principle of unity, to have all the creatures that precede man fit types of the race they anticipate and herald into the world. In this view, while we cannot help smiling at the thought in the following passage, its truthfulness is anything but flattering to our vanity: —

"When the mammoth stalks abroad as the gigantic lord of the new creation, the serpent creeps out with him, on his belly, with his bag of poison hid under the roots of his feeble teeth, spinning out three or four hundred lengths of vertebræ, and having his four rudimental legs blanketed under his skin; a mean, abortive creature, whom the angry motherhood of nature would not go on to finish, but shook from her lap before the legs were done, muttering ominously, 'Cursed art thou for man's sake above all cattle; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat, all the days of thy life,' — powerful type of man, the poison of his sin, the degradation of his beauty under it; the possible abortion of his noble capacities and divine instincts!" — p. 208.

In arguing against those who disclaim all supernatural aid in restoration from sin, the author commits the common fault of ardent minds in overshooting his mark: —

"Do we then affirm, it will be asked, the absolute inability of a man to do and become what is right before God? That is the Christian doctrine, and there is none that is more obviously true." — p. 237.

The term "absolute," correctly used, excludes all ability whatever, whether natural or moral. Now observe how the author contradicts himself: —

"To will may be present, but how to perform, it may be difficult to find, — difficult, that is, when simply acting in and upon ourselves; never difficult, never possible to fail in doing, when acting before and toward a Divine Helper, trustfully appealed to. And this is the power of the will as regards our moral recovery. It may so offer itself and the subordinate capacities to God, that God shall have the whole man open to his dominion." — p. 240.

The author here admits that the will may so offer itself, or rather, as he means to say, that the *man* may so give himself to God, as to become what is right before him. His denial

and admission involve also a *husteron proteron*. As a matter of fact, an impenitent sinner does not thus submit himself to God, except as he is graciously inclined; not because he cannot, as the author admits, but because he will not; and the grace by which he becomes willing is the very grace of regeneration. All that takes place in him after this is the progressive work of sanctification or growth in the Christian life.

The entire chapter on the character of Jesus is excellent. Mr. Parker on this subject draws largely from Hennel and Strauss, but goes quite beyond them in imputing to Jesus imperfections, and even sins.* The character of Jesus has been the theme of many able writers. It is the most convincing and subduing of all testimonies, and that without which any other, even that of miracles, would be in vain. Dr. Channing, and since him Dr. Young, have portrayed it with singular felicity; but the present author has given to the picture some additional touches of a masterly pencil.

The chapter on miracles does not exhaust the subject, and is mainly designed to meet the question of their possibility and reasonableness. We understand by a miracle no violence to the laws of nature, but simply such extraordinary use of them, for certain benevolent and religious ends, as the God of nature and of grace may see best to make. We have, then, only to admit the existence of a personal God, such as Christianity reveals, to be convinced, not only of the possibility, but of the probability of such events.

"To create a scheme called nature, and retire to see it run, is itself a miracle, and we may just as well suppose that he continues to work, as that he so began. He has either never done anything, or else he may do something now. There is no way to escape the faith of miracles, and hold the faith of a personal God and Creator. It is only pantheism, or, what is not far different, atheism, that can rationally and consistently maintain the impossibility of miracles. Any religion too absolute to allow the faith of miracles, is a religion whose God never did anything, and is therefore no God." — p. 350.

There are two classes of persons who discard miracles; — *absolutists*, who claim that miracles are impotent to teach or

* See Parker's Discourse of Religion, p. 281 *et passim*.

enforce essential truth, which is seen in its own light by the intuitions of reason; and *pantheists* and *atheists*, who claim that there is no God but nature, that miracles are out of nature, and therefore out of God, and impossible. But when it is shown that there is a personal God, over and above all nature, who uses nature for his own ends, and may choose to reveal himself in special manifestations as the God of nature and of grace, for the furtherance of these ends, all such objections are seen at once to be futile.

To all that our author claims respecting the direct gracious manifestations of God to the souls of men, and to the sure witness within them of his presence and love, as in the case of illustrious men on both profane and sacred record, we fully assent; but we cannot go so far as he does in saying, "All that we know of God and divine things, we know by stretching upward and away from nature." We do certainly learn much of God directly in and through nature, apart from the Gospel and from all supernatural revelations. We cannot assign to natural theology so low a place as our author does, and as others of similar mental habits are now disposed to do. There will be a reaction from all this, and the invincible arguments of Paley and of Chalmers will be again deemed of impregnable validity and inestimable worth. Indeed, our author himself seems to be aware that his method, pursued by men of ardent temper, may lead to fanaticism and delusion. It certainly will, unless, while we thankfully receive the revelation made by the Gospel, we also receive that made by nature, and cautiously ascend in the exacting steps of inductive logic through nature to God. We must not set aside the one revelation to exalt the other; each is alike important in its place, and for its end. The assertion that nature reveals nothing but the phenomenal, and therefore nothing of God, originating in the speculations of some German philosophers, and culminating in Comte, will be seen and acknowledged to be unphilosophical and false. Nature itself is a phenomenon, or rather a great system of phenomena, as truly so as supernatural revelations; and just as we cognize a man by the phenomena which he creates, so we cognize God by the phenomena which he creates. Our

author seems to think that the world is again in need of miracles: —

"Let him now break forth in miracle and holy gifts, let it be seen that he is still the living God, in the midst of his dead people, and they will be quickened to a resurrection by the sight. Now they see that God can do something still, and has his liberty." — p. 453.

We should be sorry to see such a notion prevail. Any such manifestations, made or expected, would tend to fanatical delusions, and the labor once perfectly performed must then be gone over again, to "try the spirits whether they are of God." What is now needed is, not miracles to attest the truth, but the gracious influence of the Divine Spirit to induce all to obey it. Our author says: —

"Christianity, it is true, is, in some sense, a complete organization, a work done, that wants nothing added to finish it; but it does not follow that the canon of Scripture is closed; that is a naked and violent assumption, supported by no word of Scripture, and justified by no inference from the complete organization of the Gospel."— p. 447.

We trust it will be a long time before Christians generally will agree to this. The great struggle of Christianity has ever been not so much with naturalists as with those who misdirect or pervert their religious instincts, by looking for other and more convincing demonstrations, instead of obeying the truth already revealed. Our author, in pointing out the distinction between his own views and those of Mr. Parker, says: —

"Mr. Parker takes up the admission, so frequently and gratuitously made, that miracles and all supernatural gifts have been discontinued, and are now no longer credible, and presses the inference, that, being now incredible, they never were any less so." — pp. 500, 501.

But how could Mr. Parker hold that miracles have been *discontinued*, unless he also holds, with us, that they have formerly been wrought? What never was, cannot cease to be.

The facts which Dr. Bushnell introduces, having something of the marvellous air of modern miracles, are interesting and instructive for some purposes; but for establishing the doctrine of renewed miraculous manifestations, like those which sealed the truth of Christianity, they are irrelevant and with-

out effect. The argument for the Christian miracles, both from the character and teachings of Christ and from historic evidence, is conclusive without them; and if it were not so, such facts as these could not help it. We are thoroughly convinced and satisfied, so far as miracles can serve us; what we now want is only the willing and obedient mind, assured as we are, that, "when the world that ought to be repenting is taken up with staring, the sobriety of faith is lost in the gossip of credulity." But while thus earnestly repudiating all notions of modern miracles, in the Scriptural sense, we would with no less earnestness affirm, that larger and yet larger gifts of gracious divine influence are to be sought and realized; and we insert the following beautiful passage, as fully expressing our views on this point: —

"Such now are the kinds of religious exercises and demonstrations that are still extant, even in our own time, in certain walks of society. In that humbler stratum of life, where the conventionality and carnal judgments of the world have less power, there are characters blooming in the holiest type of Christian love and beauty, who talk and pray, and, as they think, operate apostolically, as if God were all to them that he ever was to the Church, in the days of her primitive grace. And it is much to know that, while the higher tiers of the wise and prudent are assuming so confidently the absolute discontinuance of all apostolic gifts, there are yet in every age great numbers of godly souls, and especially in the lower ranges of life, to whom the conventionalities of opinion are nothing, and the walk with God everything, who dare to claim an open state with him; to pray with the same expectation, and to speak of faith in the same manner, as if they had lived in the apostolic times. And they are not the noisy, violent class, who delight in the bodily exercises that profit little, mistaking the forms of passion for the revelations of God, but they are for the most part such as walk in silence and dwell in the shades of obscurity. And that man has lived to little purpose, who has not learned that what the great world pities, and its teachers disallow, even though mixed with tokens of weakness, is many times deepest in truth, and closest to the real sublimities of life and religion." — pp. 490, 491.

We have taken exceptions to some of the positions and reasonings of the book before us, not from a desire to criticise it, but to save the great truths it inculcates from being associated with or made to rest upon anything false or uncertain. Having

done this as impartially as we could, we would now say, earnestly, that we have seldom perused a book with so deep interest or so much profit, and that we advise all our readers to possess it, and to make themselves familiar with its lofty principles, and with the benign spirit that breathes everywhere from its pages.

ART. VI. — 1. ARISTOTLE'S *Politics*.

2. PLATO'S *Republic*.

3. *Opere di* GIOVANNI BATTISTA VICO, *ordinate ed illustrate da* GIUSEPPE FERRARI. Seconda Edizione. Milano. 1854. 6 vols. Vols. V., VI. *Scienza Nuova*.

4. *Il Principe, etc. di* NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI. Seconda Edizione. Firenze. 1857.

5. HERDER'S *Sämmtliche Werke*. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1853. 40 vols. Cotta'scher Verlag. Vols. XXVII.–XXX. *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit*.

6. FRIED. v. SCHLEGEL'S *Sämmtliche Werke*. Zweite Ausgabe. Wien. 1846. 15 vols. Vols. XIII., XIV. *Philosophie der Geschichte*.

7. HEGEL'S *Werke*. Vollständige Ausgabe durch einen Verein von Freunden des Verewigten. Berlin. 1837. 18 vols. Vol. IX. *Vorlesungen über die Philosophie der Geschichte*.

8. *Einleitung in die Geschichte des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Von G. G. GERVINUS. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann. 1853.

IT has been demonstrated, indirectly by Plato, directly by Vico, Herder, and others, that human affairs must be governed by unalterable laws. To discover that man's history is regulated by general principles, is to advance a step, but not to arrive at the goal. Beyond the demonstration that the development of humanity in time and space is according to fixed laws, there remains the need of discovering the laws themselves. It is not enough to know that laws *must be;* we still have to ascertain what they *are*.

Now, without stopping to examine the various systems of the philosophy of history which have been advanced in modern times, it is sufficient for our present purpose to characterize them as too subjective.* The laws of history are, for the most part, sought in the understanding, emotions, and passions of the individual. A complete analysis of the nature of Adam,

* Vico is entitled to great credit, as the first to announce to the world that history is a science which has its laws. The *Scienza Nuova* is a veritable monument of human genius. It matters not that the poor solitary Neapolitan wandered in the mazes of Roman jurisprudence, that he lost himself in the labyrinth of ancient mythology and philology; to him remains the glory of having seen, through the mists of Roman absolutism and Italian theology, the idea of an organic universal history, whose *legge eterne* he strove, not without some degree of success, to announce and demonstrate.

Herder was a poet and a preacher. He contradicts himself in calling his work "Ideas towards a *Philosophy* of History"; for he not only rejects philosophy, but proclaims his hatred of it. He goes on poetizing and preaching from the creation of the world down to the hour in which he writes, uttering sublime thoughts, and is almost always spiritual and eloquent; but he is continually erecting himself as an exclamation-point at the end of great periods of history, instead of giving us, in any sense of the words, a philosophic explanation. His book is one of the most interesting produced in modern times, but the *Ideen* do not take us, *philosophically*, one step beyond the *Scienza Nuova*.

Frederick Schlegel, who made his *début* in the literary world with an Anthology from Lessing's works, and ended his career by admiring Alva and Philip II., and proclaiming Calderon a greater poet than Shakespeare, has written a so-called Philosophy of History, the principles of which are the prominent dogmas of the Romish theology. Bossuet's *Discours* is far more eloquent, much loftier in tone of thought, and, as an historical exposition of the Augustinian doctrine of the Divine sovereignty, has a deeper philosophic interest; while it exhibits a power of historical generalization incomparably superior.

Hegel, the ablest thinker of Germany, and the most consistent of men, has applied the principles of his philosophy to an interpretation of universal history. We have not space to make an exposition of his system. The *logos* of Nature, of the Soul, of Right, of Art, etc., is, with him, also the *logos* of History. "Der einzige Gedanke," he says, "der die Philosophie mitbringt, ist aber der einfache Gedanke, dass die Vernunft die Welt beherrsche, dass es also auch in der Weltgeschichte vernünftig gegangen sey."

Fichte, who doubted his own philosophy so little that he was willing to stake the salvation of his soul upon its truth, although it left him in doubt of his own existence, did not hesitate to apply his principles to history. With thoroughgoing subjectivity, he declared that we find nothing in history except what we bring to it. "Wir werden in der ganzen Weltgeschichte nie Etwas finden, was wir nicht selbst erst hineinlegten."

Thus each philosopher, all the way down to Mr. Lewes, applies his principles to the interpretation of history. What we now especially need is a *deduction* of laws from facts. An *induction* of systems, to which facts are made to bend, has ceased to be of utility.

it is sometimes supposed, would give us all the principles of the world's history. Such a view is partial, therefore false. Without individual thoughts, emotions, passions, there would be no history; yet these are not history. Without oak and iron there would be no ships; yet oak and iron are not ships. What should we say of a naval architect who sought the best method of ship-building by investigating the elementary nature of iron, and subjecting acorns to chemical analysis? Such, however, has been the process of many who have elaborated philosophies of history. Our race is an organic whole. The principles of its history must be sought, not merely in the nature of the individual, but also in the action of society. The organic growth, or development, of the race is slow, yet regular. Every faculty of man points to a social, as well as individual existence. Each man is a unit, and, at the same time, a part of a greater unit, of a whole. The essential laws of history, then, must be the laws of human relations. The world is a stage upon which is exhibited, not only individual, but also national life. Man worships, for example, and, as a worshipping being, is an object of interest, for the element of reverence is common to us all; but the religious history of the race would be summed up in those two words, unless each one as a worshipper existed in relations of help or hinderance with his fellow-men. We also exist in organic connection with the race by relations of time and space, as well as by community of activities. In order, therefore, to find a fertile principle of history, we must search in facts for their governing and vivifying laws.

Without pursuing this inquiry in the abstract, we here propose to take an ascertained law, and trace it rapidly through the history of every civilized nation. It will reveal a principle of the deepest interest, and from it may be deduced political lessons of the greatest importance.

The law which we propose to exemplify is this. At the beginning of a nation, in the nature of things, liberty is enjoyed by one man alone; as the nation progresses, liberty is usurped by the few; when the nation ripens, liberty becomes the possession of the many; when it decays, liberty passes from the many to the few, finally from the few to one again. This

law holds good, not only with individual nations, but with groups of nations, like the Grecian states in antiquity, and the kingdoms of modern Europe. It is also true, as far as we may judge, of the race.* This law has not been discovered by those who have devoted themselves to the philosophy of history, but by the two sharpest observers of men that the world has ever seen. Aristotle states it generally, not formally; that is, without definition and limitation. Machiavelli saw it, although not in its completeness, and made it the principle of his political action; — it affords the only key to his misunderstood character. We have no means of judging whether Machiavelli found the law in Aristotle. It has been re-stated by Professor G. G. Gervinus of Heidelberg, and by him applied to the interpretation of strictly modern history.†

The earliest rulers of Greece were patriarchal monarchs. The divinity that hedged them was the firm popular belief in their descent from the gods. They were at the same time priests, judges, and military chiefs. The liberty and power of the kings were limited only by the natural conditions of all rule. No constitutions, either written or traditional, recognized or guarded the rights of the people. But there, as everywhere, monarchs were unable to govern without the executive aid of others. Hence they appeared in the field and court surrounded by chiefs. In those chiefs we recognize the germ of a new force. Already in Homer we see the king limited in his power by turbulent nobles. Cavalry was of paramount

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* Hegel says that the East has never known any other political law than that of freedom for one; that in Greece and at Rome freedom was regarded as the privilege of the few; while the modern, essentially Teutonic idea is that all are free. "Der Orient wuste und weiss nur, dass *einer frei ist*, die Griechische und römische Welt, dass *einige frei seyen*, die germanische Welt weiss, dass *alle frei sind*."

† Hegel understood the law but imperfectly, as Gervinus himself said in his defence at Manheim, when arraigned by the government of Baden for the treason contained in his "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century." The following is Hegel's very faulty statement of it: "Die erste Form, die wir daher in der Weltgeschichte sehen, ist der *Despotismus*, die zweite ist die *Demokratie* und *Aristokratie*, die dritte ist die *Monarchie*."

Gervinus himself applies the law only in a general way, and often wanders in tracing the connection of events. He lacks what M. Guizot is pre-eminently a master of, — historical concatenation.

importance in the earliest warfare of Greece; none but nobles could afford a horse; hence the influence of the knights gradually increased, and authority glided slowly away from the monarch. At length, in all the Grecian states, kings were superseded, really or virtually, by aristocracies; — liberty passed from the one to the few.

Aristocracy, like every other evil, contains within itself the seeds of its own death. Rivalry of families, the enervating influence of luxury, the equipoise of fixed social position, easy honor inherited without invigorating toil, the graceful monotony of an aimless life, — these, and a thousand other things, corrupt, weaken, and finally destroy it. In Greece, as elsewhere, aristocracies were unanimous only in disregarding the rights of those below themselves. Under their insolent rule the people began to regret the patriarchal kings, and were ready to assist any one who proposed to bring back the good old times. The first indication that liberty must pass from the few to the many, was a popular longing for the restoration of monarchy. The commons desired a ruler to secure for themselves the rights which they began to understand. But aristocracies never give up their power without a long struggle.

It is easy for a few nobles to unite their strength in order to usurp the monarch's power, but the people always find it difficult to act in concert. The commonalty in Greece first obtained some advantage, when it appeared that heavy-armed foot-soldiers were more than a match for cavalry. Thenceforward the nobility were of less importance. The services of the lower order were required in the navy, and each one began to feel his own consideration as an individual member of the state. The people, in order to obtain their newly discovered rights, needed a leader, and found him only outside of their own rank. The ambitious seized upon such an opportunity for their personal aggrandizement. Hence tyrannies, which were only temporary, and marked the prolonged transition from aristocracy to democracy. The nobles sometimes concurred in the election of a despot, to further their own interest, or to crush the people; they sometimes, to reconcile their own dissensions, chose a dictator, who retained the reins of

government for a season; sometimes a crafty demagogue seized the citadel, or obtained by stratagem a body-guard, and thus reached the supreme power by a *coup d'état;* and sometimes the ancient king, with hereditary right, made himself the people's champion, and broke the power of the aristocracy.

The Grecian people had no previous example of a democracy before their eyes. Hence they needed the tyrants as educators, no less than as leaders against aristocracies. Without them the people could not have grown to a full consciousness of their rights, the primary condition of democracy, nor could they have overthrown the oppressive oligarchies. As a public benefactor and political teacher, Peisistratus may be taken as a favorable example. While the aristocratic parties of the coast, the plains, and the highlands, were contending with one another, he espoused the popular cause to gain his own ends, and, after a few serious mishaps, made himself master of the Athenian state. Although he supported his power by mercenary troops, he endeavored to please and benefit the people. He wisely administered existing laws; he sent the needy and the idle into the country to cultivate the soil; he embellished Athens with public buildings, fountains, and gardens; he encouraged literature in various ways; he was the first in Greece to collect a library, which he made free to all; and to him the world is indebted for the whole written text of Homer. Peisistratus did more for the Grecian people than all the aristocracies combined had ever done. He felt that to the people he owed, indirectly at least, his power, and he was under obligation in some way to reward them.

Tyranny in Greece, marking the transition from aristocracy to democracy, lasted about two hundred years (B. C. 700–500). Then followed a period of liberty, during which there was a wonderful development of the human mind. And in those states where man was freest, his energy and genius produced the choicest fruits.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon the downward transition from democracy to oligarchy, from oligarchy to the imperial usurpation of all rights. Not long after the destruction of Grecian liberty by the monarchs of Macedon, Rome planted

her foot of iron upon the native land of freedom and the home of art; and another great people was verifying, with some modifications of time, place, and circumstance, the same law of history.

Although the early kings of Rome were elected in the Comitia Curiata of the people, their power was supreme. Like the first kings of Greece, they were priests and judges, as well as military leaders. As they alone possessed the right to take the auspices, and as, without the approbation of the gods expressed by the auspices, no public business could be transacted, they stood as absolute mediators between heaven and the people. With the *inauguratio* and the *imperium* was conferred upon them supreme priestly, judicial, and military authority. From them there was no appeal.* They were not dependent upon the people for support, and they had, it is probable, the appointment of all magistrates. They had the distribution of all booty taken in war. By their call alone could the Senate and the Comitia of the Curiæ assemble, and only matters proposed by them could be discussed.

In Rome, the patricians, the aristocracy, were spared a long contest with the kingly power, by the suicidal insolence of the last king, and the timely energy of Brutus. All the prerogatives of the crown passed into the hands of the nobles, after the banishment of Lucius Tarquinius Superbus. Although he obtained the kingdom by murder, yet the patricians had assisted him, because he was ready to abolish all the rights conferred upon the people by his predecessor. The aristocracy commenced their reign, then, with supreme power in their own hands. All offices, civil and religious, were confined to them. The poor plebeians, although of the same stock with the patricians, had to fight and bleed for Rome, without any rights in common with their lords. When Tarquinius Priscus had thought partially to enfranchise the *plebs*, by dividing them into three tribes, he was frustrated in his benevolent plans by the augur, Attus Navius, a tool of the aristocracy. Servius Tullius gave a regular organization to the commonalty, by

* Niebuhr, however, thinks otherwise. See Rubino, *Untersuchungen über Römische Verfassung*, passim.

dividing them into tribes, with tribunes at their heads. He divided the whole population into five classes, according to wealth, for taxation and military service, so that the heavier burdens might fall upon the richer. A sort of national assembly, called *comitiatus maximus*, was formed of the whole body of the people; yet the votes were so distributed that the wealthier classes, to which the patricians belonged, decided each question before it reached the poorer. But, as we have said, even this commencement of liberty was overthrown by Rome's last king, and the aristocracy began their rule without any popular checks to their power. It is true that the plebeians, on the establishment of the so-called Republic, regained in form the shadowy liberty of which they had been deprived by Tarquinius Superbus, yet they were in reality mere *clients*, and wholly without a voice in the state.

Then began in Rome the long and glorious struggle between the people and an oppressive oligarchy. The plebeians contended for equal rights and equal liberty; the patricians, for exclusive mastery and exclusive privileges. The plebeians obtained in succession a law to prevent patricians from taking usurious interest; the appointment of tribunes for their protection; the appointment of plebeian ædiles; the right to summon before their own Comitia Tributa those who violated the privileges of their order; the power to make decrees, which became binding upon the whole nation, B.C. 449; the establishment of the *connubium* with patricians; admission to the quæstorship, which opened the way to the Senate; after a long and severe struggle, a rogation for the substitution of decemvirs for duumvirs, — half patricians, half plebeians, — to keep the Sibylline books; restoration of the consulship, on the condition that one consul should always be of their own order; the right to occupy part of the *ager publicus;* the censorship, prætorship, and finally the offices of pontifex and augur. The long struggle of the commons of Rome for liberty and for equal political rights was always conducted with temperance and heroic dignity. The opposition of the aristocracy was bitter and unscrupulous. When the plebeians gained a point, the patricians used every means, fair or foul, to render it nugatory. The last secession of the people was simply to obtain the execution

of laws already enacted. A full reconciliation of the two orders was effected by the dictator Hortensius, and a struggle, which forms for the enlightened publicist the most interesting chapter of the world's history, from that moment politically ceased.

"Rome," says a writer in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, "internally strengthened and united, entered upon the happiest period of her history. How completely the old distinction was now forgotten, is evident from the fact that henceforth both consuls were frequently plebeians. The government of Rome had thus gradually changed from an oppressive oligarchy into a moderate democracy, in which each party had its proper influence and the power of checking the other, if it should venture to assume more than it could legally claim. It was this constitution, the work of many generations, that excited the admiration of the great statesman Polybius."

We have traced our law of history from kings, through aristocracy, to democracy, at Rome, and the task has been altogether pleasing; but now the reversed process presents itself, and casts a shadow of doubt and sadness upon the soul. The law which we are exemplifying predicts that oligarchy will succeed democracy, and will itself be followed by despotism. The Nobiles at Rome were the descendants of those plebeians who had obtained access to curule magistracies. The "Known" (Nobiles) had no peculiar privileges that were not enjoyed by the Ignobiles (the "Unknown"); but they were bound together by name, by a common instinct of exclusiveness, and by mutual interest, and they soon contrived to keep in their own order (Nobilitas) the principal offices of the state. We need not trace the history of this struggle. Rome at length was governed by a new oligarchy. Finally we have Cæsar, an emperor, liberty lost, long decay, the political world lying in chaotic darkness, the shadow of death, and the dawn of a new era over the grave of man's freedom and hopes.

In the kingdoms of modern Europe we do not find a perfectly regular historic development. One nation has interfered with another. In fact, the states of modern times form a group, like the states of ancient Greece, and we must look for the manifestation of an historic law in the combined action of them all. The new era properly begins with the downfall

of the Western Empire. It is, therefore, not necessary to dwell upon the political condition of the barbarians in Central and Northern Europe, previously to the time of Charlemagne. With him modern history commences. Again, as in early Greece, as in early Rome, we see liberty confined to one man. But we shall soon see feudal aristocracies springing up all over Europe, and disputing his power with the monarch. In the Grecian states, with a single exception, oligarchies succeeded the kings in form as well as reality. On the other hand, in modern Europe, we shall see the kings, although reduced to dependence upon the feudal lords, with a single exception, everywhere retaining their thrones. We shall then see them, like the Grecian tyrants, lending themselves as leaders to the feudally oppressed people, to break the power of the aristocracies. Out of such a union of people and sovereign against the oppressive power of the nobles has sprung modern absolutism. Already the tyrant has prolonged his rule beyond the natural period of its necessity, and modern nations, conscious of their rights, are watching for a favorable opportunity to take the reins of government into their own hands.

The society of modern Europe is not old. It has scarcely arrived at the period of maturity. The natural cycle of historical development is not more than half fulfilled. The modern epoch of monarchy has passed away; aristocracy has flourished, and has been broken; absolutism has already united and taught the nations; democracy has prospectively shown itself, here and there, in Italy, in the Netherlands, in Switzerland, in England, in France, and is now placing its fulcrum in the United States, in order to overturn the world. An era of liberty is at hand, — it may begin to-morrow or a hundred years hence, — when the regenerated nations of Europe shall take America by the hand, and plant free institutions over the grave of despotism.

But we are anticipating. Let us rapidly trace our historical law, in its more or less complete manifestations, through the modern states. If we must indulge in hopeful prophecy, our predictions should be the necessary consequences of solid facts.

We naturally turn to Italy, after having followed the course

of political events in ancient Rome. Metternich has contemptuously said that the fair peninsula,

> "Che Appennin parte
> E circonda la mane e l' Alpe,"

is only a geographical expression. It is doubtless the sole meaning that Italy has for her despoilers, who forget her varied history, her great schools of art, her rich literature, and the beautiful language which she has preserved through all vicissitudes of national fortune. In other countries of Europe the invasions of barbarians at length ceased; in Italy they still continue. The Transalpine nations still sing: —

> "Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn,
> Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn?
> Dahin! dahin!"

In Italy, then, we must look for a double historical development; — one development local; the other, general, and in connection with that of European nations. As every one knows, the first rulers were conquering barbarians. But we see aristocracy very early gaining a foothold, and limiting the power of the foreign monarchs. Already, in the time of the Longobards, there were established thirty principalities, under local rulers bearing the title of duke, count, or baron, which gradually became hereditary. The cities of Southern Italy had their own dukes, and at the close of the seventh century Venice elected her first Doge. In the middle of the eighth century, the pontiffs of Rome assumed the language and power of sovereigns. When Charlemagne succeeded the Lombard kings, he left the dukes in their dignities, which, if the oath of allegiance that he required them to take remained unbroken, were allowed to descend to their heirs. Towards the close of the ninth century, the nobles were so powerful that they attempted to elect an Italian king, and would doubtless have succeeded had they not quarrelled among themselves, and had they not been opposed by the Popes. Through the dissensions of the aristocracy Italy was given over to plunder, and again became an easy prey to a Northern conqueror. Otho "annexed" the peninsula to his German dominions, and made a grant of the best lands to his own nobles. At the same time, he conferred great privileges on the Italian cities, and thus laid the foundation

of local republics. Although the long contest between Rome and the Empire, by giving rise to the contending parties of Guelfs and Ghibelines, had greatly weakened Italy, nevertheless Frederick Barbarossa in vain crossed the Alps again and again, and was finally obliged to confirm, by the treaty of Constance, the municipal privileges of the Lombard cities.

Italy was then, for a period, nearly covered with republics. Each important city became the seat of a local, and generally democratic government. The law of history which we are discussing manifested its working in all of the Italian states, just so far as their development was independent of powers foreign to themselves. At Amalfi, the government became by degrees popular, under the administration of a duke, and the city, occupying a most charming location, was for a long time the chosen seat of commerce in Southern Italy. Naples was a republic for four hundred years, and defended herself against the Saracens and the neighboring duchy of Benevento. Gaeta was also a republic, governed, like Amalfi and Naples, by an elective duke, or Doge. The three republics were cut short in their development by the conquering Normans. Benevento, the first established Lombard duchy, the antagonist of the Southern Italian republics, clung to aristocracy, and also fell a prey to conquerors. The states farther north passed through a larger arc in the circle of historical development, ere they were swept away by the tide of invasion. The free city of Perugia struggled with the papal power and that of the nobles, and, following the downward course from democracy to despotism, was finally subdued by Braccio da Montona, one of her own sons. Bologna obtained from Charles V. acknowledgment of her independence, and a charter granting to her inhabitants the choice of consuls, judges, and other magistrates. She fell a prey to family feuds, and thus democracy ended in oligarchy. Arezzo, the birthplace of every kind of genius, arrived at freedom, and was swallowed up by Florence. The same is true of Volterra. In Sienna we find almost a complete development, — monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, aristocracy again, then, before the last link in the chain was added, destruction by a rival state. Early in the twelfth century the Siennese threw off the yoke of Matilda. The nobles

soon gave way before the power of the people, and were banished. After the battle of Monte Aperto, celebrated by Dante, many of the exiled nobles returned, and some of them became traders. Thus was formed a new burgher aristocracy, composed of the rich citizens, which undermined popular liberty. The free city, after having bowed her neck to the yoke of Pandolfo Petrucci and other tyrants, became a victim of the Medici, who stripped her of every remnant of freedom, and made her a slave. In Lucca and Pisa we trace the same order of events.

Florence affords a complete example of historical development. She began in monarchy and ended in despotism, passing through the intermediate stages of oligarchy and democracy. Her aristocracy was the most turbulent in Italy, cherishing in its bosom faction within faction, and showing from time to time the double elective affinities of compound parties. The fickle democracy was thus a long time saved from becoming the prey of oligarchy, and the Florentine republic is one of the glories of Italian history. The same course of political events shows itself at Genoa. At the commencement of the tenth century she declared her independence. Consuls were elected, and the people took part in the administration. As elsewhere in the Italian republics, contentions arose among the aristocratic families. One foreign master after another was called in to settle the disputes of oligarchic factions. The constitution of Doria saved the city from foreign rule for two hundred and seventy years; but the spirit of discord only slumbered. New masters were sought, each one of whom might have said, with Louis XI., "The Genoese give themselves to me, and I give them to the Devil." In all the prominent cities of the Lombard League, — Milan, Brescia, Verona, Padua, Mantua, Piacenza, Modena, Pavia, Vicenza, and others, — we find the same order of political facts, and the same end of liberty. Not only city contended against city, but Guelfs and Ghibelines divided each city against itself. Civil war did its worst, and everywhere democracy ended in domestic tyranny.

Venice was in no way politically connected with the rest of Italy. Her first Doge, or duke, was chosen about the close of

the seventh century; and such was his power, that he might rather be called an elective monarch than the chief magistrate of a republic. The grand council of four hundred and eighty, chosen in 1173, laid the foundation of an oppressive oligarchy, which ceased to exist only with the state itself. When the people conspired against the usurpation of the aristocracy, then was chosen, for the punishment of treason, the famous Council of Ten, which endured for five hundred years. The sword cut both ways, — patricians as well as people felt the power of such an irresponsible police. The poor old Doge, Marino Falieri, had a beautiful young wife, and, with or without cause, becoming jealous of some of the Venetian "bloods," conspired with the people against the aristocracy. Hence the three Inquisitors of State, whose names were known only to the Council of Ten. Such a despotism the modern world has not elsewhere seen. The Venetian democracy, gloriously foretold in 1848–49, is a thing of the future.

Rome, like Venice, has remained the prey of an aristocracy. It is true that Cola di Rienzi was chosen tribune of the people, but in less than a year he gave way before the power of the nobles.*

The political development of Italy must not, however, be confounded with that of the small states into which she was divided. Democracy was local, not general. At the same time with the municipal republics, feudalism existed throughout the peninsula. In the plains, near the cities, the nobles joined their fortunes with those of the citizens, but the mountains were everywhere studded with the castles of knights, who, for the most part, maintained their allegiance to the foreign Emperors. In the middle of the fourteenth century, when famine and plague had swept away more than half the population of Italy, the *condottieri*, mostly Germans, plundered the country from end to end. In no European nation

* An incident, related by Nicolini, beautifully shows how the people of Rome are still influenced by traditions of former greatness and liberty. "In the time of our short republic, we were once moved to tears by seeing some Trasteverini throw off their hats, and spontaneously, without being told or taught, go and kiss these magical and once respected letters, S. P. A. R."

It was during the revolution of 1848–49. Every day one may hear, at Rome, the Trasteverini singing, in mournful tone, *Roma non e tanto bella che prima.*

has feudalism struck so deep a root as in Italy, nor flourished so long. The old nobility was strengthened by the new, — the descendants of popular magistrates, who broke the power of the mediæval republics. In fact, aristocracy was the leading political influence of Italy, considered in her unity, from the reign of Charlemagne till the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

During the forty-four years of peace that preceded the invasion of the French in 1792, feudalism was first effectually broken in Italy, by the rulers themselves. The Emperor Joseph II. abolished many feudal institutions, checked the clergy, and favored learning in that portion of the peninsula which he governed. The Grand Duke Leopold gave to Tuscany the code that bears his name; and Charles III. and his son Ferdinand, in Naples, adopted reforms which nearly abolished feudal rights and jurisdictions. Even in ecclesiastical Rome, the minor branches of administration were reformed, and the Jesuits banished. The despots, like the tyrants in Greece, were overthrowing the long-standing aristocracy, and preparing the way for freedom. Napoleonism in the peninsula has awakened Italy to a consciousness of her rights and her unity. The despots, it is true, have returned, and are ruling with an iron hand, but the state of passive rebellion in a people, which requires such a rule, is very clearly indicative of the future.

Thus Italy, although exhibiting here and there minor and subordinate political developments, more perfect in form, has just arrived at the dawn of a national democracy, having passed from the early monarchical government, through a long and turbulent period of aristocracy, to the gloomy despotism whose darkness is made visible by the first faint light of a new day of liberty. Whether the democracy of Italy shall assume the type of that of England, or that of America, she is destined to realize her unity and her freedom.

Although the history of Germany is very complicated in its details, nevertheless we find in the development of the Germanic people a striking and simple illustration of our great law of history. The condition of monarchy is fulfilled under Charlemagne. With him properly began the Holy Roman Empire, although this name was not given to it until after-

ward. The imperial dignity descended to the family of Charlemagne as a right until 888. Then, with the election of the Emperors, commenced the long reign of aristocracy. We find very early in Germanic history lay and ecclesiastical chiefs,—princes, dukes, counts, margraves, landgraves, barons, archbishops, bishops, and abbots,—who laid the foundation of small sovereign states. The Emperor was at first chosen by all the princes, but during the interregnum from 1197 to 1272 the arch-princes, the *Kurfürsten*, assumed the exclusive right, and, by uniting among themselves in the election of Charles IV., in 1347, secured the power. The aristocracy of Germany made the crown of the empire dependent upon itself, while it was dependent upon the crown for nothing. It is true that the individual members of the aristocracy were restrained by the rules of their unity, by the conditions of their existence as a body; but the body itself was the true sovereign of the land. Such an oligarchy of *local* monarchs destroyed all vital unity in the Germanic people, and made the first nation in Europe, as an empire, the weakest. While the oligarchy of *Kurfürsten* ruled the general state, each prince at home was checked by the petty castellated lords, who hunted, quarrelled, pillaged, levied black-mail, drank, blasphemed, kept citizens in continual fear for property and life, and thus rendered social order an impossibility. These minor nobles held their fiefs directly from the Emperor. For this reason, the local sovereigns, who stood in the relation of an oligarchy to the empire, were locally greatly limited in their power by the free knights and barons. "From the princes and prelates, possessed of extensive territories, down to the free knights and barons, whose domains consisted of a castle and a few acres of mountain and forest ground, each was a petty monarch upon his own property, independent of all control but the remote supremacy of the Emperor."*

Feudalism in Germany reached its culminating point in the fifteenth century. The characteristic weakness of every aristocracy — internal discord — led the way to its destruction. Among the privileges conferred upon the German

* Sir Walter Scott, Preface to his translation of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*.

barons by their constitutions was that of private warfare. The evils attending these private wars or feuds, as the empire advanced in civilization, became fearfully conspicuous: —

"Each petty knight was by law entitled to make war upon his neighbors, without any further ceremony than three days' previous defiance by a written form called *Fehdbrief*. Even the Golden Bull, which remedied so many evils in the Germanic body, left this dangerous privilege in full vigor. In time, the residence of every free baron became a fortress, from which, as his passions or avarice dictated, sallied a band of marauders to back his quarrel, or to collect an extorted revenue from the merchants who presumed to pass through his domain. At length whole bands of these freebooting nobles used to league together for the purpose of mutual defence against their more powerful neighbors, as likewise for that of predatory excursions against the princes, free towns, and ecclesiastic states of the empire, whose wealth tempted the needy barons to exercise against them their privilege of waging private war. These confederacies were distinguished by various titles expressive of their object: we find among them the Brotherhood of the Mace, the Knights of the Bloody Sleeve, &c., &c. If one of the brotherhood was attacked, the rest marched without delay to his assistance; and thus, though individually weak, the petty feudatories maintained their ground against the more powerful members of the empire. Their independence and privileges were recognized and secured to them by many edicts; and though hated and occasionally oppressed by the princes and ecclesiastic authorities, to whom in return they were a scourge and a pest, they continued to maintain tenaciously the good old privilege (as they termed it) of *Faustrecht*, which they had inherited from their fathers."

The first direct blow to feudalism in Germany was struck by the Emperor Maximilian. By the memorable edict of August 7th, 1495, the right of private war was abrogated. Othello's occupation was gone. The ban of the empire, a sentence at once secular and spiritual, an anathema containing the doom of outlawry and excommunication, to be enforced by the Imperial Chamber then instituted, was the terrible penalty of any infraction of the edict. The barons were conquered, and the spirit of feudalism was broken.

It must here be remarked, that the aristocracy in Germany, as elsewhere in Europe, was ecclesiastical as well as secular. The people had to measure not only arms against the tem-

poral power, but also their intelligence against that of the spiritual power. In this respect the states of modern Europe differ from those of ancient Greece. While various orders of feudal nobility gradually usurped the monarch's authority and privileges, the papal power was limited by councils, cardinals, bishops, and the heads of various monastic orders. Secular and ecclesiastical oligarchies alike disregarded the people's rights, and almost always united to keep them down. Light, however, both political and spiritual, reached the lower classes. In the crusades, the peasant and the prince found themselves side by side, suffering alike from privation and disease, dying side by side by famine or in battle. The stern necessities of a common lot for high and low, taught the survivors a lesson of human equality. The crusades opened a highway of commerce between the East and the West. Some of the Italian maritime cities were fortunate in already possessing ships, and therefore reaped the first harvest of traffic; but, naturally enough, a new carrying trade over the Alps was established, and free commercial cities grew up and prospered in Southern and Central Germany. Exchange of goods brings with it exchange of ideas, and thus the human mind is awakened. Besides, printing was invented, so that all products of human intelligence could be rapidly and cheaply multiplied. The war of the peasants in Southern Germany, and the appearance of the Hussites in Bohemia, of the Albigenses in France, of the followers of Wickliffe in England, were so many signs of a desire for spiritual freedom on the part of the people. The human mind and heart have within themselves fountains of liberty in their spontaneous thought and feeling; for God's intellectual and moral image is stamped upon each soul, making it a participator in the Divine freedom.

In all these ways the German people were prepared for political and spiritual democracy. The ignorance and cupidity of the priesthood so disgusted and wounded them, that they were ready to listen to the religious assurance of any bold, strong man, and to break their connection with the long-standing and awful power of Rome. The revival of ancient learning, after the downfall of the Byzantine empire, awakened studious minds, furnishing the controversialist with solid shafts

of logic, and the potent satirist with polished arrows of wit. When the intrepid monk, Martin Luther, placed himself at the head of the spiritual democracy, the time was ripe, and then began a work which many melancholy failures had long foreshadowed. The Protestant religion is a system of intellectual and moral freedom. With its proclamation are recognized the worth and rights of the individual. We must not, however, look for the end in the beginning. The Reformation was only the dawn of spiritual democracy, not its consummation. Lutheranism in Germany took a half-monarchical form; Calvinism in Geneva, France, the Netherlands, and Scotland was alternately democratic and aristocratic; while the Church of England was and has remained a religious oligarchy.

Thus with Luther and Maximilian commenced the prospective democracy of Central Europe. The political aristocracy received its first heavy blow from the first despot. Luther also, the leader of an *antagonistic* democracy, was a tyrant in doctrine. Despotism in Germany, where the Teutonic character has always exhibited its centrifugal force, has divided itself, so that there are two or three dozens of tyrants, instead of one. Nevertheless, the transition from oligarchy to democracy is there clearly marked, as in Greece, by a period of despotism. Napoleonism has there had the same meaning as elsewhere in Europe. Napoleon presented himself as a leader of the ripening democracy, and the masses everywhere followed him. He became in turn a despot, and his power vanished, for democratic Europe left him. The vast standing army of the Germanic states is only the body-guard of the tyrants, to protect them from the people. The terrible, omnipresent police, is but an organized band of political spies, to watch for the first signs of a gathering storm of democracy. The easy overthrow of the despots in 1848–49 shows the might of a democracy which is growing wiser as well as stronger. The intellectual freedom of Germany exhibits itself, in the mean time, in her rich literature. A distinguished American essayist has said that a German could philosophize the soul out of man and God out of the universe, but he must not say a word against the house of Hapsburg. This is perfectly true, but the fear felt by the house of Hapsburg quite as closely in-

dicates the free spirit of the Germans, as the entire statement illustrates their liberty of philosophic speech. For Germany there is a near future of political unity and freedom, or history is but a deceptive and irregular succession of events, and not the methodical teaching of God's providence.

In France, Charlemagne again fulfils the condition of monarchy. With him begins the modern cycle of political development, and the first organized national society. After his death, Louis le Débonnaire, the least capable of his sons, was wholly unable to govern France. Feudal aristocracy, therefore, speedily developed itself without royal hinderance. Perhaps for this very reason France has taken the lead of all the Continental nations in political growth. In the midst of social chaos a new order swiftly shaped itself, that of the great feudal lords, who were indocile and turbulent towards the nominal king and oppressive towards the vassals. Under such an oligarchy industry was everywhere paralyzed by the most odious exactions; justice was outraged by laws that mocked human nature; legislative, executive, and judicial power was in the hands of ignorant men, governed only by interest or caprice. In the people, however, who suffered in silence, — whose declaration of independence St. Cæsarius, anticipating ten centuries, pronounced in the memorable words, *Men are the serfs of God alone*, — was the source of a new power, to which the king appealed against the nobles. Under Louis le Gros, the commons, the origin of the *bourgeoisie*, appeared in a struggle with the feudal lords. King and people were oppressed by a brutal aristocracy, and very willingly lent each other aid in a struggle for rights and privileges. The inhabitants of larger towns, and the middle class, united with the sovereign, and oligarchy received its first check. The communal revolution of the twelfth century was the real commencement of the great revolution of 1789.

France was much in advance of Italy, Spain, Germany, Flanders, and England, in the first efficient steps towards national liberty. She had already taken the lead in the crusades, and had reaped the earliest harvest of glory from Oriental battle-fields. She had proclaimed her free thought in vigorous philosophic discussion and trenchant theological contro-

versy. The commons of France were united in a consolidated *Tiers État*, while the citizens of the free cities of Italy were devouring one another in civil war.

St. Louis, at once warrior, statesman, and Christian, maintained peace among the great feudal seigniors, the nobles, and the *bourgeoisie*, so that, under him, the kingdom of France was established in its integrity; there was thenceforth no danger of its being divided, like Germany, into petty kingdoms. The power of the kings, being thus united with that of the commons, gradually increased, until it became absolute over all classes. We may say, in general terms, that the French kings, from Philip Augustus to Louis XI., struggled for the *maintenance* of their power; from Louis XI. to Louis XIV., to become the *ministers* of their own power. The first period was that of oligarchy; the second, that of increasing despotism. The aristocracy yielded little by little, obstinately contesting every inch of ground, until it made its final effort in the Fronde. The Grand Monarque, firmly seated upon the throne of St. Louis, beholding the proudest nobles reduced to royal vassals, and feeling no gratitude or obligation to the commons who had been used by successive kings as the instrument for gaining such power, could say without exaggeration that *he was the state.*

"Louis XIV.," says Mignet, "kept the springs of absolute monarchy too long in tension, and used them too violently. Irritated by the troubles of his youth, enamored of rule, he broke all resistance, interdicted all opposition; — that of the aristocracy, which was employed in revolts, — that of the Parliament, which was employed in remonstrances, — that of Protestants, which was shown by a liberty of conscience which the Church regarded as heretical, and royalty as factious. Louis XIV. subjected the great by calling them to court, where they received in pleasures and favors the price of their independence. The Parliament, which had hitherto been the instrument of the crown, wished to become its counterpoise, and the prince haughtily imposed upon it a submission and silence of sixty years. Finally, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the completion of that work of despotism. An arbitrary government not only desires not to be resisted, but also to be approved and imitated. After having brought conduct into subjection, he persecuted conscience, and when political antagonists failed, he sought his victims among religious dissenters. Louis XIV. was occupied at home against

heretics; abroad, against Europe. Oppression found ambitious men as counsellors, dragoons as servants, success as an encouragement; the plagues of France were covered with laurels, and her groans were stifled by the chants of victory. But at length men of genius died, victories ceased, industry emigrated, money disappeared, and it was clearly seen how despotism exhausts its means by its success, and devours its future in advance." — *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, Vol. I. p. 9.

Every one knows with what minor variations in form despotism continued until the dawn of the Revolution. In the mean time, the people, although ignored by the kings whom they had aided in gaining absolute power, and oppressed by unequal taxation, received light from various quarters, and became animated with the spirit of liberty. The contest in France was first literary and religious, then political. "L'unité du dix-huitième siècle," says Michelet,* "est dans la préparation de ce grand événement [revolution]: d'abord la guerre littéraire et la guerre religieuse, puis la grand et sanglante bataille de la liberté politique." Mental freedom in France took a philosophic and literary, rather than a religious direction. Beholding, on the one hand, the injustice, corruption, and debauchery of the court, and, on the other, the bloody persecution of dissenters, the French people gave themselves up to the guidance of the new priests of Reason, who flooded Europe with every species of literature. What Gervinus says too exclusively of Rousseau, we may apply, with some limitations, to the general philosophic and literary spirit of France.

"He preached entire freedom, and experience had no weight with him compared with the demands of reason for the management of the state. And he preached this to all, and in a manner adapted to the general comprehension, by an open attack on every existing institution. He traced the root of the evil in the submission to tyranny in the present day, and not in the remains of the feudal system. He abused Saumaise and Grotius, who had systematized despotism, and he opposed the most exaggerated rights of man to their theories on slavery and our animal nature. He derided, on a political ground, Luther's doctrine of passive obedience, and that God in his wrath will punish wicked kings. If we must obey a bad ruler, there is so much the more reason that we should select a good one; it is well for a people to submit to a

* *Précis de l'Histoire de France*, ch. 23

power stronger than themselves, but it is better, when they have strength, to shake it off. In these aphorisms spake the Calvinism of Geneva. A political revolution, as well as a religious reformation, was destined to be preached from this refuge of the free spirit of France. Old Calvinistic political doctrines lay at the foundation of Rousseau's theories. Junius Brutus (Languet), in 1577, declared the law, that the force of a silent natural compact among the people is greater than the will of princes, and entitles them to enforce the government of law, because the state is composed of the people, and not of the king. It was thus also that John Milton declared the rights of man and of a people to freedom, as natural and inalienable. By the Calvinistic right of the community to interpret the religious law, and practically to demonstrate the political theories of legislation, the sovereignty already lay in the people. Rousseau labored on in the same ideas. He inveighed against the monstrous proposition, that a man should, by the chance of birth, reign as an hereditary monarch over a nation, and that children should rule over old men, and the few over the many. He opposed a natural right to the hierarchical doctrine of the state, — the legal fiction of a social compact, to the theological invention of the divine right of monarchs. If revelation points to monarchy, he pointed to reason and natural right in favor of the sovereign people. He therefore hated the English Constitution, which Montesquieu praised. His ideal of a form of government was that of the early Teutonic petty democracies, which actually existed in Switzerland, America, and the Netherlands. The gulf which lay between his theories and the condition of all the great states in Europe did not disturb his convictions. He was above all consideration of realities and existing relations; for he trusted that the future would dispense with the present, as well as with the past. What was superannuated wrong, before the inalienable primitive rights of man? Rousseau thoughtlessly advised the people to make use of their physical strength to enforce their rights; and in this lay the enormous power of his doctrines. The idea of a social compact as the commencement of a state is only a new illusion in place of the old. But if we survey the different epochs of history when a people politically matured could no longer suffer an arbitrary government, every revolution is a confirmation of Rousseau's principle, and his principle is the banner of every revolution. The state does not commence, but is at its acme, in the sphere of popular rule. States originate in social compacts, but the government of the people, for the most part, belongs to colonies, off-shoots of states which have arrived at maturity. The example of North America had evidently acted upon Rousseau's views. He adopted the really

exceptional circumstances of that country as a foundation for his theories, which returned to America a rule which could be universally applied. For Rousseau, by a remarkable instinct, predicted the whole spirit of the coming age, which lay brooding over the extraordinary events which soon took place on both sides of the ocean." *—*Einleitung*, pp. 131 – 133. Translation, (Bohn's Series,) pp. 97, 98.

The French Revolution was the people's bloody declaration of independence. It was the inauguration of democracy in Europe, and was rendered necessary by the despotism of princes.

"It not only modified the political power," says Mignet, "it changed the whole interior existence of the nation. The forms of mediæval society still existed. The soil was divided into hostile provinces, men were distributed into rival classes. The nobility had lost all its power, although it preserved its distinctions; the people possessed no rights, royalty had no limits, France was delivered up to the confusion of an arbitrary ministry, particular *régimes*, and corporate privileges. For this abusive order the Revolution substituted one more conformed to justice and more appropriate to our times. It replaced the arbitrary by law, privilege by equality. It delivered men from the distinctions of classes, the soil from the barriers of provinces, industry from the fetters of corporations, agriculture from feudal subjections and tithes, property from the restrictions of entails, and reduced everything to a single state, a single right, and a single people."— *Révolution Française*, p. 9.

Europe was not yet ripe; the half-educated, or rather the miseducated people, injured their triumph by fatal excesses, and the despots of neighboring kingdoms united to replace their brother on the throne of France. Democracy had found a leader of wonderful genius in Napoleon; but, as we have already said, when he reached supreme power, he forgot the people, ruled for himself alone, and became a despot. Again and again the French Revolution has repeated itself, with the same results. The nation is alive to its rights, and only yields

* Gervinus is continually wanting in the perception of historical sequence. His mind is large, generous, honest, and profoundly appreciative; therefore he is the best of all historians of literature, while, being deficient in logical exactness of reasoning, he often draws wrong conclusions from sound political premises. Liberty in America was not a growth of the soil, but was established by Europeans, migrating thither from all states. American freedom was not a result of local circumstances, but the ripening of a fruit that began growing in Europe with the earliest struggles for political and religious independence. But we are anticipating.

from time to time to necessity. Each new leader fails the people, and, with the army at his back, re-establishes the tyranny. The present despot has betrayed all trusts, and rules an outraged nation with the sword. The mouth of republican France is gagged, a cannon is pointed at her breast, a political spy stares her impudently in the face, while she silently mourns over hope deferred.*

It is not necessary to dwell long upon the constitutional history of Spain, in order to find a new confirmation of our historical principle. The peninsula beyond the Pyrenees has been the battle-ground of epochs, civilizations, and religions; yet we find there in modern times a perfectly regular political development. Owing to a variety of circumstances, the early monarchy of Spain was divided, thus to speak, into several local branches, like the existing despotism in Germany. Feudalism there took root early, and the great lords soon became the real masters of the different states. When Aragon and Castile were united by the fortunate marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, the nobles in both kingdoms, insolent and rapacious as elsewhere, not only treated the sovereign as a plaything, but ruled the people without the least regard to natural human right. The commons of Spain, however, had long time appeared in the background. They had already made their voice heard in the Cortes, and were quite ready to support the throne in an effort to break the power of the haughty nobles. Ferdinand and Isabella appeared upon the stage of history at the same time with Louis XI. of France and Henry VII. of England, and, like them, resolved to free the throne from its dependence upon an irresponsible

* We "assisted," not many months ago, at a representation of Beaumarchais's Figaro, in the *Théatre Français*, at Paris. In the third scene of the fifth act, Figaro utters himself as follows: "I am told that in Madrid [Paris] has been established a system of liberty in the sale of products, which extends even to those of the press; and that, provided I say nothing in my writings of the authority, nothing of worship, nothing of politics, nothing of ethics, nothing of people in place, nothing of bodies in credit, nothing of the opera, nothing of other shows, nothing of anybody that pertains to anything, I can print everything freely, under the inspection of two or three censors." The applause was carried to the pitch of madness. The scene revealed the condition and feeling of France. Every one understood why he applauded, while he would not have dared to express it in words even to his nearest friend. The applause, too, was unanimous, as well as intense.

oligarchy. The integrity of Isabella, joined with the princely craft of Ferdinand, made them much abler than the neighboring sovereigns, and under their skilful hands the work of humbling the proud Spanish grandees went on apace. It is not necessary here to dwell upon the means of their rapid and complete success. The revenue of Castile was increased by Isabella thirty-fold, without any burdensome exactions, and Ferdinand raised himself, from one of the weakest princes in Europe, to the rank of the most celebrated.*

Spanish despotism began with Ferdinand, and culminated with Philip II., when it threatened to inundate all Europe. The tide was turned back by democracy in the Netherlands; the spirit of Romanic unity was broken for ever, and Teutonic Protestantism, with its expansive liberalizing and civilizing power, was saved. Since then, Spain, for the most part, has followed the political fortunes of France. The old national spirit is not dead, the Spanish peasantry is the finest in Europe, commerce is reviving, industry is awakening, and the people, united in misfortunes, made wiser and more prudent by unsuccessful revolutions, look with firm faith to a future of liberty. Spain has been carefully watched and guarded by the consolidated despotism of Europe, her people have been crushed by venal military leaders, and insulted by a debauched court; but, when the dawn of freedom comes, she will not be found wanting.

It would be very easy to trace the same order of political events in Portugal; but the history of that once glorious nation is so intimately connected with Spanish history, that we

* "Even a republican statesman like Machiavelli," writes Gervinus, (using, for the most part, Machiavelli's words,) "could not be blind to the extraordinary advantages to the people and to the state which grew out of the absolutism of the prince. He looked beyond the means, to the object attained by them, — beyond the one evil, to the general welfare; and he divined the spirit of modern history, when, prophesying over its cradle, he clothed the historical experience of past ages in the words of an austere theory, — that, to found a new order of the state on the ruins of the deceased forms of government of the Middle Ages, the unlimited authority of one individual became a necessity, and even a benefit, supposing its existence to be only temporary: it would then be a preparation for the government of law, and a school for freedom." We have nowhere else seen even an approach to a right appreciation of Machiavelli. We hope erelong to enter into a new and thorough discussion of the great Florentine statesman's political principles.

could hardly regard such an example as an independent illustration of the law under discussion.*

In Switzerland we find a striking exemplification of the same law, although there the transition from monarchy to oligarchy took place without the retention of a nominal sovereign, and that from aristocracy to democracy without the intervention of a despot. Nowhere in Europe has there been a political development so completely normal. Switzerland was part of the Frankish empire, that is, of a monarchy. In 1032, it was united to the German empire. It was then divided into a multitude of petty fiefs, whose possessors were vassals of the Emperor; and this was the beginning of aristocracy. The administration of affairs was confided to the dukes of Zahringen, who were real benefactors of the country. In 1218, that line became extinct, and the country passed into the hands of a factious aristocracy. In 1308, the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden threw off the yoke of the Emperor, and formed the nucleus of the confederation. The revolution under Tell was the beginning of national independence, but not of democracy. Maximilian undertook to reconquer the Swiss, but failed, and was obliged to sign the treaty of Basle (A. D. 1499), by which he renounced his pretensions. In the first half of the sixteenth century political dissensions arose, and the Reformation divided Switzerland against herself. At this epoch we mark the dawn of civil and religious liberty. During the whole of the intermediate period, that is, from 1308, the government had been in the hands of an unrestrained oligarchy. The people, except in a few towns, were not only without political power, but often sorely oppressed by the nobles. Democracy only showed itself prospectively at the Reformation. The Revolution of 1789 effected the first real change for the masses. The French conquered the country in 1798, and imposed upon it a constitution, which was acquiesced in rather than

* It is curious to find in Camoens an appeal to the king against the oppression of the aristocracy, that liberty might be established: —

"Snatch from the tyrant noble's hand the sword,
And be the rights of human kind restored."

Canto X. Str. 151.

accepted. Napoleon presented the Swiss with the *Nouvel Acte de Médiation*, which was willingly received by the people and the aristocracy. In the new times the democratic element was increasing and taking form in the state. The neutrality of the country was acknowledged by the great powers in 1815. The Revolution of 1830 had its counter-stroke among the Alps, and the democratic element gained the ascendency. After the short and bloody contest that overthrew the Sonderbund, the Confederation was established upon a thoroughly democratic basis. Since the very recent troubles in Neufchatel have been settled, civil and religious freedom is everywhere guaranteed in Switzerland. Thus, in the centre of Europe, there is a constitutional and representative democracy, with equal political liberty for all, thoroughly organized, and maintained by a brave and capable people. Switzerland is an example to Europe, and an earnest of the coming time.

In the Netherlands, Charlemagne introduced feudalism, which has everywhere determined the form of aristocracy in modern states. Under his feeble successors, the great vassals of the crown maintained almost an independent sovereignty. In order to strengthen their own power, they conferred privileges upon their feudatories, and thus planted the seeds of democracy. The clergy, by various means, fair and foul, became a powerful and independent body. During the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the Netherlands were divided into small dominions, whose princes acknowledged a very limited allegiance, either to the German Emperor or to the Frankish kings. The power of the oligarchy was complete, that of the sovereign merely nominal. Among the chiefs, the Count of Flanders was the first. This countship, in 1383, fell to the house of Burgundy. The prince of that family, partly by marriages, partly by force, partly by purchase and voluntary submission, obtained supreme authority over what became the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. The rule of the Dukes of Burgundy was comparatively mild, and the nobles, to secure the good-will of the people, the only instrument of maintaining their power, granted them many privileges. Thus, in the Netherlands, democracy was called into existence by the aristocracy, to

support them against the sovereign, while nearly everywhere else in Europe the kings joined with the people against the turbulent nobility. Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who fell in an encounter with the Swiss, received the Netherlands as a dowry, on her marriage with Maximilian. Her grandson, Charles V., was therefore born king of the Low Countries, and of Spain. With the accession of Charles commenced despotism in that fertile and flourishing country. He was supported by foreign troops, and was under no necessity of appealing to the people against the nobles, in order to gain his ends. The people were attached to the aristocracy, and both made common cause against the tyrant, who threatened to reduce all Europe to Catholic and monarchical unity. The Reformation, which contained the spirit of mental and religious democracy, soon spread from Germany, France, and England to the Netherlands. The long and bloody struggle against Philip II. for national independence, is one of the most interesting chapters of modern history; but we must here confine ourselves strictly to political results. Spain and despotism failed, a modified liberty triumphed, but democracy was not established. As elsewhere in Europe the kings used the people to gain power, and then ignored them, so here the aristocracy did the same thing. The subsequent political dissensions, and the intemperate quarrels of the Calvinists and Arminians, show us what a limited amount of liberty was secured. It is enough for our present purpose to say that Belgium and Holland, whose governments are by no means the worst on the Continent, are simply following in the train of other European nations. The spirit of democracy, first awakened by the great feudal lords of the Netherlands, has been gradually gaining strength up to the present hour. The kings of both countries are ruling wisely, by granting, from time to time, new privileges to their subjects, as the spirit of the age demands. The people that were capable of a most glorious struggle against political and religious tyranny in the sixteenth century, will not be found wanting when the time comes for self-government.

In the Scandinavian states, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, we discern also a clear confirmation of our law; but, inas-

much as we do not there find any striking variations in form, we pass by them, in order not to weary our readers by multiplying examples.

In England, we find the condition of early monarchy fulfilled under the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Saxon, and Norman kings, and the one king of the house of Blois. For our present purpose, it is not necessary to trace the origin of the old nobility. We find the sovereigns of the house of Plantagenet contending with the aristocracy for supreme power in the state. Magna Charta, so much vaunted by the English, wrung by necessity from King John, and soon ignored by him, secured liberty to the barons, clergy, and gentlemen, rather than to the people. His successor, Henry III., was not strong enough to cope with the aristocracy, and became a prisoner of the twenty-four barons, at whose head was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and son of him who slaughtered the Albigenses in France. The first appeal to the people in England was made by this same Leicester, who called a Parliament composed of two knights from every shire, and deputies from boroughs hitherto regarded as too insignificant to be allowed a share in legislation. Hence, the House of Commons, the bulwark of British liberty, the leading power and preponderating democratic element in the state. Edward II. fell a victim to the nobles and his own wicked queen. Edward III., however, a great warrior and able statesman, not only tamed the turbulent barons, but laid the foundation of English national prosperity.

"During this reign," says Turner, "our navy established its preponderance over the most celebrated fleets that were then accustomed to navigate the British Channel; our Parliament enjoyed, in full and upright exercise, those constitutional powers which the nation has long learned to venerate as its best inheritance; . . . . . our manufactures and commerce began to exhibit an affluence and expansive growth, and to be conducted on the principles of public improvement; our clergy evinced a disposition to emancipate themselves from the Papal despotism, and some to exercise a just freedom of thought on the most important of all human concerns; the lineaments of our prose literature became distinctly discernible; the pursuit of the mathematical and natural sciences, and the art of reasoning, at one or both of our venerable Universities, was

ardent and successful; our poetry assumed the attractive form with which its life, sympathy, utility, and immortality are most surely connected; and our manners displayed a moral sentiment, which, though somewhat fantastic, yet always pure, contributed to soften the horrors of war, and has led to that more cultivated feeling which, continually increasing and refining, has made Englishmen distinguished for their generosity, magnanimity, and honor."— *History of England*, Vol. II. p. 144.

The tables were turned again during the reign of his successor. The times were not ripe. Richard II. did not understand how to use Wat Tyler and his men of Kent against the factious aristocracy, by granting some popular privileges. The people showed their democratic spirit, not only by marching upon London rather than pay the groat tax, but also by listening to Wickliffe's words of religious liberty. Henry IV. was not strong enough for the nobles, and, instead of strengthening his hands by granting favors to the people, he persecuted reformers, and was instrumental in disgracing the statute-books by a law for burning heretics. The Commons exhibited the growing spirit of English liberty by advising the king to seize all the temporalities of the Church, and by petitioning that the clergy should be subject to the civil tribunals. The first king of the house of Lancaster owed his throne to popular revolt, and was compelled to adopt popular principles. Under him the House of Commons advanced in importance and authority. Then followed the long War of the Roses, during which period England was governed by an oligarchy, by nobles contending with one another for power. When the houses of York and Lancaster had exhausted themselves in civil war, Henry VII., the first Tudor, ascended the throne. With him began despotism. He ruled for himself, not for his people; thought only of the throne, not of the nation. He neither united with the aristocracy against the commonalty, nor with the commonalty against the aristocracy. "He kept a straight hand on his nobility," says Bacon, "and chose rather to advance clergymen and lawyers, which were more obsequious to him, but had less interest in the people; which made for his absoluteness, but not for his safety."* Under Henry VIII. despotism

* Henry VII., eighth paragraph from the end.

was at its height in England. During that bloody tyrant's reign, the spirit of liberty was not absent, but those whose breasts were filled with it suffered martyrdom, or remained silent. "Trepidatur a circumsedentibus, diffugiunt imprudentes. At, quibus altior intellectus, resistunt defixi, et Neronem intuentes."* The Tudors were all despots. Blood is imperishably associated with the name of Mary in history. The literary splendor of Elizabeth's reign, great as it is, cannot make us forget the rigor of her political rule and the unhappy end of her "sister" Mary. Liberty, however, was all the time silently gaining strength. The despicable King James, notwithstanding his frightfully despotic theories, was ridiculously imbecile. "He neither gave way gracefully to the advancing spirit of liberty, nor took vigorous measures to stop it, but retreated before it, with ludicrous haste, blustering and insulting as he retreated." Charles I., true to his tyrannical principles, resisted public opinion. "Hence his concessions were delayed until it mattered not whether he resisted or yielded, till the nation, which had long ceased to love or to trust him, had at last also ceased to fear him."† In a long struggle with the commons, he was stripped of most of his privileges, and was finally required to give up the executive power. Civil war ensued; the commons triumphed; the tyrant fell. The time had not come for democracy; the balance of power had passed from despotism to liberty, but liberty could not drive despotism from the field without a long struggle, and many partial failures. The revolution of Cromwell was an accident of circumstances, rather than a settled design of the English people. Under the Protector, freedom and Puritanism enjoyed a signal triumph, for which, however, the reign of the profligate and despotic Charles II. was a sad recompense. Rational liberty struggled, with varying fortune, while the throne of England was occupied by James II., but triumphed with William of Orange. From that hour to the present day the despotic element in the English government has been gradually giving way to principles of universal right and justice, embodied in popular reforms.

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* Tacitus, speaking of the death of Britannicus.

† Edinburgh Review, Vol. LIV. p. 515.

"The British House of Commons, the representative of the British people, may, without exaggeration, be termed the most important popular assembly that has ever been brought together. A larger amount of money is annually submitted to its control than ever was placed at the disposal of any other assembly; a population is affected by its decisions greater than any other assembly could ever directly reach by legislation, and a more extensive territory owns its legislative sway. In the direction of the affairs of the world, and in all quarters of the globe, the British House of Commons wields a more massive power and influence than ever fell to the lot of a similar assembly; and, although it cannot in any particular interfere, as a legislative assembly, with the executive government of the empire, the principle seems to be established beyond question, that no executive government can continue in office in Britain, unless it have a majority of the representatives of the people in its favor. The Commons, also, having exclusive command over the national purse, have the constitutional power of suspending the payment of the army, navy, and all government officials, — in fact, of arresting the course of administrative government altogether. The real power of the Commons, therefore, has no assignable limit, and consequently all great questions of policy are virtually decided in the house of representatives." — *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. *Government.*

There are still powerful monarchical and aristocratic elements in the British government, but liberty is in the ascendency, and the House of Commons and the free press are sufficient guaranties for the future. Democracy, rule *by* the people, not simply *for* the people, is the dominant principle in the state. Thus, in England, we find the development from patriarchal monarchy to Norman aristocracy, and from feudal oligarchy, through the despots of the houses of Tudor and Stuart, to modern constitutional liberty, — a most striking illustration of the great law of history, which we have already traced through so many national forms of civilization, both ancient and modern.

It only remains to speak of Russia and the United States of America. The former, politically considered, is the youngest, the latter the oldest of nations.

Russia is still an absolute monarchy. She has not yet passed through the first phase of civilization. The old Boyards, the hereditary nobility, were crushed by Peter the Great,

and the Russian Emperor has not yet been limited in his authority by an aristocracy. The mass of the people are still in a state of serfdom. The monarch is at the same time head of the state and head of the church. In him are united two powers, as in the case of the Pope and of the German Emperor in the Middle Age. The political development of Russia will doubtless be hastened by the example of Western Europe; but at present she is the friend of despotism, and alone upholds the tyrants against the increasing spirit of liberty. The Russian nobility, old and new, the Boyards and the civil *employés*, will, the course of history enables us safely to predict, soon occupy the Emperor to such an extent, that other European states will be left to settle their own affairs. England and Russia will never unite again to replace an expelled monarch upon the throne of inevitably democratic France. Even while we are writing this, we perceive that the Emperor is emancipating his own serfs, and is inviting the great Russian lords to follow his example. It is a movement of the very highest importance. It clearly shows that the time has already come when the throne feels the necessity of supporting its own power against the ablest nobility in Europe, by a tacit appeal to the people. We predict, without hesitation, that this movement, which seems to be passing almost unnoticed, will be found, after some centuries, to have been the commencement of popular liberty in the East of Europe. Perhaps, when the democracy of Western Europe shall have given way, like that of Rome, in the downward course of political events, to a new despotism, liberty will find a home in the land now overshadowed by ignorance and Muscovite tyranny. However these things may be, most certain it is that Russia is the nation of the future, — politically the youngest amongst her sisters.

Here, in the United States of America, we have the best form of democracy that has been attained in modern times. Our free government has not been the result of a local development. Those who settled in the North American colonies brought with them from the Old World the principles of liberty. The emigrants from England, France, Holland, Scandinavia, and Germany belonged, with few exceptions,

to the advanced party in the state. They were democrats in religion and politics. They were in the "foremost ranks of time," imbued with principles which had taken form in the communal revolutions of the Middle Age, and which had slowly gained strength during the evolutions of society. They were, politically speaking, the oldest Europeans, because they were animated by the spirit of the future, the spirit of democracy.

The North American colonists, however, did not wholly escape the influence of aristocracy. In Massachusetts was formed, at first, a Puritanic theocracy, as intolerant as the Papacy itself. New Amsterdam (New York) was, in the beginning, a Flemish town, with a municipality but little freer than that of Antwerp. Roger Williams established in Rhode Island an organized toleration, because he was driven away from Massachusetts by the rigid Puritans. A democracy, it is true, was founded in Connecticut, but disfigured by a fearfully stringent theocratic code. Penn, a democrat in principle, in practice an aristocrat, founded a Quaker republic in Pennsylvania. An oligarchical element was introduced in Virginia, with an exclusive church. Maryland was at first a feudal principality, and even at this day we find there a feeble echo of the vanished institutions of chivalry. Carolina was divided into eight lordships, with a landed aristocracy like that of England. These early aristocratic forms now look frightful to us, but we must remember that two centuries and half a dozen generations of men have in the mean time passed away. All the intolerance and persecution combined of the North American colonies, during the first fifty years of their existence, would not equal a single Spanish *auto da fé*. All that we can say of the colonists is, that they were among the best and most liberal men of their times. Democracy, which was the animating spirit of the great mass of emigrants, speedily developed itself in form, because the aristocratic element received no accession of strength from abroad, and, above all, because monarchy, fully occupied in maintaining itself against the growing principle of political liberty at home, left the daring men who had crossed the sea wholly to themselves.

"The theories of freedom in church and state," says Gervinus, "taught in the schools of philosophy in Europe, were here brought into

practice in the government of a small community. It was prophesied that the democratic attempts to obtain universal suffrage, a general elective franchise, annual parliaments, entire religious freedom, and the Miltonian right of schism, would be of short duration. But these institutions have not only maintained themselves here, but have spread from these petty states all over the Union. . . . . They have given laws to one quarter of the globe, and, dreaded for their moral influence, they stand in the background of every democratic struggle in Europe. . . . . The Puritans, in their first emigration, brought with them, more or less defined, the simple sketch of the edifice of their constitution, and carried it more or less into practice. The last finish, after the Declaration of Independence, was only the fulfilment of the first thought. No antiquity, no tradition, no history and experience prescribed a plan, or fettered them to extant materials. Aristocracy and the hierarchy were left behind them in Europe; the royal and parliamentary government of England was rejected. The instincts of simple nature, or reason in its simplest consequences, apart from all existing state organizations, led to the completion o the new edifice in the rising state, and they ventured, though with admirable prudence, on the great trial of extending it over an immense region, in spite of the prophecies which, in their small beginnings, promised them only a temporary success. . . . . The Americans, in the first outbreak of their Revolution, indeed, appealed to their charters and self-created institutions, and endeavored to defend them as conceded rights; but at the separation, they ceased to look for justification of their rebellion, ... they scorned to make a demand for rights and freedom which they claimed as natural and universal, and acted thus as much in conformity with the earliest principles of Protestantism, as with those of the latest theories which France had sent into the world a short time before. . . . . The American Declaration of Independence commenced with an acknowledgment of the natural rights of man, of which no form of government can deprive him. . . . . The people were entitled to change or depose any government which should deny these universal rights. . . . . By the introduction of universal suffrage, they pronounced the great democratic maxim, that the government is the legal expression of the people's will. . . . . The boast of the American Constitution is, not the skilful administration of many different elements, but the perfect fulfilment of a logical sequence, deduced from one single principle; — *freedom*, or the right to pay submission to nothing but law; and *equality*, the duty of all alike to obey one and the same law. . . . . We are presented with the image . . . . . of a society, originating from all parts of the world, who are ready to receive any within their pale,

capable of adapting their form of government to any people who might wish to join their confederation, citizens of the world; not one great nation, but a federal union, in which each separate State strives to exalt its own sovereignty above that of the whole, as in each State the individual claims the greatest possible independence.* The feeling of individuality, the characteristic of modern times and of Protestantism, has here maintained its rights. The state exists more for the individual, than the individual for the state; the institutions of government are in the service of personal freedom; the independence of the man is more important than the duties of the citizen. The widest fields upon which the claims of man and the claims of the state have always contended, and still contend, like the church, are here entirely withdrawn from the state; and there only remain the broad and universal principles of legislation as a ground on which the government and the will of the individual can dispute. The entire picture of a new state, such as had never before been seen, lies now unrolled before us, after an interval of seventy years. . . . . This new state, by its astonishing achievements in fortune and power, has suddenly surpassed all others, and the boldest political hazards † [*Wagnisse*] have succeeded, and mocked all sceptics. The government of the people, even when scattered over immeasurable tracts of country, has shown itself to be compatible with order and prosperity; the progressive Constitution, with the maintenance of old, confirmed usages; the freest exercise of religion, with piety; the absence of military power, with a warlike spirit; the enormous increase of a population thrown together by chance, with patriotism rooted in freedom; the administration and government through officials and representatives, chosen by and from among the poor, with order and economy in the household. This prosperity, combined with a simplicity in the Constitution which lays it open to the comprehension of the plainest understanding, has made this state and this Constitution a model which the most enlightened men, as well as the discontented, and the lovers of freedom in all nations, strive to imitate. Their Declaration of Rights, in 1776, has become the creed of liberalism throughout the world."—*Einleitung*, p. 93 *et seq.*

From the very fact that our form of government is the most completely democratic of any in the world, we are, politically, the oldest among the nations. We are Europeans on a new field of action. A people, not a territory, constitutes a nation. Our age must be reckoned by the degrees of our political ad-

* We do not here follow the English translation, which is seemingly perverted.

† The English translator says *adventurers*.

vancement, not by the years during which we have occupied a certain portion of the Western continent. The American Constitution may be traced back to the birth and slow growth of the English House of Commons, to the formation of the *Tiers État* in France, to the Reformation of Luther and the preaching of Huss, to the mediæval republics of Italy, to the glorious struggle between the people and the patricians of ancient Rome, to the eloquence of Demosthenes and the assemblies of the free Greeks. We are not the people of the future, as is often and thoughtlessly said; we are most emphatically the people of the present. The fruits of modern civilization, which are ripening elsewhere, are here already mature. Whatever good comes to mankind from political freedom should now be realized by us. The world is following us, and the probability is that we shall lead it back, through one of the ever-recurring cycles of time, first to oligarchy, then to monarchy. The American republic, with its admirable forms of democratic liberty, may remain fifty years, or five hundred years; but after having completed its growth, it will follow, either as a whole, or in broken fragments, the universal law of decay. The vital spirit flows from form to form, in nations as well as in individuals, in men as well as in nature.

In fact, the seeds of aristocracy are in the Constitution, which concedes property representation to a section of the Confederation. Such a concession was, doubtless, an exigency of circumstances, but its nature is not thereby changed. The possessors of such a peculiar political privilege are united by interest of class, and bring to bear upon the executive, the judiciary, and the legislature a most dangerous power. Sad experience has taught how a chief magistrate, who is the head of a dominant party, rather than the independent president of the nation, may become the instrument of a half-formed oligarchy. The justice of history, however, is exact. If our population will give itself up to money-making, and neglect political duties, any kind of misrule that may consequently come will be fully deserved. As Plato long ago said, the legitimate punishment for not choosing good rulers is to be governed by bad rulers.

Thus we have passed in review the political history of the

whole civilized world. The primary law which Aristotle observed in the development of the Grecian states, which Machiavelli perceived in mediæval European history, we find holds good of every nation. The oldest political form is, everywhere, monarchy. Hegel greatly errs in calling the earliest governments despotic. A despot rules a people, who *understand* their rights, *against their will*, for his own benefit; he thinks of his own liberty and his own interest, not of the interest and liberty of his subjects; he maintains his power by a body-guard, like the Grecian tyrant, or by a standing army, like the modern emperor. Now, during the first years of their existence, nations are, κατ' ἐξοχήν, in a state of political childhood; that is, the masses composing them are entirely unconscious of human rights, as such, and consequently make no struggle for a liberty of whose existence they are wholly ignorant. He who rules them may be unjust, inhuman, and barbarous, but he cannot be called a despot. He is a monarch, in the strictest sense of the word, for he rules alone, and encounters no opposition to his power. Such, as we have seen, were the first rulers of Greece, of Rome, and of all modern European states.

The second political phase of nations is oligarchy. The monarch cannot live alone; he has need of his fellow-mortals, socially and politically. Those who approach his person become, to a certain extent, participators in his liberty and power; they find liberty sweet and power seductive, and, easily uniting their strength for a common purpose, they gradually strip the monarch of his privileges, and at length rule alone. Thus the knights in Greece, the patricians at Rome, the great feudal lords of modern Europe, were, during a considerable period, masters of the state.

In the contest between the monarch and the nobles, between the one and the few, the people, the many, are taught in various ways their natural political rights. The multitude then appears as a *demos*, as a *plebs*, as a *tiers état*, as a commonalty, constituting a new power in the nation. Having once become conscious of rights, the multitude is not satisfied until those rights are realized. Sometimes the third power, that of the people, contends with the second, that of the aristocracy, with-

out the intervention of the first power, that of the monarchy. When this is the case, then there is a gradual transition from oligarchy to democracy, without the interposition of despotism, as at Rome and in Switzerland. Sometimes the monarch, left upon his almost powerless throne, as in Europe during the Middle Age, or appearing as a popular leader, like Peisistratus and others in Greece, unites with the people against the nobles, and, when the common enemy is destroyed, ignores his allies, and rules alone. Then the transition from oligarchy to democracy is marked by a period of despotism, as in Greece during the rule of the tyrants, as in Europe during the sway of absolutism. In our times, democracy has been reached in the United States, in Switzerland, and, with some important drawbacks, in England; and, if human history be not a fortuitous concourse of political atoms, democracy will soon become the possession of the down-trodden Continental nations.

Of course we do not use the terms monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy, as we should use them in a strictly metaphysical discussion, in an absolute sense. In fact, pure democracy, pure aristocracy, or pure monarchy exists only in the human mind. In actual history, we designate a certain form of government by one or another of these terms, according to its predominant characteristic. The three elements always co-exist; but the regular changes from the controlling ascendency of one to that of another constitute the primary momentum of political history.

As we said in the beginning, our law holds good, not only of a single nation, but also of groups of nations, that fill up an epoch. We may infer, too, from the analogy of nations and eras, and from the data furnished by the arc of universal history that sweeps through a few thousand years of the whole circle of time, that the development of the race follows the same order. An element of human progress is thus admitted. It would be absurd to pretend that mankind will advance without limits of time and degree. The whole analogy of nature, to say nothing of the positive declarations of Scripture, is against such a belief. When the race arrives at maturity, it will doubtless follow the universal doom of decay.

The world, like a nation, must begin in patriarchal monarchy, pass through oligarchy to democracy, and then return to the place of starting. The race, however, is not yet ripe, and the vision of progress has for us something more than a shadowy meaning. The nature of civilization is not changed; but from century to century, from epoch to epoch, civilization reaches a greater number. In this way only is progress made. It is an indication of the poor quality of our thinking, that men almost universally mistake the instruments of civilization for civilization itself. Plato and St. Augustine were doubtless as thoroughly civilized as any two men that could be found in this luminous nineteenth century of ours, although they knew nothing about railroads, joint-stock banks, steamboats, printing-presses, or Protestant reformations. Astronomy, botany, chemistry, and many other things, were unknown to the Athenians, yet Pericles and his fellow-citizens were not quite destitute of civilization. Perfect mental, moral, and physical development constitutes perfect manhood. The instruments which we now possess for such development are more numerous and better than those possessed by the ancients. Always supposing, then, that we make as wise and energetic use of ours as the ancients did of theirs, we must be in advance of them. But the progress of modern times does not so much consist in this, as in the wider distribution of instruments. By means of printing, books are now distributed to the masses, so that the poor man, for a small part of a single day's wages, can summon to his fireside the blessed Redeemer and the glorious company of the Apostles, in the mysterious drapery of words. Every forty years a whole generation of men, forming a complete link in the chain of history, must be carried through the whole process of partial civilization; but the civilization is becoming more complete, more widely extended, because its instruments are constantly improved, multiplied, and cheapened. Thus, we see, the spirit of national progress has a democratic tendency; for with the extension of culture and knowledge come the desire and the ability to rule.

Now a nation can arrive at freedom only when a majority of the people composing it have attained a considerable degree

of mental and moral energy. A nation can maintain its freedom only so long as it is in a mental and moral condition to deserve freedom. It is an inexorable law of Providence, that every man becomes in the hands of God the instrument of the rewards and punishments with which he is visited. It is just the same with a people. Nations, except sometimes for a short period, are governed as they deserve. History, then, is not to be arraigned at the bar of abstractions, is not to be judged by the ideal standards of the mind, but accepted as a drama of commingled human passions, wherein, from scene to scene, from act to act, appear the decisions of Eternal Justice in regard to the *moral* quality of man's deeds. The highest philosophy, as well as the experience of history, shows us that the only solid basis of government is the eternally true and good. The various theories of government, founded upon the false ethical principles that sprang up with the depraved philosophy which wrecked the French Revolution, have given place to sounder political doctrines, so that, with the next great democratic triumph in Europe, legislators as well as people will be duly prepared, we hope, to gather and preserve the fruits of victory.

It is encouraging to know that prosperity has always come to nations with liberty. Prosperity, as well as liberty, is of several kinds. Now liberty, of whatever kind, brings prosperity of the same kind. Thus at Athens, in the time of Pericles; at Rome, during the reign of Augustus, and again when Leo X. filled the papal chair; in France, under Louis XIV.; in England, during the reign of Elizabeth, — there was mental freedom, and consequently great literary prosperity. Commerce has always flourished wherever it has been free. When any field of human activity is open to all comers, it is for that very reason more fully occupied and more thoroughly cultivated.

Omitting many pregnant questions, both of principle and of form, which here present themselves, we will close this long discussion by quoting a few *semina æternitatis*, a few "zopyra,"— to use a term of the elder Scaliger, —from Aristotle's Politics, which we commend to many a man now in high office, who, like the

"Celestial sausage-seller,
Friend, guardian, protector of us all,"

in Aristophanes, imagines himself to be a statesman, although wholly ignorant of philosophy and history.

"He who bids the law to be supreme, makes God supreme; but he who intrusts man with supreme power, gives it to a wild beast, for such his appetites sometimes make him. Passion, too, influences those who are in power, even the very best of men, for which reason the law is intellect free from appetite."— *Politics*, Book III. chap. 16.

"One individual, whoever he may be, will be found upon comparison inferior to a whole people take collectively. . . . . The multitude are also less liable to corruption; as water is from its quantity, so are the many less liable to corruption than the few."— *Id.*, Book III. chap. 15.

"The political state is founded, not for the purpose of men's merely living together, but for their living as men ought."—*Id.*, Book III. chap. 9.

"A good citizen must know how to be able to command and to obey; he ought also to know in what manner freemen ought to govern and to be governed."— *Id.*, Book III. chap. 4.

"It is evident that all those governments which have the common good in view, are rightly established and strictly just; but that those which have in view only the good of the rulers, are all founded on wrong principles, and are widely different from what a government ought to be; for they are tyrannical, whereas a state is a community of freemen." — *Id.*, Book III. chap. 6.

"The laws of every state will necessarily be like the state itself, either trifling or excellent, just or unjust." — *Id.*, Book III. chap. 11.

"It is not enough to lay down scientifically what is best, but what can be put in practice."— *Id.*, Book IV. chap. 1.

"It is not well to say that one oligarchy is better than another, but that it is not quite so bad."— *Id.*, Book IV. chap. 2.

"It follows, that citizens who engage in public affairs should be men of abilities therein."— *Id.*, Book IV. chap. 4.

"There are three qualifications necessary for those who intend to fill the first departments in government; first of all, an affection for the established constitution; in the second place, abilities wholly equal to the business of their office; in the third, virtue and justice correspondent to the nature of that particular state in which they are placed."— *Id.* Book V. chap. 8.

ART. VII. — *La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata, and adjacent Countries, during the Years* 1853, '54, '55, *and* '56, *under the Orders of the United States Government.* By THOMAS J. PAGE, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and numerous Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1859.

A CHARM of romance invests everything connected with South America. There the mightiest rivers of the world roll through forests clothed with the garlands of perpetual summer; there the loftiest mountains of the Western hemisphere lift their snowy summits in mockery of blooming fields and fruitful solitudes; and there, too, are those fertile plains, where herds are numbered by thousands, where the wild steed of the pampas either riderless scours the shoreless sea of grass, or bears the vaulting Gaucho in his fearless razzias. If that Gaucho had poetry in his soul, he could shout forth lustily, as he swings his bolas or lasso, the words of Pringle:

> "O, then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride
> Afar in the desert alone to ride!
> There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
> And to bound away with the eagle's speed!"

Whether we consider the natural aspects of the country, or the picturesque descendants of the Southern Europeans and the aborigines, there is a fascination which is never to be found surrounding the more prosaic nature and the less romantic people of our Northern land. Yet, with all the advantages to be derived from this glorious framework of nature, and with all that is so interesting in the story of the Incas, the dream of Eldorado, the curious republic of Palmares in Brazil, the founding of cities rivalling Madrid and Seville, and the wonderful Jesuit missions on the upper affluents of the La Plata, it is not a little remarkable that, until within the last dozen years, scarcely a trustworthy or readable volume has appeared in the English tongue concerning the territory extending from the Isthmus of Panama to the Straits of Magellan. But within the time referred to, the

press, both in Europe and America, has been prolific in works of great value in regard to South America. The late Mr. Prescott has, by his graphic pages, given to Peru an interest and a distinction far beyond that conferred by her gigantic mountains and her beautiful *flora*. In quick succession there have recently issued from our press historical works and itineraries concerning New Granada, Peru, Chili, the Argentine Confederation, Uruguay, and Paraguay.

The work whose title we have given at the head of this article is the result of several years' careful investigation in the valley of the La Plata and its affluents. Captain Page, of the United States Navy, commanded an "expedition," sent out by our government, for the purpose of exploring the waters of the La Plata, and reporting upon their navigable qualities, and the resources of that portion of South America. Captain Page, so far as circumstances permitted, performed his exploring work well, and has laid before the world an exceedingly interesting report of his labors. His volume is most timely. Our present relations with Paraguay, partly growing out of the very explorations referred to, have assumed an importance which renders it necessary that we should possess exact information in respect to that country, and the origin of our existing difficulties. "La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay," supplies this want.

A large part of this volume is in the form of a journal, though it has not the stiffness of a diary. The latter portion is composed of several very entertaining and valuable historical chapters; wherein we have, in a style befitting such subjects, an account of the discovery and settlement of the La Platan colonies, and of the wonderful achievements of the Jesuits. The history is also brought down to the present time.

Captain Page's style is clear, always interesting, and sometimes highly graphic. We should be disposed to criticise his arrangement, and to suggest that it would have been better to weave history and narrative together, so that we might connect past events with places and scenes; but our author disarms criticism in his Introduction, where he explains the origin of the volume before us, and the difficulties which surrounded its preparation.

"When," writes Captain Page, "I presented to the Secretary of the Navy my 'Report of the Exploration and Survey of the River La Plata and its Tributaries,' I anticipated making one more full and copious at a subsequent period. The Secretary, however, expressed himself satisfied with that document; but I was not. I found that a desire had been awakened for a knowledge of that country which could not be comprised within the limits of a preliminary report. This having been published in some of the leading journals of this country and of Europe, I received many letters asking 'for more detailed information respecting that section of South America.' But for these inquiries, I believe I should have shrunk from the task of preparing a work for publication during my only hours of leisure after discharging the duties of 'an office for the construction of charts of the La Plata Expedition,' and amid other interruptions of an official character. But my journals contained ample materials for a book, and it seemed more easy to arrange this material into a narrative of the expedition, than to answer the numerous letters which continued to pour in upon me. . . . . .

"In presenting this volume to the public, I can claim for it no special consideration on the ground of artistic arrangement or literary merit. For its favorable reception I rely mainly upon the importance of the matters of which it treats." — p. xxi.

All will rejoice that, however excellent may have been his brief "Report" to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Page did not share the satisfaction of that functionary, and has given to the world this more copious account of his labors.

The Appendix contains very valuable matter for the scientific reader, while some portions of it, written by the assistants of Captain Page, will prove interesting to all. The map of the Argentine Confederation, Uruguay, and Paraguay, is the best that we have ever seen of this part of the world, and is so large that it is a real pleasure to trace the expedition, whether it be the course of the little "Water-Witch" steamer, or the wanderings of the explorers, *à cheval* or in *galeras*, as they roamed over the fertile pampas. The spirited engravings also add much to the interest of the work.

The river, about which Captain Page gives us so much information, was discovered in the year 1516 by De Solis, the great Spanish navigator. He had been instructed by the court of Spain to follow up the discoveries of Pinson, to whom belongs the honor of being the first European to visit

America south of the equator. The career of De Solis was, however, prematurely checked by the cannibal savages, who slew him and his attendants, and then roasted and ate their bodies in the sight of their companions, who had fled to their boat. Magellan, in 1519, entered the river discovered by De Solis, but, not finding it a *strait*, continued his voyage southward, and discovered the narrow entrance to the Pacific which still bears his name. In 1527, old Sebastian Cabot, that Venetian-born Englishman, ascended the river in question. He explored the Parana, and then descended it to the Paraguay. He ascended the latter as far as the Vermejo, where he was attacked by the Paraguay Indians. He vanquished these savages, and received from them gold and silver ornaments, which had doubtless been obtained in Peru. This gave Cabot the idea that the river which he had been exploring was the highway to that argentine region, about which every Spaniard who had touched the shores of America had received the most exaggerated statements. This stream led to fortune, and a name commensurate with its importance must be given to it; hence it was dignified with the title *Rio de La Plata*, or the Silver River. Cabot sent George Barlowe, an Englishman, to Spain, to report the discoveries, to bear specimens of the precious metal to his Catholic Majesty, and to demand new powers. But, to the disappointment of Barlowe and his companion Calderon, Pizarro had reached the Spanish court before them, and had announced the discovery of the "silver land" (Peru). Cabot, however, believed that the river of his explorations was the nearest avenue to those fabulously rich mines, and only the want of means, the jealousy of the conquerors, and the avarice of the merchants of Seville and Lima, prevented his ascending higher and solving the problem. Captain Page says that "it may be among the developments of the nineteenth century, to prove that Cabot's conjectures were correct. The Paraguay may yet be established as the most direct communication between Europe and the finest districts of the Peruvian empire." We see nothing unreasonable in this statement; for Potosi is situated upon and completely surrounded by branches of the Pilcomayo, the chief affluent of the Paraguay.

Not ten years elapsed before Spanish hidalgos laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, and the fortress of Asuncion was built by Ayolas, the right-hand man of the leader and general, Don Pedro de Mendoza. Ayolas was afterwards slain while on his way to Peru, and Mendoza having died, the Spaniards forsook the settlement near the ocean, ascended to Asuncion, and there elected their own governor. Thus, says an old account, they were all collected together "in the form of a republic." The history of Paraguay here properly begins with Yrala, as the democratic ruler of the people. He was a man of mark, as the various measures of his administration demonstrated. Treaties were made with friendly Indians, and the hostile tribes of the Chaco were awed by wholesome castigations. Municipal laws were framed for the new city; a church and several substantial buildings for public use were erected. Asuncion was the first, and remained for some time the most considerable city of La Plata.

"The Spaniards congratulated themselves upon their escape from Buenos Ayres to Paraguay, that 'blissful country,' as Muratori calls it, where the climate was benign, and the aborigines more docile and civilized than those of the pampas; for the Guarani industriously cultivated their land, and raised large crops of maize, cassava, and sweet potatoes, which, with honey, fish, fowl, and wild animals, gave them abundance of food. They had also a wild cotton, from which the women wove such light garments as were needful in that climate.

"Some of the natives took refuge with the fiercer tribes of the Chaco, others made fruitless attempts at resistance, and, about a year from the establishment of Asuncion, a conspiracy to massacre the whites during Holy Week was revealed by an Indian girl. The leaders were executed, and from this time the neighboring tribes east of the river resigned themselves submissively to their fate. The women became willingly, indeed eagerly, the wives and concubines of the settlers, and a new generation rose, asserting nature's claims on both races. The Guarani language was generally spoken, and to this day is more generally used than Spanish in Paraguay." — pp. 456, 457.

The king of Spain was not so well pleased with this republican government in these Western wilds, and soon sent Cabeza de Vaca, a Spanish gentleman of valor and renown, to assume the rule of the new colony. Yrala and his friends, however, soon disposed of the "Adelantado of the Rio de la Plata," as

Vaca was entitled, and sent him back to Spain. When Yrala died, in 1557, at the ripe age of seventy, he was lamented by the whole population, aboriginal and Spanish. He is justly considered one of the ablest and most fortunate of the Conquistadores.

In 1580 the city of Buenos Ayres was again founded by De Garay, on the site of Mendoza's former settlement.

"Owing to the rapid increase of European population, all the country south of the confluence of the Paraguay and the Parana was in 1620 separated from Paraguay, and the government of the 'Rio de la Plata' was established, with Buenos Ayres for its capital." — p. 464.

During the intermediate period from 1580 to 1776, (to go back to the second founding of Buenos Ayres,) the imbecile policy of Spain towards her colonies was carried out to its greatest extent in this smiling region of the globe. Monopolies prevented the use of the great water-courses, prohibitory edicts were issued against the trade of La Plata, and the mother country seemed to do all in her power to repress progress.

There was, however, one notable exception to the general monotony of this portion of Spanish America. The Order of the Jesuits (who find a warm and able defender in Captain Page) here experimented on a grand scale. Their kindness to the natives was in marked contrast to the cruelties which they suffered at the hands of the so-called Christian cavaliers of Old Spain. The Jesuits certainly deserve our sympathy, as well as our admiration, for their arduous labors and their humane policy in Paraguay.

It was in the beginning of the seventeenth century that they commenced their pious enterprise in La Plata. Paraguay was the chief field of their wonderful system of worldly-religious policy. Villages, plantations, churches, and schools sprang up in those tropical wilds. Vast herds were reared amid the forests which cover the undulating lands that stretch away from the low river-borders. The effects of systematic industry were seen on every hand. Reading and working, praying and dancing, chanting sublime Gregorians, and singing the merry *chansons* of Castile, were certainly evidences of a contented and happy state of existence. But their life was

not one of unbroken quiet. Battles with heathen tribes; contests with avaricious Spaniards, who feared neither God nor man; and, above all, the terrible wars waged against the "Reductions" by the Brazilians, who traversed immense tracts of wilderness to enslave the Indians, tended to keep both teachers and taught in a condition not to be envied. If ever the Roman Catholic Church can point, in the Western world, to persecutions, it must be to that wholesale cruelty and annoyance which the Jesuit fathers on the Paraguay and the Parana suffered from those who claimed to be their co-religionists.

At length the severest blow was to come from the Holy Father, for whom they had ever lifted their prayers, and whose name they had taught the simple Guarani to lisp with reverence and love. When the power of the Order founded by Ignatius Loyola had alarmed the whole Roman Catholic world, the Jesuits were driven by a decree from their quiet inland retreat, where they had fondly supposed themselves as firmly established as the beds of those lordly rivers which thence swept their watery treasures to the ocean. They left Paraguay amid the grief of their hundred thousand pupils. The weeping Guarani stood ready to do battle for their beloved spiritual leaders; but the self-abnegation which has ever characterized the Order in its far-reaching schemes was never more manifest than when they earnestly entreated the Indians to lay down their arms, and to submit, without a blow, to this forced separation from their teachers.

The settlements fell into utter decay. In four years, even, — dating from the expulsion of the Jesuits, — the number of cattle fell from nearly a million to a hundred and fifty thousand. In seventy-five years, the Indians, who, under the Jesuits, numbered a hundred thousand, were reduced by cruelty and other causes to eight thousand, and the "Missiones" became at last a wilderness as impenetrable as the forests of Amazonia. Captain Page dwells feelingly upon the noble efforts and the cruel expulsion of the Jesuit brethren.

In 1810 the first revolutionary movements in the La Plata provinces began at Buenos Ayres. The Junta of that city desired all the provinces to recognize its authority. The peo-

ple of Paraguay refused to make such an acknowledgment, and defeated the Buenos Ayrean army sent against them. In 1811 Paraguay formally asserted her independence of Buenos Ayres, and in 1816, in company with all the Rio de la Platan provinces, declared its separation from Spain. It was not, however, until July, 1852, that the Argentine Confederation acknowledged the independence of the little "republic" formed between the Paraguay and the Parana. Before 1816, that republic had organized its government, which consisted of a President and four "Assessors," elected by a Congress. The acting secretary of this junta of Assessors was one Don Joseph Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, who in 1816 succeeded in getting himself nominated Dictator for life. Then commenced that wonderful system of insulation, which has astonished every one, and has elicited the admiration of a few. Of those few is Mr. Carlyle, who seems, among his other eccentricities, to worship concentrated man-power. He has written one of his wittiest and most characteristic essays on Dr. Francia, whom he esteems the "one true man" in South American history. Captain Page has in a masterly manner summed up the effects of Francia's rule.

"While the other republics of La Plata were, after their emancipation from Spanish rule, distracted by anarchy, Paraguay was comparatively tranquil; it was not the quiet of progress and good government, but that of a political and social paralyzation produced by the system of Francia, — a system that debased the national mind, leaving it submissive to any rule, without moral or physical courage to resist oppression.

"He established, in time, such a compound system of espionage, — spy placed over spy, — and coerced the simple Paraguayans during his twenty-six years' rule into such timorous silence, that death seems scarcely to have released them from his thraldom. The people of the lower countries of La Plata will tell you that a Paraguayan never mentions the name of the Dictator without looking behind him. His adherents and the instruments of his iniquity were the soldiers; his victims, landed proprietors; but, above all, those of Spanish origin, from confiscations of whose property his principal revenue was derived.

"When at Asuncion I saw much of Señor ——, whose family had suffered greatly during that reign of terror, and in his conversations with me he frequently alluded to their wrongs. He was an amiable, gentlemanly, and intelligent person; but he always mentioned the

name of Francia with reserve, in a half-whisper, glancing stealthily around the room, as if fearful that the grave would give up its dead. I afterward discovered that the manner was not peculiar to him, but to all Paraguayans in alluding to the Dictator. His name is rarely pronounced. In life he was *El Supremo;* since his death, they allude to him and to his deeds as those of *El Defunto.*" — pp. 125, 126.

In the city of Asuncion there is one church to which people rarely resort. A mystery hangs over it. Here it was that Dr. Francia was buried. But one fair morning, when the church was opened as usual for prayer, the Dictator's monument was found scattered in fragments upon the floor, and the bones of the tyrant had disappeared for ever, — "nobody cared how, — nobody asked where. It was only whispered that the Devil had claimed his own, body and soul."

Francia nearly exterminated the old Spaniards and the clergy, and, though not particularly pious, arrogated to himself the power of the Pope. He despoiled churches, and was wont to say of the priests, that they "rather tend to make these people believe in the Devil than in God." He persecuted foreigners, and his treatment of the celebrated naturalist Bonpland has become a matter of history. We might here say, in passing, that one of the most interesting episodes in the survey of La Plata by Captain Page is the meeting of Lieutenant Murdaugh with Bonpland at the town of Restauracion, on the river Uruguay, in the province of Corrientes. Here they found Bonpland, at the age of eighty-two, cultivating a plantation, and surrounded by a large family of Spanish-American children. He was still active, and could mount a horse and ride from thirty-six to forty-two miles a day. The old naturalist determined to accept Captain Page's kind invitation to accompany the expedition up the Parana; but the subsequent hinderances thrown in the way by the narrow and selfish policy of President Lopez prevented this much-desired consummation. Bonpland's letter, given by Captain Page, is eminently characteristic of the early companion of Humboldt; and we suppose that this is the last letter pertaining to science ever penned by the octogenarian. In the beginning of 1858 he "slept the sleep which knows no waking," and was buried amid those wonderful scenes which in life ever excited his love and admiration.

To return from this digression, we may state that the tyrannical rule of Dr. Francia closed with his death in 1840. In 1841 a Paraguayan Congress assembled, and chose two Consuls for three years. One of these managed to obtain the supreme direction of the affairs of the so-called republic. This was Don Carlos Antonio Lopez, who is at the present time President of Paraguay.

The Argentine Confederation, which is composed of fourteen States, — though one of them, Buenos Ayres, has been for seven years in the position of nullification, — enjoyed but little freedom after their independence. The usual revolutions, which tore other portions of Spanish America, were the desolating heritage of these fair provinces. Ambitious generals and demagogues pillaged the country. In 1836 Rosas obtained the supreme power, and confirmed it by a bloody tyranny, which surpassed even that of Francia. He made war upon the little republic of Uruguay, or the Banda Oriental. He refused to allow the navigation of the river by vessels bound to Paraguay. He kept in a constant ferment and fear every government that touched the Argentine Confederation. At length in that Confederation the liberator of La Plata was to arise. General Urquiza, the Governor of Entre Rios, a large proprietor, and the very antipode of our usual idea of a Spanish-American ruler and diplomatist, was to be the means of the expulsion of Rosas. Brazil formed an alliance with Paraguay, Uruguay, and the party represented by Urquiza in the Argentine Confederation, all of whom were opposed to the infamous rule of Rosas. Brazil united her regular forces to the wild but brave troopers of Urquiza. A Brazilian fleet blockaded Buenos Ayres in the spring of 1851. The capital of Uruguay, which was besieged for nine years by Oribe, one of the tools of Rosas, was by this movement relieved; for Urquiza with the Argentine army entered the Banda Oriental, and the siege of Montevideo was raised. On the 2d of February, 1852, Urquiza with his Gauchos, and Baron Caxias with the Brazilian regulars, united forces, and on that day the power of Rosas, so long the dread of South America, vanished for ever.

Urquiza is a rare man in South America, and we are not sure that he would not be a man of great prominence in

Europe or North America. For courage, modesty, frankness, upright dealing, and natural ability, he ranks with Dom Pedro II., the talented Emperor of Brazil, though the former does not possess the cultivated taste and superior education of the latter.

The overthrow of Rosas created a great sensation in our own country, and among the various governments of Europe. Diplomatists hastened thither. The La Plata was declared free to the navigation of the world. Even President Lopez, of Paraguay, did not seem behind the times. With Brazil, France, England, Sardinia, and the United States he formed treaties. A swarm of traders ascended the Paraguay. A "United States and Paraguay Navigation Company" was formed at Providence, Rhode Island, and was represented at Asuncion by Mr. Hopkins, who also had credentials as Consul of the United States. But the noblest enterprise of all was the expedition under the command of Lieutenant (now Captain) Thomas J. Page, in the little United States steamer Water-Witch. The object of this exploration has already been described.

We have been thus somewhat minute in our historical outline, because an inextricable confusion has obtained in regard to many of the countries of South America.

Captain Page's volume is filled with the interesting details of his surveys of rivers, his journeys over land, his scientific investigations, and the experience of himself and of those under his command in this delightful, Eden-like region, among a people hitherto little known. The origin of our difficulties with the present Dictator (for we can call him by no other name) of Paraguay, is stated with a clearness and a force which prove that Captain Page is as skilful in handling a pen as in directing an expedition. We wish that we had the space to give a full outline of the new discoveries, and of all the explorations, which extended over a period of three years. But, after stating that this expedition, so wisely set on foot by our government, has already had a benign influence on Brazil and the Argentine Confederation, we must content ourselves with a few quotations, which can only have the effect of directing the reader to one of the most instructive volumes that have been recently issued from the American press.

In ascending the Vermejo, (whose navigableness Captain Page was the first to demonstrate,) we have the following graphic and beautiful description: —

"While at anchor I went ashore, and, passing through the woods that skirted the banks, found myself on the borders of the pampa, with a boundless extension of palms — those 'kings among grasses' — before me. It was a temple to the Living God, that palm forest, with its long aisles and noble colonnades; its symmetrical columnar trunks rising to the height of more than seventy feet, with their feathery-foliage capitals. The plain from which they sprung was unbroken by the smallest inequality, except the conical structures of the ant, rising some three or four feet in every direction above the grass. Though this fair region has a varied zoölogy, and is the domain of fierce, unsubjugated nomads, scarce the buzz of an insect was heard; not a form of animated life crossed my path. Yet the whole aspect of nature was indescribably cheerful. There were pleasant illusions, too, of picturesque villages; for, as we turned from the palms and followed the course of the river, marked by its wooded belt, in the varying height of branching trees we descried houses, pointed roofs, and miradores, so sharply defined that it was impossible to believe them unreal. What a crowning glory the palm forests offer to the vegetable system of this basin of La Plata! The varieties seen by us in the last few months would furnish supplies of nourishing farinaceous food, drink, medicine, arms, lodging, and clothing to a vast population. We have seen them, not in patches or groves or park-like groupings, but in vast forests, extending many miles upon the rivers, and inland far beyond the reach of the eye." — p. 250.

The following account will be read with interest by all who love nature: —

"Wishing to see the country adjacent to the river during the rainy season, and with the hope of adding something new to our collections, I determined to make a little boat-cruise up the Riachuelo, a small stream that rises in the interior, and empties into the Parana, nine miles below Corrientes. I was fortunate in obtaining some rare birds, and in seeing — what alone would have repaid for a longer journey — the 'Queen of the Nymphæaceæ' upon its native waters. Extensive shallow lagoons, pure and limpid, were gemmed with islands of the 'Victoria Regia,' or *mais del agua* (corn of the water), as it is called in the country; for it is not only the queen of the floral tribes, but ministers to the necessities of man. Its seeds, which are about the size of large buck-shot, consist of a thin shell enclosing a white mealy substance. They are gathered by the Corrientinos, and pounded into meal, from which they make

excellent and nutritious bread. . . . . I did not, perhaps, see the 'Regia' in all its glory, for the season of full flower, May and June, had passed; but it was still budding and blooming in sufficient perfection to delight the eye. . . . . What infinite study is found in its leaves, — those great pages of Nature's book! I never wearied in examining their mechanism. Here, spreading over the lagoons, they looked as if they would bear the weight of men, and were covered at all times, after dawn, with myriads of water-fowl, gleaning the 'corn,' unless anticipated by the natives." — pp. 264, 265.

This work abounds in charming descriptions of nature, and of the people. We wish that we could transfer to our pages the accounts of the Tucumanians, with their hospitality and joyousness; of the Corrientinos, with their warm-hearted welcome; of the Santiagians, with their dances and music.

Our greatest regret is, that an expedition having such noble ends should have been interfered with. The wanton firing into the Water-Witch, at the order of President Lopez, may yet prove the occasion of obtaining added facilities for exploring more fully those lordly rivers and the countries which they drain. The visit of the American fleet to Paraguay will doubtless exact justice, and we trust that Captain Page, who accompanies the vessels of war, will secure privileges for continuing his peaceful mission. He has already drawn thither the attention of our commercial and scientific men, and new explorations are devoutly to be wished.

The results of this exploration are of the greatest value to La Plata and the world. The fertility and salubrity of this region have been demonstrated beyond a doubt. The mildness of the climate renders this magnificent valley a perfect paradise. "I am constrained," says Captain Page, "to pronounce Paraguay and those provinces of the Argentine Confederation which constituted the field of our operations, among the healthiest regions of the earth."

We cannot give a more fitting conclusion to this article than by quoting the reflections of our author in regard to the capabilities and the future of this interesting valley of La Plata.

"A great predestined future none could doubt who for many months had voyaged through such a valley of beauty, presenting, with the exception of our Mississippi, the fairest unbroken extent of cultivable

land in the world. Is this wealth of creation to remain unavailable for the comfort and happiness of men, while the powers holding dominion over it invite immigration, and the over-crowded cities of Europe teem with millions whose cry is for bread? Emigrants to the valley of La Plata may reach their homes in ocean steamers. No barren wildernesses are to be traversed. No long winters or autumnal exhalations are to be feared. No warring with Indian, beast, or reptile, or with those tropical miasmata against which the mind and strength of the white race are impotent. If Bolivia, Paraguay, the Argentine Confederation, and Buenos Ayres would unite and form a community of nations, neither filibustering hosts nor imperial fleets could be feared. Spanish galleons, freighted with the 'fifths' of Majesty, or the ships of Great Britain and Portugal, laden with the profits of illegal trade, will never again sail from La Plata. But the steamers of maritime nations, bearing the products of industrial power, will cover her interior water-courses, and in return will pour into the lap of those nations the agricultural and mineral wealth of the Western Indies. No overthrow of existing governments, no political revulsions, are necessary to place the inhabitants of these regions under the beneficent influences of a great republican civilization."

ART. VIII. — *Life of James Sullivan: with Selections from his Writings.* By THOMAS C. AMORY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1859. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 414, 424.

THERE is one original feature in the working out of the plan of the great Washington Monument, at our federal capital, which is so appropriate and symbolic in itself, as to go far towards reconciling us to a faultiness of taste in the whole design. We refer to that feature, so generally approved, of building into the walls, on the inner surface, blocks of every variety of stone, gathered from all quarters, and bearing appropriate inscriptions designating their grateful donors. There is a meaning in this; or rather it admits of a significance which we shall venture to assign to it. Beneath the deep foundations of the structure is the stone inscribed with the name of Washington. The external walls are uniform and homogeneous in their material. But as the visitor ascends the

winding stair within, his gaze is to be invited and detained by a series of mural tablets, bass-reliefs, and inscriptions, on stones of various shape and size, of granite, slate, or marble. These are all free contributions to the structure, and are nominally dedicated as tributes to the great and good man whom the pillared shaft commemorates. Those inscribed stones bear various devices and legends. They are contributed by sovereign States, by municipal, mercantile, charitable, professional, artistic, and mechanical corporations and associations, and by patriotic individuals. If wrought in with skill and good taste, they will form one of the most appropriate, perhaps the most striking, of all the features of that stupendous monument. Anything like symmetry in the arrangement of those inner blocks is out of the question. A forced attempt at symmetry would vitiate the very purpose aimed at in them, and turn the matter to a merely finical result.

Now just what those inscribed stones are to the Washington Monument, the biographies of our Revolutionary patriots are to our organic national history. The exterior surface of the monument, as we have said, is uniform and homogeneous. So must be the plan and method and the working out of our national history, if we ever have a writer equal to the whole theme. But the greater variety there is in the contributions to its internal composition, in the lives and reported services of the able and faithful men who helped to plan and secure the whole fabric, the better will posterity understand, and the more thankfully will it appreciate, the noble work.

Such a contribution Mr. Amory has made to one of the most valuable departments of our national history, in his biography of his grandfather, Governor Sullivan of Massachusetts. The subject of it eminently deserved this grateful memorial, and the author of the volumes in our hands has discharged his office with unexceptionable good taste, with the utmost fidelity in research, with appreciation, candor, intelligence, and rare impartiality. He has had a most interesting story to tell, and he has wisely allowed the whole interest of his pages to be sought for in their proper subject-matter, without drawing upon his own imagination, or exaggerating any incident which he relates. No partisan feeling seems to have had the slight-

est influence with him, though his narrative leads him through the times of the most exciting and embittered party strife of which the record enters into our annals. The pride of kindred might be justified in a far more obtrusive display of itself than his modest pen and his chastened style allow. It is evident that the industry and toil which Mr. Amory has spent upon this excellent work would have sufficed for the preliminary labor requisite for the composition of a history of the chief events and deeds which mark the period embraced in his biography. He has turned his temptation to diffuseness into a concentration of the substance of much biographical, political, and historical material in well-wrought paragraphs and comprehensive chapters.

Here, then, we have another inscribed block to be wrought into our national monument. A block of firm-set texture, and of the substantial quality of our native granite, would be typical of the character and services of the man whose eminent life-work is recorded in these pages. The best office which we can perform at once for the book and for our own readers, is to follow the lead of the author, and to report in a condensed and summary way the main points of the story which he has furnished for our gratified perusal. One element of his plan is to allow others to speak to us in his place, where he thinks an extract from a document, carrying with it the life and passion of its own time, will convey to us better than reports or comments of his own an intelligible view of what he seeks to communicate. He gives us especially liberal selections from the writings of Governor Sullivan, and intimates a purpose to follow the present volumes with a more extended compilation. It is remarkable, that, with the exception of a Life of Governor Gerry, this should be the first contribution, in anything more than the most unpretending and inadequate form, to the biography of the post-Revolutionary Governors of Massachusetts. We will now pass rapidly through its pages.

Mr. Amory begins the genealogy of his family at a date when the characteristic O' formed a part of the name, and that capital vowel, with the aspirate following, unmistakably localizes the portion of the human race concerning whose fortunes he writes. The O'Sullivans have a distinguished fame

in Irish history as far back as the era in which fabulous legends give place to veritable records. They constituted a large and powerful sept, ruled by a succession of independent chieftains, mighty and rich in castles and lands. The sept retained its wild independence down to the time of Elizabeth, and had joined the famous Catholic League of Munster, at the close of the sixteenth century. English conquest sweeping over the land of course reduced the O'Sullivans to subjection, except so far as an intenser hostility of spirit was engendered in Irish hearts by the loss of independence, and by disabilities attending a constancy of adherence to the Roman Catholic faith. Mr. Amory relates with a vigorous pen the embittering details of the hatred and strife incident to the subjugation of Ireland by the Protestants of the neighboring island, and he gives reasons which might justify a survival in the feelings of his kindred, even to this day, of an inherited animosity. But he nobly discharges his own breast of all such feelings, and is careful to follow his exciting narrative with some calm words of wise and forbearing Christian moderation.

A speck of romance connects itself with the transition of the family history from the Green Isle to the forests of Northern New England. The father of Governor James Sullivan was John O'Sullivan, born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1692. He might have lived to win his share of renown, and to exhibit some of the prowess of his ancestors in his native land, had it not been for a trial of the affections which drew out alike the strength of his more tender passions and the obstinate resolution of his will. But it was of precisely such stock as his, and such children as he would train up, that the colonies of England on this side of the water were soon to have need, and whatever of unsettled accounts between his family and England required readjustment were destined to have a field and an opportunity for settlement here. John O'Sullivan had set his affections upon a young lady whom his high-spirited mother did not regard as his equal in blood and social rank, and whom she therefore positively forbade him to marry. He vowed that, if thus opposed in the dearest wish of his heart, he would go where his mother should never hear of him or from him again. He made good his threat, and it was liter-

ally fulfilled in the very terms in which he defined it. He sailed from Limerick in 1723, as it would appear, penniless. Whatever the destination of the vessel, or his own plans, it was driven, by stress of weather, into York, Maine, where he entered into an agreement to earn with his hands or wits the means of paying the master for his passage. He had as a fellow-passenger a forlorn little orphan girl, Margery Brown by name, aged nine years, whose fortunes were thenceforward to be linked with his own through a life of extraordinary length. Having received at home a good classical education, without any training to manual labor, the task of meeting his obligations and supporting himself by the work of his hands was so irksome, that he naturally cast about for some relief which would throw the burden upon his mind. He therefore applied to the famous Father Moody of York, for employment in teaching, and for a loan wherewith to discharge his debt. He obtained the loan, from which, besides paying his due to the captain of the vessel, he bought off the indentures of the aforesaid Margery, of whose origin and desolate lot there is no explanation. Besides this, even, he took the child under his charge, and brought her up as his own, while he at once opened two schools, one for boys and one for girls, kept, after the intermittent fashion and necessity of the time and region, only for a part of the year. As little Margery grew up, she developed both attractions and a temper, the former of which she naturally lost, and the latter of which she as naturally retained, in her advancing years. A passing stranger, struck with her girlish beauty as she was drawing water at the well, instantly pressed his suit upon her. Being dressed in better apparel, and appearing to greater advantage than the young men whom the maiden was accustomed to see, she referred him to her *father*, whom the suitor at once importuned with his first warmth of passion. The Irish exile was not pleased with the aspect of the matter, and dismissed the youth with a refusal. The affair, however, seems to have opened his own eyes, and perhaps those of the maiden, to the possibility of a new disposition of their household relations, and she soon became his wife. Though of an uncultivated mind and taste, she proved to be a most energetic woman,

faithfully supervising the economical interests of her husband, and discharging her maternal duties in a way to secure the love and respect of her children. Her husband soon bought forest land in Berwick, where he continued to reside till his death, in 1796, at which time he had entered upon the hundred and fifth year of his life, sixty years of which he had spent on this soil of his purchase. He did not love farm-toil, and his wife relieved him of much of the labor of its supervision, while he devoted himself to more congenial tasks. He was a sort of "squire" for his town and the neighborhood, arbitrating in strifes, drawing legal papers, and teaching the young of several generations the needful humanities, while to the most capable pupils, including his own children, he was fully able to impart the rudiments of even a liberal education. Dr. Eliot, in his Biographical Dictionary, says that *Master* Sullivan, as he was familiarly called, spoke fluently both French and Latin, and wrote them correctly, after he had completed his century of years. He was temperate to abstinence. He retained his strength and faculties to the very last, cutting wood, doing farm-work, and taking rides of thirty miles in a day on horseback, to visit his son. This old patriarch, the subduer of wild woods and the humanizer of rugged lives, appears to have isolated himself as to the religious sympathy of his neighbors, and so it has been conjectured that he retained in private affection the favorite creed and faith of his Irish ancestry. But a pleasant and impressive picture of him is preserved in the memory of an aged woman, who describes the old man as she saw him on a visit to his cottage, with his long dark robe, a small cap crowning his white locks as they flowed over his shoulders, the appearance of fine health on an attractive face, and his spare frame bowed over his Bible. A copy of Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs — not one of the most cheerful even of serious companions — was lying upon the table near him. His widow died in 1801, at the age of eighty-seven. The remains of the venerable couple repose within the limits of their Berwick farm.

From them sprang, with other children, four sons, who were foremost in patriotism and in service during our Revolutionary strife, and two of whom were efficient builders of our national

fabric. James, the fourth son, the subject of the present memoir, was born at Berwick, April 22, 1744. His home was on freshly cleared soil, flanked by wild forests, the last scenes of Indian border strife. The whole region, with its frontier experiences, was admirably suited to call out the energies of self-dependence, and the inborn faculties to which alone manhood must owe subsistence, or advance in means and honors. His father intended that James, like his older brother John, the General in the war of the Revolution, should be trained to military life. But accident withstood the purpose. We find him first engaged in his youth in the hardy toil of a lumberman, shooting down timber through a tributary of the Piscataqua. While he was stretched on the grass one summer day for sleep, he was horror-stricken on awaking to see a rattlesnake watching him and ready to make the fatal spring. The swoon into which he sank from fright was believed to have saved him from the fangs of the reptile, — death or seeming death being supposed to secure immunity from its assaults. But the fearful shock caused to his nervous system by the dread apprehension is regarded as the primary cause of those attacks of epilepsy to which he was subject through the rest of his life, which seized upon him at home and abroad, in court and at church, and made him the pitiable spectacle of many painful scenes. Another calamity in his youth visited upon him life-long consequences. While he was felling a tree, one of his legs was caught by a bent branch, and received a compound fracture, which, aggravated by unskilful surgery, confined him at home for two years, and made him lame ever after. During this confinement he applied himself to faithful study, learning the Latin grammar, and whatever he could procure in that language, with all other available knowledge; and so he laid the foundation for a solid literary culture, and real accomplishment in intellectual sciences, which made up to him for the lack of a college course, and indeed, through his subsequent professional career, advanced him far beyond many of his contemporaries, who had enjoyed the best education of the times. His brother John, having made trial of the sea, devoted himself to the study of the law; and, meeting with success, established himself at Durham, New Hampshire, where James became his

pupil in 1764. In that relation the two brothers were fitted for the various services which they afterwards performed for their country, while the honors of each culminated in their reaching respectively the chief magistracy of New Hampshire and of Massachusetts. A curious, but by no means a singular, professional experience attended the settlement of John Sullivan at Durham. Lawyers in that time and neighborhood were regarded as a pestilent and mischief-making set of men, whose livelihood depended upon the promotion of strifes and differences among their neighbors. The neighbors of the new-comer to Durham manifested in no dubious way their displeasure at his presence, and gave him notice to take himself off. He disregarding the hint, a violent collision, with insults and blows, was the natural consequence. After the issue had been protracted, it was concluded to settle it by the result of a championship with the fists of one on either side. James Sullivan was the champion on the side of Law, in both senses of the word, and he was victorious. Amicable relations were very soon established, and there was work preparing for lawyers, of a sort to make them quite helpful to their neighbors.

The agitations and discussions roused by the Stamp Act were just then engaging the zeal of the people of New England. James Sullivan, who soon found a wife in Hetty Odiorne, hard by his brother's home, entered upon his professional studies just at the opportune time for hastening all his faculties to their faithful and profitable development. After having resided for a short period at Georgetown, a place which comprehended in its title an island and a section of the mainland at the mouth of the Kennebec, he removed to Biddeford, on the Saco. Here he prospered in his profession, and advanced his worldly interests, and here he would in all probability have passed his days, had it not been for the exciting scenes that invited him nearer to the centre of the turmoil. It was while riding the circuit for professional practice, and following up the business of the courts over long country roads, and in the close intercourse of the hospitalities of the public inns and private homes of those days, that he made the intimate acquaintance of many men of ability, destined to act conspicuous parts in the coming contest. Lowell, Sewall, Otis, and Adams

shared with him the rough adventures of travel, and the often rougher contests of forensic practice, all happily soothed by the familiar pleasantries of rural festivity. These home-bred lawyers were a class of men with whom more than with any other class rested the prospects and fortunes of the Colonies, when threatening issues were raised with the mother country. They had stronger temptations than any other class to retain their allegiance, to temporize, or to oppose the Revolutionary spirit. They had the most at risk in the strife, and would be the severest sufferers in case of an unsuccessful revolt.

In the year 1774, the last year of grace allowed to the vacillating for taking a decided stand, and the first year of the real contest as it presented the issue in its broadest bearings, James Sullivan was sent as representative from Biddeford to the General Court then meeting at Salem, just as the Boston Port Bill was to take effect. He and his brother John were concerned in the first overt act of the Revolution, which was the seizure, in December, 1774, of Fort William and Mary, in Portsmouth harbor. The powder which was obtained in this capture, after having been concealed for a time under the pulpit of the meeting-house in Durham, was carried to Cambridge by John Sullivan, in the following May, and used by the American soldiers in the battle of Bunker Hill. It will at some future time engage the zeal of some curious episodical investigator of especial points in the conduct of our war, to inquire for what proportion of all the military equipments, weapons, ammunition, clothing, small stores, and commissary's goods used by our troops, we drew upon our opponents. The rich prizes brought in by our privateers, together with several successful raids upon the goods of the enemy, will be found to have furnished no small part of the camp furniture of the patriot army.

James Sullivan, having thus entered upon political life at a crisis which committed every able man to serve in some capacity through the whole of the campaign about to open, was thenceforward put to service in a long succession of exacting and responsible trusts. On occasional visits to his home, he employed himself in stirring up, instructing, and nerving the spirit of the largest patriotism, on which alone the cause of his

countrymen could rest in the arduous and doubtful struggle yet before them. They might be called to bear disaster and ruin, in any form which it might please their enemies to inflict, and resistance required of them to subject themselves to the severest burdens of taxation, self-denial, and military rule imposed by their own leaders. The most remarkable and characteristic feature of our Revolutionary struggle was, that it was conducted through means afforded by a most methodical and systematic adherence to all the forms of civil legislation and administration, practised amid the actual wreck of all established government. There was really no legal sanction for giving effect to the last will of a dying testator, or to the military commission of the leader of all our armies. The voluntary system reigned supreme. James Sullivan was one of the most laborious and hardest-worked members of both Provincial Congresses, and afterwards of the same body when reorganized, according to the terms of the Charter of 1692, as the Provincial Assembly. He served on more than one hundred committees; he drafted important documents, initiated and matured measures of offence, of defence, and of wise provision for all manner of contingencies; he was commissioner of the expedition to Ticonderoga, in the affair with Arnold; he acted prominently in the case of the traitor Dr. Church; he framed the act of the Assembly authorizing the fitting out of armed vessels, the beginning of our navy, and was appointed one of the three Admiralty Judges. While the American army, under Washington, was investing the foe in Boston, his brother John Sullivan was doing good service as a brigadier-general, and was enjoying the success of his late law pupil in the multiplied employments of military legislation. On the evacuation of Boston, James Sullivan, not yet thirty-two years old, and still serving in the Assembly, was made a Judge of the newly reorganized Superior (afterward Supreme) Court. His brother Eben, as a patriot soldier, was adding to the laurels of the family in one direction, while his other brother, Captain Daniel Sullivan, was equally busy in another, till he was numbered among the victims of the Jersey prison-ship, in 1782.

To be nearer to the scene of his professional duties, James Sullivan removed to Groton, in this State, in 1778, though

he still continued to represent his old neighbors in the Assembly. As a matter of course, he was a member of the Convention for framing our first State Constitution. The claims of a growing family, and the insufficiency of his salary as a Judge of the Supreme Court, compelled him to resign that office, and, removing to Boston, he entered upon the fullest and most lucrative practice of the legal profession. He served for a short time in the Continental Congress. One of the most laborious and vexatious of his many public trusts was that which he discharged as commissioner on the public and private claims to lands west of the Hudson River. These claims were perplexed and embarrassed by the old Charter grants, by unextinguished Indian rights, by inconsistent Indian deeds and stipulations, by rival pretensions to jurisdiction, and by the sturdy resolution of actual occupants. When they became complicated also by relations brought about between the Colonies through the Confederation, and involved in litigation before the different courts, and a fierce collision of individual interests, it may well be inferred that only men of rare abilities were competent to adjudicate upon them, and that even such decisions as they might reach would provoke many personal hostilities, the effects of which would outlast their occasions. It was in the discharge of this trust that Judge Sullivan found a use for all the practical knowledge which he had already acquired about Land Titles, and was led to that thorough and systematic examination of the whole complicated subject, the results of which appear in his treatise under that name. His History of the Province of Maine is a creditable monument to his research, his general intelligence, and his skill as a writer of good, plain English.

The circumstances of the times brought before our courts many cases arising out of the previously existing complications of the affairs of church and state. Ecclesiastical litigation is one of the most annoying professional employments of a jurist. In those days no one could take part in it to any good purpose, unless he had a considerable amount of theological knowledge, and a strong personal sympathy on one side or the other, committing him to the old views and

usages, or to the new-born spirit of religious freedom, with all its risks. Judge Sullivan was a consistent church-member, heartily interested in the public and private offices of religion, a strict observer of its ordinances in the public assembly and in the forms of domestic devotion. He had entered in his early years into covenant relations with a Calvinistic Congregational church in Maine, but had gradually yielded to the liberalizing influences which had modified the faith of so many of his private and professional associates. In Boston he became a member of the Brattle Street Church, and worshipped there in a communion which drew together the prominent leaders of the two political parties, and the successive rival candidates for the Governorship of Massachusetts. Under these circumstances he was often employed in cases of ecclesiastical litigation, and always espoused the side of freedom, pleading effectively for the entire dissociation of things spiritual and civil in the province of legislation. It was well for an advocate on that side, that he was known to be a friend and a pledged disciple of religion; for at that time there were many who, with no faith of their own, assumed the right of supervising the faith of others.

The newly established government of Massachusetts was subjected to a sore trial of its strength and popularity in the Rebellion of 1786. There were sharp animosities and fierce struggles, lingering feuds, and grievous burdens of taxation, with exhausted public and private exchequers, all concentrating the darkest clouds in the near, as well as in the distant horizon. The threatening state of affairs seemed to call for that mature wisdom which could follow only from the full trial of an experiment then but in its opening stage. In those who were relied upon to exercise the controlling influence of mental or official authority under such a hazardous state of things, the most needful qualities were a resolute and fearless support of the principles then on trial, and a spirit of forbearance ever ready to practise the utmost tolerance towards disaffected, ignorant, and impulsive men, whose purpose was in the main honest. Judge Sullivan appears to have used his clear-headed discretion in connection with a conciliatory spirit, through all those threatening times. Like

most of the men in office at that period, he was a constant writer in the gazettes, where, under various signatures, generally not amounting to a disguise, he forcibly expressed his own views, and combated those of others, standing ready to meet, and sometimes to exchange, the asperities of language incident to such a mode of discussing embittered issues. If ever any skilful writer among us shall think it worth his while to revive and rehearse a full presentment of the matters then discussed in the newspapers under sundry classical and patriotic *noms de plume*, he will doubtless find in them, or elaborate from them, illustrations of some of the profoundest truths of the largest human science, while he traces through them the inchoate principles of the best assured economical and political maxims of our day. Patriotism certainly did not lisp, as other infant things do. It spoke strongly in well-formed periods, and often showed much familiarity with the Classical Dictionary.

Mr. Sullivan was next appointed successively Judge of Probate, one of the Executive Council, and Attorney-General of the State; neither of which offices was inconsistent with his continuance in private practice. In the last of these offices his duties as public prosecutor were very onerous, and were discharged with a fidelity that drew encomiums from men most passionately enlisted against him in the strife of party. The famous Selfridge case, occurring at a time of the intensest acrimony in State and national politics, called him to one of the severest trials of forensic ability against the most eminent talent enlisted on the other side. The death of his wife was followed by a second marriage, which made him the brother-in-law of Governor Langdon of New Hampshire. Home was rendered pleasant to him by its natural cares, by the refuge which it afforded from the heats of public life, and by the exercise of a large hospitality. Not the least among his various services were those which he performed in the discharge of numerous municipal trusts in the town of Boston before it received its city charter. These services were exacting and responsible, and often involved as much of passionate contention and of a rivalry of interests as belonged to the antagonism of partisans on the broader fields

of politics. Judge Sullivan declined to be a candidate for the Convention to form our national Constitution; but he accepted the agency for our government in the matter of the boundary line, to be decided with reference to the stream which was properly signified by the St. Croix River, as provided for in the treaty with Great Britain.

This busy man found time to serve all the various associations then formed in Boston in the interests of science, literature, history, charity, and internal improvements. He was one of the original Fellows of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; first President of the Massachusetts Historical Society; first Vice-President of the Congregational Charitable Society; and a member of the Humane Society, and of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America. He was also one of the projectors and a most efficient agent for insuring the success of the Middlesex Canal, the Jamaica Pond Aqueduct, and the West Boston Bridge, — enterprises at that time of a most formidable character, however moderate and practicable they may appear now, when dwarfed by modern undertakings. After having stood, for several years, as the Republican candidate for the office of Governor of Massachusetts, he was finally chosen in 1807, and again in 1808, and died while filling the chair, December 10, 1808, aged sixty-four years.

Interspersed over the pages of the second volume of this work are very valuable and instructive materials for tracing the history of the first party issues and strifes which divided, not only the citizens of Massachusetts, but almost equally the people of the republic, from the hour of the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution. It would hardly seem possible that darker times, or fiercer struggles, or more threatening risks, should ever present themselves on this continent, than those through which Mr. Amory leads us in his narrative. His summary relations, though concise, are luminous, and perfectly adequate to their purpose. His own comments are exceedingly candid in their spirit, and are designed in a wise and suggestive way to indicate to his readers, that the same candor which is so excellent a help to the right reading

of the history of the past, is the best security for good temper and honesty amid the exciting experiences of the present time. Many of his readers will doubtless ask on which side are his own convictions and sympathies in the remnants of the old strifes, or in the fresh agitations of our day, to which he necessarily makes reference. But if they find an answer which commits him to a fealty to any party except that which includes men of moderation, they will have found something which has escaped our notice.

Besides the interesting biographical narrative contained in these volumes, we value them highly for the information and the judicious hints which they contain in reference to the origin, the grounds, the manifestations, and the merits of the first divisions and alienations of opinion among those honest men, who, from having been united heart and soul in the sternest patriotic fidelity, were so soon found in hot contention about the true interests of their country. The partisanship of those times was unmistakably acrimonious, often blind and bitterly unjust. We thank every writer of our own day who reviews those ancient feuds so as to present to us their merits in a passionless and faithful narrative, and so as to leave us at liberty to believe — ay, more, so as to compel us to believe — that the fiercest champions in those party strifes were honest men, true patriots, and not intentionally Babel workmen. Certainly, order, a noble, finished fabric, and not confusion, is the result of their work, and that result is a composite structure showing how the most various materials contribute to harmony, in use at least, if not in design. Dr. Randall, in his Life of Jefferson, so elaborately and conscientiously wrought out, has removed the scales of a miserable prejudice from the eyes and minds of thousands of readers in New England, who had inherited the notion that this wise and able man was a monster of depravity, and an especial hater and foe of his own country. Mr. Amory leads us over a portion of the same most rich and fruitful field which is so admirably worked by Dr. Randall. He makes the biography of his grandfather the thread on which he strings a great many lessons of sound wisdom for all times. There is just that calm and healthful moderation in his remarks upon these party strifes, which

would indicate, that, after having thoroughly reviewed them with an intelligent mind, the writer had no ambition, no interest, no feeling even of his own, beyond that of a private and well-disposed citizen of the republic. He does not even attempt to sum up in a general concentration of balanced and adjusted estimates the claims which the subject of his volumes has upon the gratitude or the respect of posterity. Still less does he assume the judicial office of pronouncing upon the complexion of his life and the composition of his character. He leaves his readers to decide how Governor Sullivan shall stand before them in the light of his own deeds and purposes, and in the shadows of his own times. Those shadows were deep, and they are deep to us as we look back into them, except as they are illumined by the candor which knowledge and charity will impart to all who try to understand their conflicts. The best use of such works as this before us is, that they revive in the most intelligible and instructive way the story of times which have entailed upon us some of their own strifes, and have confused our judgment of men and things which it is very desirable for us to understand and estimate rightly. We might naturally have supposed that the formation of a Constitution for our federal government would have been so deliberately entered upon and pursued to its great results, as to leave no material for any extended opposition to the details which it involved; and that its adoption would have been followed by the inauguration of a feeling of universal good-fellowship over the country. But that fancy is strangely mocked by any page of the records of those times, whether it contain the debates of a national or State convention, or the doings of a town-meeting in the obscurest village of the land. There were questions of infinite moment opened for agitation. The experiments that were to be put on trial were wholly beyond the scope of all the precedents which the history of the world could furnish. Some of the ominous forebodings and dismal apprehensions connected with the earliest party discords in our political annals appear to us as the merest bugbears; we are tempted to laughter as we read of them; we wonder that people with honest consciences could have been wrought up

to such alarm, to such passion, about them. The fear that Washington would set up a monarchy; that a privileged class would bring in orders of nobility; that returning loyalists were secret agents of a prince of the blood commissioned to subject us again to royal rule; — these and some other apprehensions, which made our grandfathers more afraid of the daylight around them than their grandfathers had been of the Indians prowling about their cabins at midnight, seem to us too unreal to be seriously talked of. But there was a reality answering to each one of those apprehensions. There was a risk of centralization, and of an entail of offices and privileges in our national government. The returning loyalists, seeking to reclaim their alienated estates, revived many dangerous contentions. The treaty with England left some of the most fruitful matters of subsequent strife still open, and concentrated party interests and common fears upon them. The funding system, and the equalizing of obligations among those whose debts were unequal; the question about the levying of imposts, — whether by State or federal authority; the question of neutrality and of commercial restrictions; and, above all, the question of sympathy and alliance with France, before and after her revolution turned to fearful anarchy; — these were some of the materials for the fires of political and partisan strife, than which no later age of the republic has provided any more combustible.

Judge Sullivan stood as the Jeffersonian, or Republican, or Democratic candidate for the chair of state, when the intensity of party rancor had reached its boiling point. Some of the principles of government to which he gave his allegiance were especially obnoxious to his professional associates. His opponents at the bar were generally those who belonged to the antagonistic political party. He allowed his name to stand as the target for the shafts cast at the set of measures then identified with the Republican platform. He was the subject of some slanderous imputations, which seem as we read the account of them to be rather available as a tribute to his integrity, — because, few as they are, they were all that the most venomous hostility could summon against him, while their triviality makes them for the most part matters of indif-

ference. Still, as we read the extracts from his writings which his grandson with excellent judgment has spread before us, we see that he was really no partisan, but an independent man. We find expressions of regret and distrust uttered by him about some of the men whom his party was compelled to carry with it. His allegiance was that of a man who must choose between one of two parties on general principles, and on a few grounds of decided conviction. We therefore close the volumes with a grateful impression of the man and of his career. His Life, and the inscription which it bears, are a most valuable contribution to our national monument.

ART. IX. — *History of New England.* By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. Vol. I. pp. 636.

THE Transatlantic reproach cast upon the superficialness of American scholarship and authorship can be in no wise affected by our simple denial of the charge, nor yet can it be extenuated by our partial admission of it with grounds of justification. It has already become somewhat stale, solely because, since our national self-complacency was first disturbed by it, our soil has been growing more and more prolific of scholars and writers who could not fail of an English reputation. Yet there are departments of learning in which we must, no doubt, remain for the present in the rear of our European contemporaries, for want of adequate libraries, of a proper division of intellectual labor, and of endowments for the support and encouragement of those who make it their life-work to add to the world's stock of knowledge. Thus in regard to the entire study and science of language we are placed at a disadvantage which cannot be easily overcome, except by extended foreign residence or travel; for philology, equally with zoölogy or astronomy, must be based on observation and comparison; and the philologist is in most of our public libraries as destitute of materials for the prosecution of his inquiries, as a zoölogist would be in a thronged city, or an astronomer under an always clouded sky.

These considerations are not necessarily a bar to the highest eminence in the department of modern history. Here, indeed, our public libraries are deficient, even in works relating to our own country, of which there is at least one private citizen who has a much more valuable collection than is possessed by any State or college. Nor yet is there any considerable chapter of history which can be properly studied without first-hand access to state-papers in the keeping of European governments. Yet the historian may cross the Atlantic with all the questions for which he needs an answer ready shaped to his mind, may know precisely what he requires to consult, and where, and he may thus bring home memoranda and transcripts which shall be the full and sufficient supplement of what he can gather from our own collections and archives. Moreover, it accords with all experience, though we know not how to generalize the law of human nature to which it should be referred, that he who must travel far for his authorities sifts them more warily and thoroughly than he who has them but an arm's length from him. It cannot be denied, that among our historical writers there are some, at least, who have no superiors in breadth of comprehension, thoroughness of execution, and force, precision, and elegance of style. The list we indeed might feel disposed to shorten from that which has sometimes appeared on our pages in past years. We have been too ready to receive bulkiness as synonymous with greatness, and have occasionally manifested more pride in a series of ponderous octavos than their contents would warrant.

Yet, whether we include more or fewer names in our catalogue of American historians who belong to the foremost rank, there can be only unanimous consent in assigning the first place among those who have given us finished works to him who has been so recently summoned out of the world with his master-work unfinished. In Prescott, we hardly know whether most to admire his indefatigable industry in collecting materials from so various and distant sources, his complete mastery and unchallenged criticism of his authorities, his exquisite method, his vivid reproduction of personages and transactions, or his unstudied dignity and spontaneous grace of style and diction. For our own part, we have been most of

all impressed by the imaginative power which makes his narrative like that of a contemporary and eyewitness, so that we forget for the time the author's personality, and seem to be reading the pages of one whose national sympathies are identified with this or that party in the drama which he causes to pass before us, — except that in the shifting of these sympathies as the scales of justice change their poise, we are made again to feel that he is always the compatriot of those whose is the right cause or the wrong suffering. Of the virtues which made him — what the great historian, no less than the true orator, must be — a pre-eminently good man, we trust that the day is not far distant when an adequate memorial may be given to the public; in which event we will hope to transfer to our pages some not unworthy likeness of one whose name will be held in long regret, and in enduring reverence and love.

It is a noteworthy coincidence, that the press of this city should have issued almost simultaneously the last volume of hitherto our greatest historian, and the first volume of one who promises to add to not dissimilar claims upon our gratitude the added title of the first historiographer, in any worthy sense, of his and our native New England. With strong points of difference, there are not a few of close resemblance between Prescott and Dr. Palfrey. They are alike in their minuteness and thoroughness of investigation, in their unimpassioned impartiality of narrative, in their accurate presentation of remoter historical causes and more recondite motives, in their independence of commonplaces and conventionalities in their judgment of men and transactions, in their constant reference to an elevated standard of right, and in gravity, purity, and precision of style. Prescott is the more dramatic of the two; but Dr. Palfrey, by the distinctness of his delineation, by the perfect proportions of his narrative, and by a quality closely analogous to the *chiaro scuro* of a sister art, which strikingly characterizes all that he has ever written, throws equal life into history, and makes it equally the presentment to the inward eye of the scenes and events of an earlier time. Prescott's descriptions are faithful word-paintings; Dr. Palfrey's remind us of a colorless transparency. The difference is to be in part ascribed to native temperament;

in part, to their respective subjects. The one has wrought in regions redolent of romantic associations, among memorials of vanished greatness, and upon scenes and characters remote from our familiar knowledge and ready sympathy; the other, on what was a *rasa tabula* for his pencil, among the monuments of our own ancestry, and upon personages and events blended with all that we are, and daily witness, and constantly experience. Their differences thus merge themselves in that broader resemblance, in which the manner of each is closely adapted to his work; and we believe that neither could have been so entirely successful in the other's field of labor.

Dr. Palfrey manifests rare gifts as an historian. First of all, he loves his subject. A New England man as thoroughly in character as veritably by right of birth, he inherits the principles which presided in the inception of our republican institutions, — the fearless integrity, the persistent adherence to the right, the uncompromising independence, the tenacity of honest purpose, the ardent love of liberty, which were the germinal principles of these Northeastern Colonies, and which have been transplanted with our emigrant population through the entire breadth of our continent. His conscientious and painstaking industry was needed, not so much for the narration of actual events on this side of the ocean, as for the often obscure and difficult investigation of their Transatlantic causes and relations. His candor is signally conspicuous in dealing with matters in which varying opinions and interests have transmitted sectional and party strifes, not indeed in the form of animosity, but of fixed historical prejudice, to the descendants of the principal actors. His minuteness of narration leaves at no point a reasonable curiosity unsatisfied; and yet he has the rare art of multiplying details without magnifying them, so that the salient topics of interest are never overlaid or dwarfed by the pressure of collateral and subsidiary material. Then, too, the work is equally fitted for the simply receptive reader and the critical student of history. The text presents an unbroken flow of easy narrative; while in the copious notes all points of controversy are elaborately discussed, discrepances between different authorities carefully noted, and full references given.

The settlement of New England presents for the historian a theme second to none in interest and magnitude, as regards its antecedents and its results. Its epoch was, politically and spiritually, at once a harvest season and a seed-time, — the ingathering of the mere handful of thoroughly matured seed-corn to be sown forthwith in the virgin soil of the New World. In saying this, we ascribe to our fathers superiority over the men of their times only in what the stern discipline of persecution and suffering could create and cherish; in such seals of a divine and world-wide mission as are but transfigured wound-marks; in tendencies toward freedom, not the result of profounder reasoning or insight or foresight than belonged to their age, but of an experience so shaped as to teach no other lesson. They were as narrow in their religious sympathies as they were fervent in their piety; but a Providence higher than their thoughts, deeper than their plans, so shaped their course that they became inevitable pioneers of the very liberty of conscience and of worship which they disallowed.

It seems to human view surprising that these regions of North America should not have been colonized at an earlier period. Whatever measure of authenticity may be awarded to the narratives of discovery by the Northmen, it is certain that they had the requisite ability and enterprise to reach our coasts, and to make permanent settlements upon them; and the same hardihood, thirst for adventure, and zeal for maritime exploration, which with the Southern nations of Europe found occupation in the East, if directed westward, must have planted these shores with an immigrant population before the invention of the art of printing. But had the discovery and planting of North America preceded this invention, the needs and straitnesses of forest life and savage warfare, the entire separation from all that could serve for example and instruction, and the absence of all means for embodying and circulating intelligence, would have so rapidly deteriorated the immigrant races, that it would have taken centuries to retrieve the degradation which would have reached its lowest possible point within fifty years from the landing of any company of colonists. Equally unpropitious would have been the settle-

ment of our country before the Protestant Reformation aroused the European mind from its slumber of ages. In that case, superstition must have been for generations growing more sombre, ignorance more crass and impenetrable, Romanism more like feticism, before the light that rose in the East could have found its way across the ocean; and the states that have been formed from Spanish America are types of what our whole continent must of necessity have been, had the veil that rested on the Western World been prematurely lifted.

We believe, with Dr. Palfrey, that the leading minds of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies brought with them principles and maxims of government, and of individual rights, which could have no other embodiment than in republican institutions. There was an essential connection between Puritanism and civil freedom. The Puritan had so pervading and intense a perception of his accountability to God for fidelity to the dictates of his individual conscience, that he could not be the passive subject of arbitrary power. The question with him was that of the safety or perdition of his soul, and it was too heavy a stake to be put at hazard by kings or courts. He owned no lawgiver but the Supreme Ruler of the universe, and could submit to no sway exercised independently of his will. The limitation of the elective franchise and of participation in the government of the state to church-members, was but the natural expression of this sentiment. An ungodly populace was as dangerous to the rights of an enlightened conscience as an ungodly king. Those only were fit to rule who had in common a lowly reverence for the law of God, and who would unite in the endeavor to make that law paramount. The example of separation between things secular and things sacred in the functions of government had not yet been witnessed, nor had the possibility of such a separation entered into the minds of men. Every European sovereign was virtually the *Pontifex Maximus*, and enforced equally modes of worship and forms of civil order and obedience. All the abuses under the European governments of which the Puritans had reason to complain, resulted from the usurpation of the rightful functions of the church by the state. The obvious remedy was to reverse that vicious order of things,

and to subjugate the state to the church. The form in which this idea was incorporated into the civil organizations of New England was impracticable, except for a short period and on a limited scale; for it involved the supremacy, not of conscientious, God-fearing men in the aggregate, but of those who had received a certain religious brand, for which some of the best citizens might well lack the prerequisites, and of which some of the worst citizens might feign the demanded conditions. But the idea is none the less sound, and its fit embodiment will mark the culmination of true liberty, — the condition in which men shall be free in every direction in which they shall not find themselves restrained as the servants of God. Government can approach perfection only in the degree in which the law of God shall be the basis and the limit of human legislation.

But while the Puritans were thus of necessity the pioneers of civil freedom, they were the only religionists who could lay any title to this distinction. The Roman Pontiff claimed a civil no less than an ecclesiastical control over the members of the Church which owned him as its head, and thus no Roman Catholic state could regulate its own affairs without the interference of a power, which indeed could wield directly but little physical strength, but which was mighty in the factitious thunder of its spiritual censures, and by means of them could command the armies of the faithful to enforce its behests. The English Church acknowledged the authority of the state over the most sacred concerns of the individual conscience, and was, under the Stuarts, the mere sycophantic slave of the crown; while at the same time the Romanistic tendencies of the reigning family were so manifest, as to render the retrogression to Catholicism a subject of just apprehension, especially as this had taken place so disastrously under the first female heir of the house. The Anabaptists, and the various denominations of sectaries that were offshoots from the Puritan stock, were more or less tinctured with an Antinomianism, whose natural fruit was anarchy, not liberty. They disowned with greater or less distinctness the amenableness of the saints to the Divine law, and were therefore unsafe subjects of a government,

which lightened all other yokes that it might sustain the equable and benignant pressure of that yoke which is perfect freedom.

On no score have our ancestors suffered severer reproach, than on account of their intolerance of religious dissent and their exclusion of dissenters. If there be truth in what we have said, this policy admits of defence on political grounds, on the exigencies of public safety. The Puritan settlers were not numerous or strong enough to cope with an organized opposition. Of those who were severely dealt with, there were hardly any who did not invite offensive measures against themselves by aggressions against the existing order, by licentious practices, seditious speeches, or open contempt of the constituted authorities. There were indeed instances — fewer than is commonly represented — in which gratuitous cruelties indicated the *odium theologicum*, and our fathers would not have been men of their century had they been wholly emancipated from such influences. But in the large majority of cases the obnoxious religionists were merely sent back to the mother country, or banished under such penalties as were deemed necessary to render their exile permanent. This was the right, nay, more, the duty, of the guardians of our infant republics. They were not in a condition to temporize, to harbor smothered rebellion, to nourish in their bosom potential enemies to the rights they had so dearly purchased. They had not in their body politic sufficient vitality to absorb and assimilate heterogeneous elements. Surrounded by a savage foe, poor in the means of defence, they could be secure only in union. They could safely keep in their society only those whom they could make partners. We by no means assert that they could have themselves offered this plea. In times of emergency an instinctive perception of need supplies the place of sober ratiocination; but what honest men at such seasons feel to be right, will generally bear the test of reasoning, and we believe that, for measures which have been deemed oppressive, and which in many minds have left a stigma upon the fathers of New England, the imminent necessities of their infant state were far oftener than religious bigotry and hatred the prevailing motive.

This must have been especially the case as regards the treatment of professed members of the Church of England by the authorities of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The Plymouth planters were voluntarily separatists, and in their residence in the Netherlands may have lost all remaining sympathy with the religious order of their mother country. But the Bay colonists were almost all of them loving and loyal members and ministers of the Church of England, as to the essentials of her doctrine and her ritual, driven from her enclosure solely by the arbitrary imposition upon them of observances and compliances against which her leading divines under Edward VI., her martyrs under Queen Mary, would have been equally strenuous. Winthrop and his associates say in their parting address from the ship in which they had embarked: "We esteem it our honor to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear mother, and cannot part from our native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart, and many tears in our eyes." Had there not been a stubborn determination on the part of the court and the primate to enforce conformity to rites and practices which bore the trail of Romanism, Boston would probably have remained unsettled till Plymouth had become strong enough to colonize it. The early citizens and magistrates of Boston could therefore have had no hostility to members of the Anglican Establishment as such. They were unwilling to permit its public ministrations, for the very reason for which they had forsaken them in England, and for the added reason that a rival form of worship involved the raising up of a rival faction in civil and political affairs. But we see no evidence that an English Churchman was ever persecuted here for his adherence to the Church. Those for whom recent writers have claimed in this behalf the honors of a semi-martyrdom, were most of them persons of profligate characters, such men as "leave their country for their country's good," and the residue were sent to England or banished from the jurisdiction on account of political offences.

The period covered by Dr. Palfrey's first volume closes before the intrusion of Quakerism upon the stage of New

England history. That our fathers transcended the outside limits of mercy in dealing with this heresy, it would be vain for us to deny; but it must be admitted that the early Quakers equally transcended the outside limits of decency, and merited whatever measure of restraint or punishment should be visited on atrocious breaches of the public peace, and violations of all natural and conventional laws of modesty and reverence. Nor have we any reason to suppose that the quiet profession of such opinions as distinguished the followers of Fox and Penn would have been deemed worthy of any penalty other than the negative one of disfranchisement.

The portion of his volume in which Dr. Palfrey will meet with the severest historical criticism is that which relates to Roger Williams, whose undoubted integrity of purpose, purity of life, and services as the founder of a State, have won for him a traditional sympathy well-nigh universal, and have been so regarded and represented as to cast deep reproach on the memory of the magistrates and divines of the Bay Colony. The first and essential point, which should be taken into consideration, is that Williams was not punished as a Baptist; for he was not a Baptist till several years after his banishment. We find no proof that he was regarded or treated as a heretic, except in certain matters in which his religious opinions had a direct bearing on the authority of the magistrates and the execution of the laws. His sentence of banishment recites no other charge against him than his having "broached and divulged divers new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates, as also writ letters of defamation both of the magistrates and churches here." He signalized his entrance into the Colony by denying the right of the magistrates to punish "breaches of the first table" of the Decalogue, namely, idolatry, perjury, blasphemy, and Sabbath-breaking, against the three last of which penalties still stand on the statute-book of Massachusetts, while perjury is a penal offence under every known government. He publicly disputed the right of the colonists to their soil under the King's patent. He taught that it was unlawful to administer an oath to an unre-

generate person, — a doctrine which, so far as it was admitted, involved judicial proceedings in inextricable embarrassment. He urged his church in Salem to renounce all communion with the other churches of the Colony; and when they rejected his advice, he withdrew himself from their communion, and also from that of his own wife in the services of family devotion, inasmuch as she still adhered to the fellowship of the church. This procedure was by no means harmless in a civil point of view, as the church-members were *ipso facto* citizens, and his proposed measure was tantamount to a secession of the inhabitants of Salem from the body politic of which they were a component part. As a disturber of the peace he was exiled. The sentence, passed September 3, 1635, was to take effect within six weeks; but, as this would have sent him into the wilderness on the verge of winter, a reprieve was granted him till the following spring. He made so good use of the liberty thus allowed him in maintaining the excitement which he had fomented in Salem, that it was resolved to transport him to England. It was to avoid this that he took his flight in the dead of winter, incurring the severest hardships and privations. We regret that the sufferings of so excellent a man should incidentally or by implication be chargeable upon Winthrop, Cotton, and their associates; but it seems to us that by every fair rule of construction they are to be regarded as directly of his own choice. In a more firmly established community, his erratic course might have been safely tolerated; but it was certainly attended with no little hazard to the harmony and well-being of the infant Colony, and was all the more dangerous on account of his profound sincerity, his undoubted ability, and his acknowledged purity of morals and ardor of devotional spirit. Nor can we trace any proof that he was regarded with unfriendly feelings by the magistrates. His subsequent intercourse with Winthrop was of the most amicable character, and he never failed to bear honorable testimony to the uprightness and personal kindness of his opponents.

Dr. Palfrey, while his sense of historical justice compels him to join issue with the magistrates against Williams, pays a hearty tribute to his Christian conscientiousness and excel-

lence. He was, indeed, a man whose heart was always right. In the vehemence of controversy he was never rancorous; a tone of heavenly sweetness and fervent love pervaded even his invectives and anathemas. But antagonism was the native mood of his intellect; the conflict of minds was his joy; the thorny wreath of protracted martyrdom his crown. In the colony he established he was often at variance — yet never in bitterness — with his associates, and with the divers classes of sectaries who availed themselves of the freedom of conscience he proclaimed. He never laid aside the armor of his warfare. He was at strife even with himself. He was twice re-baptized, and seemed intolerant of repose even in the bosom of the church he had founded. "But the vital part of religion never deserted him. However his theories shifted, he never ceased to be a single-hearted lover of God and men."

Our discussion has postponed our analysis of Dr. Palfrey's volume. His first chapter is an admirable *résumé* of the physical geography and natural history of New England, and of what is known of the history, habits, culture, and condition of the aboriginal inhabitants. On this last subject he shuns the romance which has too long environed it, and represents the Indians as simply ignorant savages, without eloquence, without treasured and traditional knowledge, possessed only of those rudest arts requisite to bare subsistence, and destitute of those chivalric virtues which have been ignorantly ascribed to them, but of which authentic history bears no record. The next chapter treats of the early voyages and explorations, containing all that is known of the voyages of the Northmen, and of the various explorers from England and Southern Europe who visited or approached our shores. Here, again, there was room for the author's keen criticism in rejecting the fable which has incorporated itself with the very few ascertained facts that connect the Northmen with New England. The Dighton rock he regards as having been inscribed by Indians, and as probably the record of a battle; and, if the depth of the incisions is maintained to indicate the use of iron instruments, he shows that nothing was known of the rock prior to 1680, when the natives had been long in possession of the tools requisite for such an engraving. The round tower at Newport

he is inclined to identify with the mill built by Governor Arnold, and he confronts an engraving of it with that of a mill of similar architecture still standing in Warwickshire, whence the Arnold family are understood to have emigrated. The third chapter contains a condensed and rapid sketch of the history of Puritanism in England, tracing its roots in the sturdy elements of the English character, and its first forthputtingsin the Saxon versions of the Bible during the Heptarchy. Then follows the narrative of the rise of the Scrooby congregation, the annoyances they suffered in their birth-land, their fortunes in the Low Countries, and the causes which induced the emigration of a portion of them to America.

With the fifth chapter commences the history of New England colonization. There is no need that we follow any farther the details of the narrative. It includes in their proper places all the temporary and permanent settlements, to the date of the confederation of 1643. Once and again the author returns to England, to trace the course of events which issued in the colonization of Massachusetts Bay, and to relate the incidents of the Civil War in their bearing on Cisatlantic interests. What constitutes the most valuable characteristic of the work is this close interlacing of the history of the mother country and of the Colonies, — the exhibiting of the successive pulsations of the artery of still undivided though rudely lacerated national life across the ocean, — the juxtaposition of effects with their nearer and remoter causes. At the same time every portion bears indubitable marks of the most thorough first-hand investigation. No accessible source of information has been passed by, or partially drained. We can hardly conceive of any important accession to the materials which Dr. Palfrey has found and employed. His work when completed must take its place as the classic of New England history, and must so continue till new and eventful chapters of our political fortunes, to be developed in coming generations, shall crowd our early annals into a narrower compass.

We can hardly anticipate any diversity of judgment as to the merits of this work. In style, it is above criticism. It bears the trace of no mannerism, unless the slipshod habits of recent authorship make careful finish a mannerism. There is

neither declamation, nor superfluous verbiage, nor impertinent commentary, but continuous and animated narrative, in sentences so perspicuous that the reader's eye is not arrested by their simple beauty, but looks directly through them to the ideas or images they present. The diction, though never turgid and never dull or careless, adapts itself with easy grace to the theme in hand, quickens and glows in the recital of heroic doings and endurings, takes on a keen and subtile edge in the delineation of character, is compressed and unemphatic in the necessary enumeration of mere details, and becomes again full and strong as the main action of the drama is resumed. We have been perpetually reminded, as we have read this volume, of Cicero's definition of the eloquent man, — "Is, qui poterit parva summisse, modica temperate, magna graviter dicere."

Equally unqualified praise is to be awarded to this volume, for the fairness and impartiality of the narrative. There is neither indiscriminate eulogy nor wholesale condemnation. In the portraits of the heroic personages of the history, spots and defects are given with the same fidelity, which cannot do less than justice to a single noble trait or commanding feature. Nor is merited censure left unqualified. There are no marks of favoritism or enmity in the author's own feelings toward the men and parties comprised in his narrative; and this, though it might seem an essential, is a rare quality in an historian. Nine tenths of the great histories that have been written are partisan works, compiled for the special glorification of the representatives of certain opinions or measures; and in their construction the past has not been studied for what it could teach, but ransacked, tortured, and mutilated to furnish precedents for some present mood of popular feeling or phasis of political belief, — for authority in an open controversy, or the confirmation of an individual whim. More entirely free from this reproach the work now under review could not be, were the author divested of all human sympathies; and yet he evinces perpetually the depth and fervor of his sympathies by a diction which indicates not only logical accuracy, but the delicate appreciation and strong inward sense of all that is truly noble and praiseworthy.

This history is, in the best sense of the word, a philosophical

history. The author, indeed, does not propound theories, and then marshal facts so as to confirm and elucidate them. We have hardly ever read a history which had in it so little of express and formal philosophizing. But as in physical phenomena, confused as they seem, there are pervading principles and controlling laws, which need only to be ascertained for the course of nature to flow in unrippled harmony, so in every series of historical events there are certain motive forces whose relative direction and strength it is the province of the historian to develop and exhibit in action. Where these forces are ignored, we have mere annals ; where they are presented in a didactic form, we have political or ethical disquisition ; where they are placed before us in the order and sequences of facts which they shaped and evolved, there alone we have history worthy of the name ; and it is only because the underlying principles of the events included in the narrative have been subjected to rigid philosophical analysis by the writer, that he is able to narrate these events in their causes, dependences, and mutual bearings. We suppose this process to have been most thoroughly wrought in the case in hand, because the work itself manifests its legitimate results without any of its pretence or ostentation.

Dr. Palfrey evidently regards himself as engaged upon the most momentous portion of the history of liberty. He does not consider the settlement of New England as a maritime accident of the seventeenth century, or the character and fortunes of the colonists as moulded and directed by their wilderness experiences. On the other hand, he looks back through antecedent centuries for the providential training of the fathers of this new empire, and finds the elements of their growth and enlargement, of their culminating prosperity on the soil of their first adoption, and of their extended and at times preponderant influence in sister Colonies and States, in the love of freedom and the fear of God which made them exiles. These were the constituents of the Puritan character, born of the word and spirit of the Almighty, baptized in the tears, blood, and fire of weary martyr-ages, matured in the stress of those final exigencies, which left our fathers the alternative of moral and spiritual suicide or self-expatriation. It is these principles

and their workings that our author has presented with vividness and power in every stage of his narrative; and for this pious labor no man could be better fitted than one who has constantly evinced by his own life his determined preference of the right to the expedient, and the fixed resolve to obey God rather than man.

We ought not to omit mention of the valuable illustrative apparatus connected with this volume, in the maps it contains. First, there is a map drawn expressly for this work, which presents New England and the peninsula of the St. Lawrence as far as it was known in 1644, with the positions of the native tribes, and the names of places then in use. Next we have John Smith's map of New England, which is valuable mainly as showing the vagueness of the draftsman's knowledge, and the extent of his ignorance. Finally we have William Wood's map of the southern part of New England, in 1634, which indicates a tolerably accurate conception of the geography of a portion of the coast, but is in the rudest possible style of art.

We regret that we have been able to devote so little time to the analysis of this volume. We delayed the work, in the hope of procuring it to be well and thoroughly done. The aid of contributors themselves thoroughly versed in the minutiæ and the recondite lore of New England history will, we trust, do more ample justice to the succeeding volumes, as they appear. Till then, we take leave of the author, with sincere gratitude for what he has given us, and with a keen appetite for what is yet to come.

ART. X. — *La Suisse Allemande et l'Ascension du Moench.* Par Mme. la Comtesse DORA D'ISTRIA. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1856. 4 vols. 12mo. pp. 1432.

THE author of this work on German Switzerland is in many particulars a remarkable person. Her pseudonyme of "La Comtesse D'Istria" hides a higher social rank than that of Countess. Her true title is that of Princess Koltzoff Massalsky, to which her lineage might also enable her to prefix the nobler name of Ghika. In this race of Ghika talent is hereditary, and liberal opinions are known as among its eccentricities; but the daughter of the Grand Ban Michael, and the niece of the Hospodar Alexander seems to have inherited in enlarged measure the liberalism and the ability of the ruling house of Roumania. The natural gifts of a scion of that house have been developed in her case by an education singularly free and complete, and such as probably the daughter of no other European potentate has received in this age. She is equally versed in the ancient classic tongues, and in the leading dialects of modern Europe; can write with facility and grace in Italian, French, German, and Russian, not less than in her own Wallachian, or in the Romaic speech of her tutor, the famous Pappadopoulos; is familiar with history and legend, with science and political philosophy; and in the precocity of her genius, as well as the variety of her acquirements, fairly rivals the unfortunate daughter of the English Dorset. Ascham could find Lady Jane Grey reading Plato in the Greek when the rest of the household were hunting in the forest; but it seems to us more worthy of wonder that the young Helen Ghika should dare, at the age of fifteen, to attempt a translation of the Iliad into German. Such tastes are rare in kings' houses. The married life of the Princess Massalsky has been diversified by various fortunes, which have enabled her to become personally acquainted with the principal nations and regions of Europe. She has lived in Russia and in France, in Turkey and in Belgium, and is able to describe from personal knowledge the scenery and manners of most parts of the Continent. Her present and favorite residence, however, is Switzerland; and

on the banks of the Aar she still pursues her literary labors. She has published several works, as "Monastic Life in the Oriental Church," "The Roumans and the Papacy," and "The Heroes of Roumania"; but her most elaborate and characteristic production is this upon German Switzerland. Here the vigor of her style, the fulness of her knowledge, the fervor of her religious sympathies, and the force of her patriotism, appear in the boldest relief.

The plan of the work is peculiar. It is neither a connected history, nor a book of travels, nor merely a series of sketches, but an ingenious combination of history, sketch, and travel, interspersed with frequent biographical notices and æsthetic and polemic dissertations. The principal cities of German Switzerland are taken successively as the centres of observation and remark, suggesting historical reminiscences and appropriate reflections. "Constance" and its lake bring before us the tragedy of Huss, and the story of martyrdom in the fifteenth century. "Schaffhausen" is the text of an eloquent digression on "the battles of liberty" and on the historians of Switzerland, Müller and Zschokke. "Zurich" calls up the forms of Zwingli, Bodmer, Lavater, Pestalozzi, Escher of the Linth, and Strauss, and the causes identified with these names. "Lucerne" and the Lake of the Four Cantons, of course, introduce the discussion of the religions of Switzerland. "Berne" is the heading of a series of chapters on Mysticism, Popular Romance, Communism, Political Organization, Fellenberg and his School, Haller and Science, Zimmerman and Moral Philosophy, Rodolph of Erlach, and the Aristocracy. The lake and town of "Thun" exhibit the legends and superstitions, the songs and music, of the Swiss people. "Grindelwald" allows a digression upon preaching and preachers, with special notice of Zollikofer, while "Bâle" repeats to us the story of Erasmus and Holbein, of medical, mathematical, exegetical, and theological learning, and, finally, of Protestant missions and the Roman Propaganda.

The execution of this curious and comprehensive plan is, on the whole, excellent. The style of Madame D'Istria (for we prefer to use the musical pseudonyme which she borrows from her favorite river, rather than the name of Massalsky, as hard

to write as it is to speak) has a rare strength, energy, and sharpness, — the qualities, indeed, of masculine writing. She has been accused by some, and not without reason, of imitating George Sand. Though no land could offer to a writer so many temptations to sentimental description, to rapturous outbursts of wonder and amazement, she restrains these most rigidly, and even disappoints us by the extremeness of her reserve. She has comparatively little to say upon the subject which is most intimately associated in the minds of most persons with the name of Switzerland. Nine persons out of ten who visit that land visit it for the scenery, and think of nothing while they are there but mountains, valleys, ravines, cascades, lakes, and glaciers. In the glory of this scenery, the men and the annals of the land are forgotten. Only those legends are remembered which are directly connected with the romantic features of the country, such as the story of William Tell, — now, alas! resolved by provoking critics, Madame D'Istria consenting, into a myth. Switzerland, in fact, in the minds of most men, is sequestered to this exhibition of Alps. Other nations have grand mountain scenery, but none at once so various, so condensed, and so accessible. The Himalayas may be twice as high, and Ararat may have a wider outlook, but it happens to very few to reach the Armenian peak or the Indian range. These lie away from the track of travel. The Lebanon hills are better known, and modern romance has done something to turn the feet of tourists towards the mountains of Norway. But there is only a small part of the year when it is comfortable to travel in these regions, and the scenery alone does not yet draw a tithe of the crowds who frequent the paths of the Bernese Oberland. The Alps of Switzerland offer to the most delicate an unrivalled spectacle of mountain magnificence, with scarcely any loss of comfort. There are good inns, with feather-beds, on the summits of the high mountains. One may breakfast on eggs and bacon in the English hotels at Interlachen, and dine without fatigue on the top of the Wengern Alp, right opposite to the avalanches of the Jungfrau. Three or four days' journey by rail will enable tourists from most of the capitals of Europe to come in front of views which baffle the imagination by their magnificence. Nowhere else can so

many, so celebrated, and so imposing mountains be seen so conveniently by so many persons, and in so short a time. The consequence is, that this sole interest of the Alps absorbs all other interests, and one who writes about Switzerland is expected to make this the principal topic. We are afraid, therefore, that many of the readers of the Countess D'Istria's book will be disappointed, not to say indignant, that she gives so little space, and spends so little sentiment, on this prime subject of the Alps and their glory.

With the exception of her account of the ascent of the "Monk," the companion-peak of the Jungfrau, and only two hundred and twenty feet less in altitude than its companion, — an ascent of extraordinary difficulty and danger, and never before attempted, if her statement may be trusted, — her account of mountain views and mountain climbing seems to us both meagre and forced. She was fortunate in her experience on Righi. The mists were accommodating; the sunrise was satisfactory; there was none of that "sullen and grim" vexation, tempest without and grumbling within, which is the memory that seven eighths of all eager gazers bring down from the Righi Culm; and no excuse, therefore, for any feeble description of the marvellous awakening of day upon that mountain. Yet the picture which the Countess gives seems to us rather mechanically drawn and conscientiously colored than palpitating with inspiration. She says as little as it is respectable to say, and is evidently glad to get down from that height to a mundane level and to more congenial human topics. The same remark is true of her descriptions of lake scenery. They are not picturesque, and they will satisfy neither those who have nor those who have not seen the fascinating sheets of blue water embosomed in their hills. The emotions which the Countess is constrained to express, if not to feel, as she meets in regular course these grand obstacles of scenery, remind one of the emotion of Dickens at the first view of Niagara, and his mature conviction that this emotion must have been one of — "Peace"!

The Countess D'Istria subordinates altogether this interest of the scenery of Switzerland to the higher interest of its annals. It is probable that to most English readers her work

(for it has been translated) will lend a new charm to this neglected portion of history. Comparatively few, we imagine, even among diligent readers, have paid much attention to the history of Helvetia. It has not yet been well written. It is a thing for the future. The man is yet to arise, who, bringing to this task scholarship, candor, industry, genius, and sympathy with the principle of freedom, shall make of Swiss history what it ought to be, a story as grand and far-reaching and inspiring as the views from those rugged and enduring mountains. Müller was great enough for the task, but he lived a century too soon, was seduced from his integrity as an historian by the blandishments of the German courts, found naturally more scope for his genius in a universal than in a merely national record, and has only left materials for some more loyal son of the land to recast and complete. Zschokke, the adopted child of Helvetia, was loyal enough, but did not bring to his historical effort that philosophical breadth and insight indispensable to a good history of such a land. He is an inimitable teller of small stories, but his history, faithful as it is to facts, and humane as it is in spirit, is little more than a detail of battles. The work of Vieusseux, published by Bohn, in 1846, full and comprehensive, has all the dryness of a compilation; it is a book to be referred to, but not to be read in course. Apart from this lack of worthy treatment, Swiss history is dwarfed in its interest by the narrowness of the theatre on which it passes. It seems to be all on a small scale. Its battles, as compared with those of the greater nations, are only affrays and skirmishes. Its wars are quarrels merely. Its policy seems hardly more imposing than the policy of tribes of Arabs. Still another reason why the history of Switzerland fails of interest lies in the character of those struggles by which it has maintained its place. Its wars are on so small a scale, that the terrible passions which have moved them manifest themselves the more painfully. We see continual fratricide in these contests of neighboring cities and neighboring Cantons. It is not so much nation against nation, race against race, as brother against brother. Hate, vengeance, jealousy, show themselves in these fraternal quarrels in their most malignant form.

It is the leading purpose of the Countess D'Istria's book to

vindicate this neglected history, — to exhibit its importance and its essential nobleness. She would show the principles which in past ages Switzerland has developed, and which it continues in the present age to represent more fully than any other European nation. In doing this she introduces some irrelevant matter, and presses some resemblances and analogies which seem to us doubtful and inapplicable. As a patriotic child of Wallachia, she would identify with Swiss freedom and the Swiss people the spirit and people of the Rouman race. Born in the communion of the Greek Church, she strives constantly to show that this Church is the friend of light and the foe of superstition, and to harmonize its dogmas and practice with the most liberal form of Protestant opinion. Her sympathies are with the Genevan Church; yet she holds tenaciously to the name of the Oriental hierarchy, and sees in its saints and doctors the prototypes of the modern martyrs for freedom and the modern champions of progress.

Her treatment of the Roman Church, too, is far from just. She omits no chance to expose its frailties, to berate its iniquities, to ridicule its legends, and to fasten upon it all the evils which have cursed the land and hindered its progress. In her eyes, Romanism is the gigantic wrong which blocks the path of all improvement, and hides in its shadow all the beauty of Europe. This tone is never mitigated, even when the facts which are treated would seem to dictate a different one. It is remarkable that a writer who can appreciate so fully the patriotism of the Swiss people, and see so clearly how this people represents the democratic idea, should fail to acknowledge the fact that it is precisely in the Catholic Cantons that patriotism is the most vivid, and democracy the purest. In those benighted regions around the Lake of Lucerne, where the peasantry frequent their ancient altars, confess sins to the parish priest, bow before images, and keep saints' days in joyous idleness, the spirit of ancient Helvetia survives most freshly; there is most love for vale and hill and forest, and most pride in the name of Switzer. Romanism there has certainly not extinguished the love of country.

Here we may remark that a great deal too much stress is laid by guide-books and tourists on the contrast in

Switzerland between the Protestant and Catholic Cantons. Differences there certainly are. As a whole, the Protestant Cantons are more enterprising, thrifty, and intelligent than the Catholic. The people in these Cantons are in better circumstances, the schools are more numerous, and there is possibly a higher morality. Yet these differences are owing quite as much to situation as to religious faith. The Catholic Cantons, mostly barricaded by mountains, are less favorably placed than the lower lands, within easy reach of a market. Where the natural opportunities are equal, there is no very notable inequality in the industrial or moral condition of the people. We distrust the ability of the most practised expert to tell, by the look of the man, a Catholic from a Protestant, in the Canton of the Grisons, where the two communions are mingled in about equal proportions. Two thirds of the people of St. Gall are Catholics, yet that Canton has as thriving an aspect as any in the land, — factories, rich farms, and a people who tell the truth.

Some of the dissertations with which the Countess D'Istria loads her pages, learned and eloquent as they are, seem out of place. In the whole of Switzerland, out of a population of nearly two millions and a half, the Jews number but little more than three thousand, and these mostly in the single Canton of Aargau. They are wholly without political influence, and have no share in that power which constrains the movements of the chief sovereigns of Europe. Yet the Countess has chosen to make these Jews a point of departure for an eloquent harangue about the origin, development, and humanizing influence of the Jewish religion; to criticise the theory of Salvador, that Jesus was fairly condemned; to vindicate, like Colani of Strasburg, the Pharisees as good patriots; to predict the future dissolution of the Jewish nationality, and the fusion of this race with other races; and to show how the various Jewish sects represent modern tendencies and systems. The Pharisees, in her view, are republicans; the Sadducees, monarchists; the Essenes, communists; and the Herodians, members of the foreign party, like the French *émigrés*, at the close of the last century! In religious opinion, the Pharisees represent Stoic spiritualism; the Sadducees,

Epicurean materialism; the Essenes, mysticism; and the Herodians, scepticism. All this is very pleasant to read, and quite ingeniously reasoned, but nevertheless is superfluous in a work of this kind.

Many of the interesting questions and curious peculiarities of Swiss history Madame D'Istria barely touches. There is the singular fact that the most patriotic nation in Europe, whose legends and proverbs are full of the love of country, should be the nation most ready to sell its services and to expatriate itself for gain. The taunt of the enemies of Switzerland is, that its sons are found in all the foreign armies, — that they guard the thrones of despots, and garrison the forts of the oppressors of freedom. You find them at the Tuileries, at the Vatican in half-harlequin attire, and in the barracks of St. Elmo. The most famous monument of modern art in the land, the Lion of Lucerne, is a tribute to the Swiss who fell in defending the effete monarchy of France. How is this mercenary spirit, this willingness to serve in the armies and courts of hostile nations, to be reconciled with a genuine patriotism? Why should they, whom a few notes of the "Ranz des Vaches" will send home deserters to their hills and herds, be willing to forsake their home for this base foreign dependence? Why, too, do educated men, men of science, prefer another land and another dialect? It is easier to ask than to answer this question, easier to lament than to deny the fact.

Then, too, there is the question of *race;* not only that of the origin and descent of the Swiss people, a question complicated by the numerous invasions of barbarian tribes, but that of the equal union of the component races, Italian, Gothic, Teutonic, Celtic. In Switzerland there is difference of blood, but no dominant and no subject race; nothing corresponding to the serf of Russia; and no system of nobility. All the races, whatever their origin, have equal rights, yet without fusion. Now it is maintained by our modern political writers that this state of things is impossible. The Saxon and the Norman, they tell us, have equalized themselves only by amalgamation; the Celt of Ireland can be lifted only by the same process. A separate race must either be subject

or dominant. Switzerland denies this position most emphatically. Its races are able to live harmoniously side by side, without amalgamation, yet without the compression of any form of despotism. In Austria the war of races is hindered only by the bayonets of the imperial army. The equality there is that of the beasts in a menagerie, compelled by chain and cage to refrain from tearing each other. In Canada, the French and English races consent to the same government, but the antipathy of blood guides the antagonism of parties, and there is a constant war of prejudice and of intrigue. But in Switzerland this consideration seems to enter but slightly into the movements of parties, and to be far from an influential cause of local hatreds.

The title of the Countess D'Istria's book suggests another interesting topic, which may perhaps be more fully discussed in the works which she intends hereafter to publish on "French" and "Italian" Switzerland. These terms, German, French, and Italian Switzerland, signify not so much difference of national character as difference of language. The nationality of all is the same. A citizen of Zurich would be as unwilling to admit that he was a German, as a citizen of Geneva to admit that he was a Frenchman; and the case is hardly less strong with the citizen of Sion, whose speech but slightly varies from the dialect of the neighboring Sardinia. All are as truly Swiss as the native of Coire, whose speech is more ancient and original than any of the rest. Switzerland is an instance of a country in which four separate languages continue to exist together without fusion, and in which there is no one national or aristocratic language. The Northern Cantons speak a dialect of German; the Western, a dialect of French; the Southern, a dialect of Italian; and in the Eastern, the curious Romanish still flourishes, with its schools, its newspapers, and its poets. Even three dialects of this last tongue may be distinguished. These four languages of Switzerland, it is true, are unequally divided, and if numbers were to decide the weight of influence, German might be called the language of Switzerland. More than two thirds of the people speak a Teutonic dialect. The French is the language of not more than half a million; the Italian, of less

than one hundred and fifty thousand; and the Romanish, of fifty thousand. Yet no one of these tongues has rights above the other. No one of them is reduced to a mere provincial dialect, which is expected in the course of time to die out and give way to the superior language. Each in its own place is a polite tongue, the language of the higher as much as of the lower classes. In each the laws are published, the Bible is read, and the news of the day circulated. Each has the right to a hearing in the assemblies of the Diet. This is a remarkable fact in the history of free assemblies. Would the Scotch Gaelic, or the Welsh Cymric, or the jargon of wild Connaught Celts, be tolerated in the debates of the English Parliament? The United States allow and protect a great variety of dialects; but only the English proper is recognized as the national speech, and it is expected that immigrants will conform to this, if they wish to hold office or to gain all the rights of citizenship. In Switzerland there is no such necessity. Here the possibility of a union of states and races in a strong nationality without a national language is distinctly proved.

Another thing which the Countess D'Istria perceives and rejoices in, is the steady development in the history of Switzerland of the democratic idea. Switzerland, in fact, may be said to preserve this idea in Europe. Switzerland has performed for democracy the service which the convents of the Dark Ages performed for the Bible, and from its central place and its mountain heights it holds up that theory of right before all the oppressed and despairing nations. So long as this people continues to exist united, prosperous, contented, without king or hereditary rulers or orders of nobility, to meet and debate in its primary assemblies, and to sit in grand council by its freely chosen delegates, the argument of those who deny that democracy is possible is nullified. It is easy to say that this democracy is on too small a scale to prove anything with regard to the larger nations; that it continues only through its impotence and insignificance, and by the tacit permission of the rival empires. Yet this does not render the fact of its existence less instructive and momentous. If the nation does not make show of great material

force, it retains a memory which the despots and oligarchs of Europe would fain crush out.

Do we pass over the struggles of Switzerland as insignificant because the theatre is so narrow, and smile at the enthusiasm which would make decisive battles of these mountain encounters? Let us remember that the battles of Switzerland have been won for freedom, while the great battles of Europe have resulted mostly in the overthrow of popular liberty. The Swiss wars have brought a steady and constant gain for freedom. Six centuries of strife in Germany have ended by virtually annihilating the idea of democratic government, and dividing the land between the houses of Hapsburg and Brandenburg. Six centuries of strife in Italy have destroyed all its proud republics, and left nothing of Venice, Genoa, Modena, and Florence but decaying palaces and a dishonored name. The wars of the Low Countries have given kings to the free burghers. The tyranny of Louis Napoleon is the commentary on the text of glory which French vanity has inscribed on the endless walls of the gallery of Versailles. The laboratory of a chemist is less interesting to visit than the great factory of a worker in iron. These small retorts and crucibles are insignificant to one who sees the huge engines, furnaces, and rollers, and the hundreds of swarthy operatives, in the lurid light of the roaring fires. But the retort or the crucible gives forth a nobler product, an unalloyed metallic base, a clear crystal, or an elixir of life, while the furnace and hammer and roller only forge chains and bars. The small fires of Swiss warfare have left their residuum in the pure gold of democracy, while the greater wars of the surrounding nations have only shaped and welded fetters and manacles for the toiling masses.

The democracy of Switzerland is remarkable as a progressive democracy, growing more and more stable, and more and more confident of its idea, as the fate of the other nations has seemed to deny the possibility of such a government. It has not been discouraged by the fortunes, more than it has been seduced by the theories, of the other nations. The land was never so democratic as it is to-day. Every school-boy of the last generation was drilled to repeat those sonorous lines of

Byron about the American Republic, preluded by that sad prophecy of the fate of Switzerland, —

> "If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
> His chainless mountains, 't is but for a time;
> For tyranny of late has cunning grown,
> And in its own good season tramples down
> The sparkles of our ashes."

But what Byron feared has not yet come to pass, though half a century has intervened. The old thirteen Cantons have become twenty-two; and the last dependency, the Canton of Neuchatel, has recently thrown off tribute to her liege sovereign, and is as free as the rest. From three to eight, from eight to thirteen, and from thirteen to twenty-two, the progress of these small states has been one of steady enfranchisement. The *Bund* of these Cantons is as genuine as our own national league.

Our mention of the "Bund" leads us to remark that Switzerland illustrates the possibility of a purely federative republic, so often denied by political writers. This assembly of commonwealths gets along very well without a President, without an official organ, and without an army of national office-holders. The need of an individual head to strengthen their union, and to bind their interests, is not felt. The Diet suffices; nor are there any considerable number who wish even for a ruler of their own choosing. This jealousy of individual power is one of the healthy symptoms of Swiss democracy. A people who are afraid of governors will not easily part with their liberties. It is the fashion of English writers to represent the Swiss *Landsgemeinde* and the Swiss Diet as a miserable set of intriguers, liars, and rogues, and the whole system as one of strife, corruption, and the ambitious scheming of individuals to gain ascendency. But it is a singular fact that the people cling to these corrupt machines, and that the ambitious schemes of individuals so rarely succeed. The separate sets of wheels, which ought, according to the theory of these writers, to be getting continually out of gear and playing against one another, in some mysterious way turn out good work, and the people are satisfied with them, and have no wish to substitute the blessings of Red Tape, the Circumlocution Office, and the Court of Chancery.

Again, democracy and rationalism are usually supposed to be close and necessary allies. It is said to be impracticable to preserve liberty where superstition exists; free institutions naturally discard signs and wonders and foolish legends. Yet no land is more tenacious of its popular legends than Switzerland, and the influence of these is strongest in the most democratic sections. Some of these legends are very ancient, inherited from the days of the Pagans and the Druids. The mythology of the Fauns and Dryads lives among the mountaineers of the High Alps. As the Arabs of the Kidron valley insist that a dragon hides in the fountain of Siloam beneath Mount Moriah, and controls the flow of its waters, so the peasants of Ragatz imagine that the old baths of Pfeffers conceal a demon, and dread at certain hours and seasons to encounter his hot breath in that dreadful mountain cleft. Dwarfs and giants are articles of the popular creed, especially the former. The part which these pigmies play in the domestic and social economy is sometimes malevolent, but oftener friendly and cheerful. They dwell through the winter months in the caverns of the mountains, in the crevasses of the glaciers, in the inaccessible gorges, coming forth in the spring to assist the farmers, wood-cutters, and hunters, and to mingle in the sports of the people. The chamois are their flocks. Madame D'Istra discovers in the dwarf-stories in which the Bernese Oberland abounds, and of which she relates several, the distinctive characteristics of the Swiss people. We may give as a specimen the story of the Gutbrunnen shepherd.

"One evening the *fochu* (a tempest peculiar to Switzerland) was raging in the Alps. A shepherd and his wife, sheltered in their cabin, listened with terror to the wind which shook the heavy stones laid upon the roof of their *chalet* to protect it against storms. The good people were pitying those who were perhaps caught unawares by the tempest on some of the distant paths. All at once, in the blue glow of the lightning, they see through their window a poor dwarf hurried along on the steep path by torrents of mud and rain, which threatened to submerge his meagre little body. They would readily have called him in and offered him a place at their hearth, but the instinctive terror which the apparition of a supernatural being produced, chained their tongues. While they were deliberating, three light blows were heard upon the

thick green glass of the window. The shepherd hastened to open to the dwarf, who shivered with cold, and whose long cloak (the long cloak is the classical costume of the dwarfs) was streaming with rain. Gradually our good people became calmer, though all the time a little frightened; the sense of the duty of hospitality prevailed, and their behavior was satisfactory. The dwarf showed himself the more grateful for this good reception, as he had just been refused admittance at more than one door by the hard-hearted people of the village. He seemed therefore very much touched by the good offices of his hosts, although he did very little honor to the coarse repast which they served to him. For the dwarf, without being a Lucullus, is accustomed to a more delicate fare than that of shepherds. A sort of tenderness gradually came into the intercourse; the dwarf made them love him by his cordiality, and appeared to forget completely his superior nature, his vast palaces hewn in the heart of the rock, his numerous flocks of graceful chamois, his supernatural knowledge and his prophetic gift. In vain they tried to make him tarry. Dwarfs are very busy. He had work, he said, on the mountain.

"The next day came a storm more furious than the first. The pines cracked with a frightful sound; the Alpine echoes repeated the heavy roar of the thunder; unchained torrents, whirling along the loose rocks, dashed themselves against the village and on the fields. The shepherd and his wife believed themselves lost, when they saw the dwarf, who was coming down on the torrent mounted in triumph on a great block of stone, stop this before their cottage, and hold it there as a rampart against the fury of the waters. As to the pitiless villagers who had shut their doors against him, they all perished in the tempest."

Not less quaint and curious than these stories of the dwarfs are the legends of the Christian saints, running back to the earliest propagation of the Gospel in the land. The story of St. George and the Dragon has its Swiss version, with a few variations. The Devil and St. Beatus is a story which every boatman on the Lake of Thun knows how to tell. The life of this famous saint, though not admitted into the authentic compilations of the Church, has yet been drawn out by the Canon Murer of Lucerne, in the "Paradisus Sanctorum Helvetiæ Florum." We are informed that he was a native of Britain, a convert from Druidism, a pupil of Barnabas, and especially commissioned by St. Peter to convert the Helvetians and win for Christ that most desirable land and that proud race of men.

Redundant miracles attended his preaching. He journeyed on the lake without a boat, buoyed up by his miraculous cloak, impervious to water and woven by angels. His embarkation was the signal for storms to subside. His dwelling was a cavern in a cliff of the mountain, the former home of a dragon, whom he expelled with the sign of the cross. The cascade which still drops from that cave is in popular belief the flow of a fountain which the saint opened eighteen hundred years ago. The adventure of this holy man with the Devil was on this wise. Achates, the companion of Beatus, had charge of a church of converted idolaters on the other shore of the lake. One Easter day Beatus went on his miraculous cloak to join in the service; but arriving a little late, and finding the temple full of worshippers, he was afraid of interrupting the sermon, and sat down on one of the farthest seats. The heat was intense, the audience dull, and the good saint was scandalized at seeing all the members of the congregation gradually fall asleep, one after another. While he was sadly musing on this culpable indifference, he spied Satan under the pulpit, — horns, tusks, claws, and all, — his left foot on his right knee, a crow-quill in his hand, busily writing down on a skin the names of the unlucky sleepers, who were thus unconsciously endangering the salvation of their souls. Anxious as he was to wake them, he feared to commit the mortal sin of interrupting the sermon. The Devil kept on writing, filled his register full, and had more names yet which he had not room to put down. He then tried to stretch the skin on which he was writing and get more room, pulling it with his teeth and claws; but in his Satanic zeal he pulled so hard that he knocked his head against the pulpit. At this mishap Beatus could not contain himself. He burst out laughing; the laugh waked up the people, and they all had time to say *Amen* to the sermon. The Devil was foiled, and took himself off. But Beatus lost his boat, for the magic property of his cloak was now abstracted, to punish him for interrupting public worship. That laugh saved the people, but it compelled the saint to go on foot ever after. He lived, says the legend, to the age of ninety.

This curious story of St. Beatus is only the most ancient of the sacred legends which linger in the Alps. Other hermits

have left far more respectable memorials. The Abbot Gallus, who came from Iona in the seventh century, taught the tribes around the Lake of Constance how to plough and sow, as well as how to read and pray. He not only exterminated the wild beasts of the thickets, but tamed the passions of the savages, and made of that region a centre of light in the Dark Ages. From the manuscript treasures of the convent which he founded modern learning has drawn large supplies. The shrine of St. Columbanus, near the head of the St. Gothard pass, is more than a sign of superstition; it is a tribute to a really noble benefactor of the land. The Swiss saints are mostly patriots, and a merely anchorite life hardly entitles one in this land to popular reverence. Nicholas von der Flue, the pious hermit, who in 1481 made peace between the wrangling confederates, for that noble service fairly shares the honor paid to St. Beatus. In the homes of Unterwalden and Schwytz they love to tell of his charities. In the council-houses of Sarnen and Stanz, the free citizens wonder at the rude pictures of this holy man, and the parish church of Sachslen has the dreadful treasure of his skeleton, the bones hung with votive offerings, and the place of the heart supplied by a jewelled cross.

By far the most remarkable memorial of the ancient superstitions in Switzerland is the Abbey of Einsiedeln, in the Canton of Schwytz. While most of the convents in the German section of the land have disappeared, or their buildings have been transferred to other uses, this still retains its sanctity and its attraction. After repeated burnings, its walls have risen in larger magnificence, and the immense wealth which it has relinquished to plunderers has not yet made it poor. The annual number of pilgrims is on the average one hundred and fifty thousand. From fifty to a hundred monks dwell within its walls. The origin of the convent is obscure, and very few of those who go to worship the little black and ugly Madonna, which stands in its marble shrine near the door of the church, have any idea how it came there. They only believe in its powerful protection, remember how it caused the heretics to fall, how it has healed diseases, and how it has brought to their land a marvellous gain in traffic, as well as in the favor of the Virgin. Indeed, half the industry of Schwytz

goes to supply the wants of this village of inns and dram-shops. Einsiedeln is a monastery, surrounded almost wholly by public houses, to the number at least of fourscore; and few of the visitors escape, in their stay before the sacred walls, other intoxication than that of pious rapture.

If the Protestants of Switzerland reject these legends and slight these shrines of the ancient Church, they show hardly less zeal in their regard for the memory of the Reformers. They make pilgrimages to Wildhaus, a little village in the mountains beyond Appenzell, to see the old cottage where Zwingli was born. No altar could be more religiously cared for. Under the church-tower at Sennwald in the Grisons is shown, in a coffin with a glass lid, the dried body of a Protestant soldier of the baronial house of Hohen Sax, who, after escaping from the massacre at Paris, was murdered by his nephew in his native land; and the story is frequently told in their churches of the curse of God which came upon the family of the murderers for their crime, and how the Romanists once stole these venerable relics, knowing them to be more potent than the bodies of their own false saints. To match the reverence which the Catholics of Soleure pay at the chapel of St. Verena, where the finger-prints of the young maiden still remain in the rock, showing how desperately she resisted the Devil, who sought to carry her off, the Protestants of Berne go out to the tomb of Madame Langhaus at Hindelbank, to wonder at the sculpture of Nahl, which presents the mother and child rising to glory, and to read the epitaph which Haller wrote. In the museums, the autographs of the Reformers are prized as highly as the bones of the saints in the churches; and the story of the holy wars is handed down from one generation to another in the families of the peasantry, as that of Brian Boru and of Cromwell and his troopers in the nursery tales of Ireland.

Equally remarkable with the prevalence of this superstitious regard for names, places, saints, and supernatural beings in so democratic a land, is the fact that in Switzerland there is a sort of hereditary aristocracy of learning. Science and scholarship in theology, in medicine, in philosophy, are handed down from father to son through many generations.

The first Buxtorf was but the patriarch of a long line of descendants, who for more than two centuries occupied and glorified the field of Hebrew letters. Five of the family of Wetstein have made that name illustrious in Biblical scholarship. The history of mathematics records no instance like that of the Bernouilli family, no less than eight of whom attained to the highest European celebrity. The four sons of Euler sustained well by their acquirements and labors the honorable name which their father gave them. Facts like these quite refute the notion, that in a popular government genius cannot be transmitted by race, and that the sunshine and privilege of aristocratic society and patronage are needed to foster it. No despotic land can show a parallel to these instances, and even constitutional England can rarely boast of more than two generations of learned men in the same family. Newton founded no dynasty. Bacon left no race to pursue his opened way to knowledge. And it is chronicled as a singular circumstance, that two first-class statesmen should bear the name of Pitt, and two great astronomers belong to the family of Herschel. Such cases as these are the rule, rather than the exception, in the little republic of Switzerland.

This leads us to allude to the distinguished part which Switzerland has borne in the progress of ideas in religion, education, moral reform, and practical science. The pioneers of the Reformation, John Huss and Jerome of Prague, were martyred on its soil; and it claims as its own the confessors of whom recreant Bohemia is not worthy. Before Luther nailed the theses on the doors of the Wittemberg church, young Zwingli had preached at Einsiedeln and Zurich against the assumptions of the priesthood, and the false dogmas which kept the masses in fear. It was the alliance of the hierarch- with arbitrary power which first aroused the Swiss i. tion. Even Catholic Lucerne took part in that movem. which led Berne and Zurich to expel from their boundaries the man-stealers, the "dealers in slaves," as they called the men who coaxed, bribed, or hired the sons of Switzerland to serve in the armies of foreign kings. Zwingli, in his preaching, was more consistent and radical than the German

monk. He saw the extent of his principles, and he was willing to go as far as he saw. Protestants are but just beginning to do justice to the man who, of all the Reformers, was most honest, most unselfish, and most humane. In his controversies, he had the advantage of his opponents as well in reason as in taste and temper. His views upon faith, upon the Eucharist, and upon the Scriptures, were those which the majority of Protestants now prefer to the views of Luther; and the countrymen of Zwingli were far more ready to adopt his radical opinions, than to stop with the Lutheran compromises. From the Reformation to our own day, the progress of religious ideas in Switzerland has been steady, healthy, and free from those oscillations and extravagances which have marked the religious history of France and Germany. The Catholic Church has been growing more liberal, until Jesuitism is fairly driven out from its former strong-holds. Genevan Orthodoxy has become less rigid. The faith of Servetus is now preached from the pulpit of Calvin, and the magistrates listen. Switzerland offers a home to any who are persecuted for conscience' sake. De Wette, the rationalist critic, banished from Prussia for the crime of visiting a friend in prison and preparing him for his fate, finds a welcome in the city which protected Erasmus three centuries before. Strauss, the daring theologian of Tübingen, is invited by the council of the Zurich University to teach theology where Lavater preached so recently the doctrines of the Reformed Confession. This hospitality to heretics, however, does not imply a general sympathy with rationalist ideas. These men are welcomed because they are exiled, not because they hold and teach eccentric opinions. The Swiss as a people are practical and positive, not easily interested in speculations or captivated by neology. Socialism is not agreeable to them; nor is their long-established democracy of a kind to fraternize with the wild theories of the Parisian communists, or the Red Republicanism of the Italian patriots. The Protestantism of Switzerland is evangelical, while it is liberal; and it holds fast to the old landmarks of faith, while they stand, though it has no fear of any scrutiny of their foundations. The preaching in the churches of Switzerland to-day, not only in Geneva, but in the cities less openly

liberal, represents fairly, as we have heard it, the average sentiment of the pulpit of Boston. If Switzerland be not in the van of theological speculation in Europe, it is certainly in the van of reasonable religious liberty. If its universities do not startle the world by their theories, neither do they shame truth by reactionary tendencies and concessions to power, as some in Germany have done. All that is gained is held.

The services, too, which Switzerland has rendered to the cause of popular education, cannot be estimated too highly. The chapter which the Countess D'Istria devotes to the undertakings of Pestalozzi is one of the best in her book, though too short for the theme. The name of Pestalozzi is one which all philanthropists delight to honor. If he failed as a practical teacher, the idea which he proclaimed and sought to realize was accepted as a revelation, and now no other theory of education is defended in any free land. This native of Zurich it was who called men to see that education is not merely a communication of knowledge from without, or a process of drill, but a development of native faculties, a drawing out of the soul's powers, — the process of teaching one to think for himself, to investigate, and to acquire. He it was who announced the strange theory that the children of the poor have the same right to education with those of the rich, that knowledge is as good and as natural for the peasant as for the prince, and that it is safer to instruct the lower classes than to keep them in ignorance. The Orphan Houses of Europe and America are responses to this assertion; and the stately walls of such a foundation as Girard College, sustained by public sympathy no less than by private munificence, repeat the experiment of the farm at Neuhof which the authorities of Switzerland refused to sanction. The school in that old castle at Yverdun was the first normal school of this century, — a normal school not only for Switzerland, but for all Europe. And it is safe to say, that no romance of the last or the present century, however much read, has had such influence in the determination of public policy, as the obscure romance of "Leonard and Gertrude," in which Pestalozzi first published his schemes to the world. The book has passed out of knowledge; but the ideas are repeated in countless speeches, ser-

mons, articles, and discussions in every Protestant nation. Switzerland did not originate the common school; but it was reserved for Switzerland, that ignorant and benighted land, as it is called by English tourists, to show the world what common schools ought to be, and to proclaim the wide scope of their beautiful idea. The tomb of Pestalozzi is rightly constructed in the form of a temple.

Hardly less honorable than the name of Pestalozzi is that of Fellenberg, the Swiss agricultural teacher. His experiment at Hofwyl, commenced sixty years ago, suggested what has passed into a settled practical conviction, that agriculture and science assist each other, that knowledge helps the farmer as much as the preacher, and that this earliest profession of the human race may be taught as an art, and relieved from its disgrace of mere servile drudgery. The quaking morass which he reclaimed proved to sceptics that his theories were not chimerical, and that scientific farming is better than the mere routine of tradition. Now in foreign universities there are chairs of agriculture; "farm schools" are not merely penal colonies; rich men bequeath their estates for the education of tillers of the soil; the force of invention is applied to agricultural improvements; and the machines for planting and ploughing, mowing and reaping, the hundred agricultural newspapers, and the pedestrian tours which young men take, to observe soils and woods and the growth of crops, are the issue of the farmers' school which the Bernese enthusiast founded.

To these names posterity will doubtless add the name of Guggenbühl, whose school for idiots on the Abendberg is well worth the ascent from Interlachen. No country suffers so much from the frightful disease of *cretinism* as Switzerland. To restore this class to reason is one of those labors which require a patience and skill almost superhuman. Dr. Guggenbühl, if he shall succeed in his enterprise, will entitle himself to a reverence greater than that which St. Beatus holds in the region of Unterseen. His miracles will be more authentic and to better purpose. The idiot has not the same public honor in Switzerland that is paid in Moslem lands to the half-witted dervish. Rather is he treated, like the lepers

at Zion's gate, as a nuisance and an encumbrance, whose death will be relief, as his form and features are ever repulsive.

Small as Switzerland is, it contains probably a larger proportion of the marvels of practical science, the triumphs of engineering, than any other land. One who would see to what perfection road-making can be brought, must study it in the grades and curves, the galleries and tunnels, of the three great highways of the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Splügen. The whole of America has no avenue, even on the plain, which can be compared for evenness, solidity, durability, or beauty, to either of these mountain roads. The traveller who passes along them finds his awe at the wild and wonderful scenery divided by his amazement at the equal wonder of these grand constructions. The successful building of these roads has been the ground of assurance to the later railways in their mountain lines; but the passage of the Via Mala by an even carriage-road is, to the eye at least, an engineering feat which no railway has equalled. In bridge-building, too, Switzerland exhibits masterpieces. Among all the curiosities of Berne, — its minster portal, its curious clock-tower, from which puppet-bears come out in procession, its lines of quaint arcades, its archæological and zoölogical museum, its magnificent hospital, its vast prison, and the Alpine panorama displayed before its platform, — nothing is so admirable as the bridge which spans the Aar, and brings the once inaccessible promontory to a level with the surrounding country. This bridge of three arches only, the central one being a hundred and fifty feet wide, is nearly a quarter of a mile in length. The suspension bridges at Freyburg are even more extraordinary, as marvels of lightness, grace, and strength. Every workman upon the bridge of the Sarine, the longest finished suspension bridge in the world, was a native of Switzerland, and only one of them had ever before seen a work of the kind. All the material, wood, stone, and iron, was produced by the land itself. After twenty-five years of constant use, that bridge remains as firm as on the day of its opening. In the bridge over the Gotteron, the ingenious construction is still more remarkable, the native

rock being made the substitute for artificial piers, and the chains bolted directly to the sides of the cliff.

To such works of practical science as these we might add the terraces, staircases, and constructions to ward off avalanches, which have from time to time been erected in the mountain regions. These are all monuments of native skill and enterprise. Switzerland has borrowed but little foreign capital to complete these splendid achievements. They belong to the soil, and every citizen feels that he has a right in them, — as much as he has in the rivers which they defy or the hills which they conquer. They are the tokens that he has subdued his savage land to obedience. The other nations of Europe show the triumphs of engineering in forts, walls, and dockyards, the defences of royalty. The Switzer shows them in the works which secure freedom, facilitate movement, release the walled cities and castles from their isolation, and bind the various parts of the land to one another. These roads and bridges are guaranties of union. The Splügen is the spinal column of the Canton of the Grisons; the St. Gothard is the ligature between German and Italian Switzerland, which allows a common flow to the twin currents of their national life; and so long as the Simplon shall endure, the Catholic of the Valais will feel himself a brother to the heretic of Geneva.

In the history of Art, as that term is usually applied, Switzerland has certainly not a great deal to boast. Its architecture, whether of cathedral, castle, or cottage, is not usually striking, and those pleasant toys which travellers bring away are very flattering counterfeits of the homes of the peasantry. The tastes of the people do not encourage the collection of great galleries of paintings, or the erection of costly and imposing piles for church or palace. The Art of the land is democratic, and is manifested chiefly in works of a homely and practical kind. The artistic genius of Switzerland is represented by Holbein, and in the numerous "Dances of Death," which were painted on church windows and on the walls of cemeteries, and hung upon the covering of bridges, — works of a grotesque, plebeian, and iconoclastic character. Yet in landscape painting Switzerland has con-

tributed a full share to European art. Solomon Gessner, John Gaspard Füssli, and Louis Hess produced works of permanent value in this department. The Countess D'Istria seems to think that the living painters of Switzerland will compare favorably with those of any nation. "What names," exclaims she, in a transport of admiration, "more distinguished than those of the Calames, of the Roberts, Leopold and Aurelius, of the Lugardons, the Girardets, the Hornungs, the Grosclaudes, the Gleyres? Every day the canvas of these painters shows to all Europe, that the arts have no more need than has science of the protection of absolute monarchs, and that free institutions favor every kind of progress in genius and human intelligence." We may be excused for confessing our own ignorance of some of these names, and for believing that their fame is rather provincial than cosmopolitan. The evidence afforded by Swiss art, whether in the past or the present, seems to us not ample enough to warrant the defiant boast of the Countess. The great historic scenes of Switzerland, not less than its magnificent landscapes, are left mainly to foreign artists. It is the German Lessing who has glorified the trial and the death of Huss upon the canvas, and Switzerland owns, so far as we know, no respectable portrait of this martyr. The bust of Lavater is by the German Dannecker; and the Dane Thorwaldsen was hired to carve the sleeping lion on the rock of Lucerne. The popular taste shows itself, we must sadly admit, in those fearful daubs at Altdorf and Stanz, which consecrate the exploit of Tell and the frantic oath of the three confederates. German Switzerland is poor in art-treasures. With the exception of a few private collections in Bâle, it has very little painting or sculpture worthy of mention.

If there are few eminent Swiss painters, there is no lack of eminent Swiss poets. If Haller, of Berne, were not known as one of the great lights of modern science, his poetic merits would have more honor. He belonged by intellect, by insight, and by the variety of his knowledge, to the same order of minds as Bacon and Goethe; but his comprehensive genius could not smother the fire of his patriotism. His verses, like those of our own Whittier, are consecrated to the cause of

freedom and of his native land. He wrote in the High-German tongue, and not like the editors of the later *Alpenrosen*, in the provincial *patois*. His Elegy on the Death of his Wife, of which the Countess D'Istria gives a French prose translation, is surpassed by no German poem. His friend Gessner, of Zurich, was hardly his inferior in this divine art. The verses of John von Salis, sometime captain of the Swiss Guard at Versailles, have all the fancy of Moore, all the melancholy of Cowper, and all the ring of Campbell's pride of country. Who does not know by heart that beautiful "Song of the Silent Land," as it has been rendered by Longfellow? Kuhn, Usteri, Wyss, Meissner, Häffliger, and Gluta, are less known beyond the borders of their land; but their own countrymen are eloquent in their praise. These scholars and pastors, writing in the dialect of the people, writing about the national hopes and sufferings, about the natural and historic glories of the land, have won a place in the heart of the nation which needs no voice from abroad to confirm it. Usteri is the Burns of Switzerland; and these contemporaries, the merchant of Zurich and gauger of Dumfries, have in their lives, as in their verse, many points of resemblance.

If Switzerland has in Usteri its Burns, it has in Bitzius its Scott. In number, in variety, in exquisite pictures of scenery and manners, in sympathy with the joys and woes of his brethren, the romances of the Swiss vicar fall but little behind those of the Wizard of the North. They want only that historical pomp which accompanies the stories of Scott. They are pictures of still life, of domestic love, of simple virtues and primitive purity. They are thoroughly national, and can no more be translated than the works of Dickens. The "Tales" of Zschokke, on the other hand, have a European reputation, which those of Töpfer, of Geneva, are fast approaching. Switzerland, indeed, is a land of story-tellers, who keep, by their inventions, the democratic fires alive. In the hundred or more newspapers published within its borders, a considerable space is given to fictions which connect the life of the people with its legends, and interpret the meaning of the lake, and mountain, and glacier. Nearly all these stories have a political bearing, and though many of them favor

order, and oppose radicalism, none of them teach the dogmas of arbitrary power.

The light literature, too, of Switzerland, has encouragement, and the democratic spirit finds support in the very numerous societies and clubs which bring the people together. We are surprised that the Countess D'Istria has failed to notice this interesting feature of Swiss social life. If bookshops are less frequent in the Swiss than in the German cities, reading societies abound. There are societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge; travelling lyceums, which go from city to city and from Canton to Canton; lodges of various kinds, literary and scientific; — all self-supporting and indifferent to government patronage. These lodges and clubs, not less than the military clubs and the unions of "sharp-shooters," include, in one way or another, most of the young and middle-aged men of the better class in the land. Some of them have fine libraries and cabinets. Benevolent societies, moreover, keep full pace with these literary societies; and the treatment of prison discipline, pauperism, and vagrancy, by associated action, is as common in Switzerland as in New England.

The Countess D'Istria discreetly glides over the subject of Swiss *music*. That is a sore point for a critic to touch. It is impossible for an educated musical ear to enjoy that hollow falsetto, that noisy imitation of echoes, which makes the characteristic idea of Swiss melody. We know that Swiss Families, and Swiss Bell-Ringers, have secured in their wanderings over land and sea a wide popularity, and that every one supposes the Switzer to be a natural singer; but we have not found evidence in the land itself that the soul of music has adequate expression. The great organ of Aloys Moser discourses in the Freyburg Cathedral such unearthly harmonies, — such thunders and whispers of the mystic world, — as no organ in the world may reach; yet the music which flows from its opened valves is not that which delights the ears of the people, or which was arranged by native composers. There is no science which can adjust to grand measures the famous "Ranz des Vaches," or make of it such a national anthem as the "Marseillaise" of France, or the "God save the King" of England. The strain here is but little more

dignified than the American national air, which patriotism may rejoice in, but music utterly rejects.

Many other topics might be added in proof of the rich material which Switzerland offers to a discriminating and competent writer. We might instance the shelter which it has given to the oppressed of all nations, from Arnold of Brescia to the refugees of the last revolution. We might dwell upon the fact, that this free republic can sustain its freedom without standing armies, either in the separate Cantons or in the federal union; that it is a nation of soldiers, ready to come forth at a moment's warning, yet without the annoyances of camp or garrison. We might refer to the war of the Sonderbund, which broke the last hope of despotism in the land We might catalogue the names of the preachers, physicians, and naturalists who have illustrated this country at foreign courts and in foreign universities, — such names as Bodmer and Breitinger, Zimmerman and Zollikofer, Guyot and Agassiz. We might speak of those efforts of the Protestant "Propaganda" which have gone out from the Mission House at Bâle. We confidently repeat, in conclusion, that the history of Switzerland, when written as it ought to be, will be the great work of modern literature. This land has been chosen by many as the retreat of learned leisure, or as the fit retirement in which the history of other countries might be mastered. Gibbon wrote on the banks of Lake Leman, in sight of the snowy Alps, the story of the Decline and Fall of Rome. In another age, some peer of Gibbon shall tell, from some similar home in this paradise of beauty, the story of the land which before his eyes has transmitted the freedom of departed Rome, and given the elements of growth and strength to the coming generations.

ART. XI. — 1. *History of Friedrich the Second of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. With Portraits and Maps.* Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

2. The same. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. pp. 485, 540.

"FIRST review your book, and then read it," was Sydney Smith's maxim. We are inclined to believe that a large mass of inquirers, who wish to know more than they do already of Frederick the Great, will, in the spirit of this maxim, content themselves with such digests of Mr. Carlyle's volumes as they can find in English or American periodicals. The fault is less with the reader than with the writer. We can scarce name a more attractive subject for the historical student, than the rise to power of the Prussian monarchy,— a more remarkable study of human character, than in the early trials and training, the matured manhood, the ambition, the reverses, the splendid success, and the indomitable will of Frederick; and we regret that a work devoted to such a theme — a work from one of the greatest of English minds — should exhibit features sure to repel a multitude from its perusal. For our own part, we have carefully read Mr. Carlyle's book, and have read it with admiration not unmixed with displeasure. We must utterly dissent from his judgment of Frederick William, the brutish father of the great warrior; and, fascinating as the work is upon the whole, we must enter our protest against its prevailing style.

We know that it is useless to quarrel with Mr. Carlyle on this last score; there will be no amendment for the future; it is a style which we should be quite unwilling to dispense with altogether; but it is at the same time inimitable and unworthy of imitation. It is Carlylese "crazed beyond all hope"; and in portions of the work, those especially treating of the rise of the Hohenzollern family, we have experienced intolerable vexation for want of a simple, direct narrative.

The two volumes already published serve but as an introduction to the life of Frederick the Great as king. They trace the growth of the state of Brandenburg from early barbarism through electoral dignity to monarchical power. Of the

numerous characters introduced, from petty counts to despotic kings, four particularly claim our attention, to the exclusion of others, our limited space forbidding a wider sweep of historic revision. These four personages, who all acted important parts in their time, are Frederick William of Brandenburg, the Great Elector, and the real founder of Prussia's might; his son Frederick, who in 1700 was crowned the first of her line of kings; his grandson Frederick William, the coarse and savage tyrant; and his great-grandson, Frederick II., who after a training of unparalleled severity displayed those qualities of commanding intellect which won for him the title of Great, and sustained him unconquered and undismayed through seven years of war with the combined powers of France, Sweden, Saxony, Austria, and Russia. We cannot follow in detail Mr. Carlyle's history of Brandenburg and the Hohenzollerns; how Henry the Fowler, A. D. 928, "marching across the frozen bogs, took Brannibor, a chief fortress of the Wends," and became the first of note among the Margraves of Brandenburg;* how, in 1142, wrested from Henry the Lion, it was given by the Emperor Conrad III. to Albert the Bear, with the Electoral dignity; how Albert improved his fief, and built Berlin; how, with the extinction of his lineage, the fief escheated to the Empire, and was in 1323 presented by the Emperor Louis IV. to his son Louis, who married Margaret *Maultasche*, heiress of the Tyrol, and who defeated the attempt of the Emperor Charles IV., in 1347, to reunite it to the Empire; how, under Louis II., in 1356, the Golden Bull, promulgated as the fundamental law of the Germanic constitution, declared the seventh vote in the Electoral College to be for ever the hereditary right of the Brandenburg Margraves; how the territories were sold, in 1365, by Otho V., to the Emperor Charles IV., who gave them to his heir Wenceslaus, on whose accession they were transferred to his brother Sigismund; how Sigismund became in turn Emperor, sold them to Frederick, Count of Hohenzollern, the first Elector of his race, and an-

* "This of Markgrafs (*Grafs* of the Marches, *marked* Places or Boundaries) was a natural invention in that state of circumstances. It did not quite originate with Henry, but was much perfected by him, he first recognizing how essential it was." — CARLYLE'S *Frederick II.*, Vol. I. p. 56.

cestor of the royal line of Prussia; how the family adopted the Lutheran faith in 1539, and in 1618 John Sigismund, being the ninth Elector, inherited the Duchy of Prussia; how the reverses of the Thirty Years' War fell upon the imbecile George William, the tenth Kurfürst, whose disasters were finally repaired by the genius of Frederick William, the eleventh and Great Elector.

Frederick William, this eleventh of the series of Electors, on his accession, at the age of twenty, found his country at "about the nadir-point of the Brandenburg-Hohenzollern history." His territories had been utterly overrun and devastated during the progress of the Thirty Years' War; his father doing nothing and suffering much. To remonstrances, messages, and consultations in the midst of his troubles, the father appears to have returned but one answer: "Que faire? ils ont des canons," —"What can one do? they have got cannon." Brandenburg, overrun by numerous hostile armies, was pillaged in turn by each, and the imbecile Elector in despair retired from the scene of strife, and shut himself up in Cüstrin. Meanwhile, each army, French, Swedish, or Austrian, trying to starve out the others, swept the land with fury. The Emperor's troops, living generally without commissariat, and often without pay, visited on the unhappy seat of war, whether at peace with its rulers or not, all the horrors of siege and battle. All Germany was racked and torn in pieces, and Brandenburg especially beheld its cities and towns sacked, its villages burned, its people slaughtered, its fields laid waste, and all these atrocities followed by such dire famine, that, in 1638, when the Swedes were starving out the Imperialists in the northwestern portions of the country, human flesh was eaten, and men and women murdered and devoured their own children. When the young Frederick William came to the command, he found his situation one that might dismay a veteran hero; but he at once manifested high qualities of valor and prudence. He could place no confidence in his counsellors or his captains; he was obliged to act with extreme dexterity to avoid offence to dominant powers; his father's prime minister, Schwartzenberg, was devoted to the interests of Austria, and supposed even to be in the pay of the Emperor; and at his own acces-

sion the very commandants of his fortresses took no heed of his orders, the commandant of Spandau in particular telling him that he must in the first place obey his Hapsburg master. With extraordinary tact and talent he set warily to work to emerge from these difficulties, yet to maintain peace with Sweden and Austria; by degrees he raked together small sums of money for a revenue; by degrees he organized a body of soldiers to fight for him, and, what was better, to obey him. Little by little he advanced, gaining strength from experience, at times moving apparently in a circle, yet keeping his front steadily all the while to one object. His army gradually increased to twenty-four thousand of the best drilled troops in Europe; but long before they reached half that number, he had cleared his territories of foreign armies. By the peace of Westphalia in 1648, he acquired part of Pomerania and the rich "secularized" bishoprics of Halberstadt, Minden, and Magdeburg. At a later date, 1666, Cleve, Mark, and Ravensberg were assigned to him. He was essentially a man of peace, but a stern fighter when forced to take up arms. He was unwillingly dragged into the Polish-Swedish war (1655 – 1660); but once engaged in it, he won honor and solid advantage. He fought at first on the side of the Swedish monarch, Karl Gustav, the grandfather of Charles XII.; but after the battle of Warsaw he saw fit to change his alliance and join John Casimir, who, in return for this service, agreed to give up Poland's right to the homage of East Prussia, — an agreement confirmed by the peace of Oliva, made near Dantzig, on the 1st of May, 1660.

The countrymen of the Great Elector look back with especial pride on two of his achievements, one of them being the battle of Fehrbellin, fought on the 18th of June, 1675. Thrice in the annals of Prussia has the 18th of June been memorable in war. On the 18th of June, nearly two hundred years ago, Frederick William, marching swiftly by night with six thousand horse, twelve hundred infantry, and three guns, surprised and annihilated the central division of the Swedish army, each of its three parts numbering double his own force; on the 18th of June, 1757, Frederick the Great, with the loss of thirteen thousand men, was defeated by the Austrian

Marshal Daun, at Kolin; on the 18th of June, 1815, Blucher at Waterloo avenged the carnage of Jena, and gave the final blow to the tottering fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The second exploit of Frederick occurred four years later. The Swedes had invaded Prussia in the dead of winter, 1678, and the enemy were more than four hundred miles from Berlin when the Great Elector set out to oppose them and relieve Königsberg, which was threatened. He, accompanied by his devoted wife, travelled rapidly, arrived in time to find Königsberg untouched, and on the sixteenth day of the new year, 1679, saw that it was of the utmost moment to get from Carwe, on the shore of the Frische Haf, a narrow and shallow wash making in from the Bay of Dantzig, to Gilge on the Curische Haf, about one hundred miles farther to the north. The road between the two places, passing through Königsberg, was circuitous and in very bad order, so that much time would be lost by the troops on the way. Frederick William was not to be daunted. Both the *Hafs* were frozen hard; and, collecting all the sledges and horses of the district, he sent off a small army of four thousand men, who, scouring rapidly over the ice, fell upon the astonished Swedes at Gilge, routing and driving them northward. Before this event, which the Prussians cherish with great pride, Frederick had invaded Swedish Pomerania, conquered it, and taken Stettin and Stralsund; yet he was not permitted to retain the territories, which were afterwards transferred to his successors. He also failed in his designs on Silesia, his claims not being allowed by the Emperor, and the seizure of that province by Frederick the Great led, in the succeeding century, to wars which desolated Central Europe.

The Great Elector was singularly happy in his first marriage, his wife being the Princess Louisa of Orange-Nassau, aunt to William of Orange, afterward king of England. They married young, and for love. She was witty, as well as beautiful, and her judgment was highly estimated by her husband. She often accompanied him in his wars, and he frequently left the sitting of his Privy Council to consult her on some important measure. Dearly as she had her husband's interests at heart, she must know everything that transpired,

and express her opinion. This at times vexed the Elector, whose temper was quick, so that his hat was dashed at her feet, as if to say, "Govern you, then, Madam! Not the Kurfürst hat, a coif is my wear, it seems." On her death-bed, when she could no longer speak, he felt upon his own three slight pressures of her hand, in farewell. Notwithstanding his strong affection for her, the Elector married again, his second wife, Dorothea, bringing him no great happiness. She had little appreciation of her husband's genius, and was a thorough matter-of-fact, money-making, economical woman, doing a great deal with a dairy and vegetable farm near Berlin, and chiefly remembered now for having planted the first of the lindens which have given their name, *Unter-den-Linden*, to the stateliest street of the capital. "Ah, I have not my Louisa now! to whom shall I run for advice or help?" often exclaimed the Elector in his old age. He died on the 29th of April, 1688, just as William of Orange was preparing for his triumphant descent on England, for which grand achievement of religious liberty Frederick as an earnest Protestant fervently prayed. He was ever a busy, indefatigable, brave spirit, his country's good the basis of all his ambition and his wars. He commenced a little navy on the Baltic, favored the establishment of an East India Company, drained waste lands, encouraged husbandry and the arts, colonized unsettled portions of his dominions, dug the Friedrich Wilhelms Canal, fifteen miles long, still in constant use, and by his kindness to the unfortunate Protestants driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, secured the services of some twenty thousand skilful artisans and agriculturists. Seventy years after his death, his remains were removed to a new cathedral in Berlin, and, his coffin being opened by order of Frederick the Great, the monarch looked long and steadily at the features of his great-grandfather, and then said, turning to his attendant nobles: "Gentlemen, this one did a great work." The king truly reverenced the memory of his great ancestor, regarding him as the real founder of the Prussian monarchy. When he succeeded his father, George William, he found Brandenburg a mere battle-field for foreign armies; when he died, after nearly fifty years of rule, he left it much

enlarged, an acknowledged power, felt, feared, and respected. His true greatness should have earned for him more by far than he has received of those pearls of praise which Mr. Carlyle has so freely lavished on his swinish grandson.

On the demise of the Great Elector, his son Frederick III., known afterward as King Frederick I., had already married a second time. His first wife, a princess of Hesse-Cassel, died in 1683, leaving a daughter; and, fifteen months after this event, he married Sophia Charlotte of Hanover, daughter of the Electress Sophia, and sister of George I. of England. She became the mother of Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great. She died on the 1st of February, 1705, when her son was about seventeen years of age. With intense love for this one child, she yet noticed his rugged animal nature, and his tendencies to avarice. She was happily spared further pain on his account, and the humiliation of acknowledging as a sovereign the greatest brute of modern history, who in all probability would not have hesitated to inflict upon his mother those indignities which he showered on his wife and children. Sophia Charlotte possessed a bright and cultivated mind, as well as great personal attractions. She and her mother, the Electress, were both shrewd, observing women, well read in literature, especially the French, and in theology, inclining to the anti-Calvinist or Rationalist side. At Charlottenburg, so called in her honor after her death, she drew around her such congenial spirits as she could attract, among them the great Leibnitz, at once her teacher and her friend. "Leibnitz," she wrote, "talked to me of the 'infinitely little'; *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that!" The mighty philosopher was doubtless endeavoring to explain his differential and integral calculus, and the theory of infinitesimals; but she was alluding to her husband, whose whole life was wasted in petty conceits and trifles, so that he became to her the incarnation of "infinite littleness." Of a weak constitution from an injury to his back received in childhood, his mind, naturally good, appears to have become impaired, or at least satisfied with petty details of etiquette and courtly splendor. "Regardless of expense," is the label pinned upon him by Mr. Carlyle. One of

his principal acts was the foundation of the Order of the Black Eagle; but he also established the Academy of Berlin, under the superintendence of Leibnitz, and the University of Halle in 1694. After long negotiations with other powers, and unutterable doubtings and ponderings on the part of the Emperor, Frederick had the gratification of being declared no longer the mere Elector of Brandenburg, but the first King of Prussia. Some seven years of anxious solicitation were at length successful, and Frederick's envoy returned to Berlin from Vienna, on the 16th of November, 1700, with "Yes," in answer to the last time of asking. "Infinitely Little" was too impatient to wait long for his coronation, and thirty days only after the Kaiser's consent, he set off for Königsberg, four hundred and fifty miles from Berlin, Königsberg then being the capital of Prussia proper. Thirty thousand post-horses and eighteen hundred carriages were required for the journey of this brand-new sovereign and his suite, and if we may judge by his diamond buttons at £1,500 apiece, the royal pageant must have been of the costliest. He put the crown upon his own head, an example followed by Napoleon, with rather more *éclat*, about a century later. At this sublime moment, or one equally solemn, Sophia Charlotte actually drew out her box and took a pinch of snuff, to the intense indignation of the late Elector. When this sensible woman died, he married a third wife, the Princess Sophia Louisa of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who made his life one of torment by her dreary orthodoxy, estranged him, went mad, and survived him for twenty years as an incurable maniac. Frederick William, at the period of the coronation, was twelve years of age. On the 25th of February, 1713, his cubship ended, and in full bearhood he mounted the throne of Prussia.

When summoned to his father's apartment, to say farewell to the dying man, he could scarcely make his way to the bedside, through the crowd of courtiers and lackeys whom Frederick I. thought indispensable to his dignity. The last scene over, he abruptly turned his back on the obsequious throng eager to greet him, hurried to his own room, banged the door behind him, shed a few tears, and then, sending for the captain of the supernumeraries, told him that until after the funeral

he, and all the other gold and silver sticks down to the meanest page in waiting, could retain their places, but that then they were to be discharged finally, not even put on a retired list with half-pay. That court presented a perhaps unique instance of real mourning. The new king went forthwith to work to reduce expenses; he retained but eight lackeys in the ante-chambers, and paid them each but six shillings a week; he kept three busy pages, instead of three dozen idlers. Frederick I. had paid for, if he did not actually own, one thousand saddle-horses; his son retained but thirty, and a few more for carriages. In two months he had curtailed the civil list to less than one fifth of what it had been under the late king.

Frederick William's queen was Sophia Dorothea, the daughter of the Elector of Hanover, afterward George I. of England. Her mother, the Electress, had for many years before her daughter's marriage been a closely guarded prisoner in the castle of Ahlden on Lünenberg heath, in punishment of her intrigue, real or supposed, with Count Königsmark. He mysteriously disappeared, and she, if guilty, (and in all probability she was not,) fearfully expiated her sin by a captivity of thirty years. Her husband consoled himself by two hideous mistresses, aptly described by Walpole; one of them, the Duchess of Kendall, being as lean as a handspike, the other, Madame Kilmansegge, created Countess of Darlington, of such enormous corpulency that her bosom appeared to melt into her stomach, — "a cataract of tallow." Sophia Dorothea inherited, with her mother's name, some of her mother's beauty and intellect, and little of her father's coarseness. She had borne the crown prince four children; and at the time of his accession, Frederick, afterward so famous, was little more than a year old, and his sister Wilhelmina, who was made to share many of his early trials, was a few years his senior. Frederick's birth occurred in the Berlin palace, on the 24th of January, 1712.

With his constant endeavor to make a hero of Frederick William, Mr. Carlyle declares that he was very fond of his wife, "his *Pheekin*, diminutive of Sophie, as he calls her"; but his fondness never shielded her from the grossest indignities whenever his savage passions broke loose. She had some

will of her own, and he required absolute submission. With a vulgar hatred of learning and refinement himself, he chose to hate those attributes in others, and accordingly turned his household into a hell in his endeavors to reduce every member of his family to his own sordid, brutish level. His pecuniary reforms, needful as they were, degenerated into avarice. On one estimate he would shear to save ten thalers, and on another to save even half a thaler; and for the first ten years of his reign, his time seems chiefly to have been passed in the improvement of his finances. He was willing to spend nothing except upon his army; this he was continually enlarging, drilling to perfection, and caning, his bamboo giving perhaps the best idea ever obtained of perpetual motion. By and by he was seized with a passion for tall soldiers, and beside his regular army, which, before his death, amounted to nearly one hundred thousand effective troops, he drafted, bought, seized, and stole, as occasion required, four thousand giants from seven to nine feet high, kept only for household service, never expected to draw a trigger, and good for nothing but to be flogged and stared at. By the side of these monsters his Majesty looked diminutive; he was in truth rather short and stout, — *Ragotin*, "Stumpy," as he was afterward styled by Frederick and Wilhelmina. In youth his complexion was florid and his gray eyes full of light; in later years, when inflamed by drink and fury, his orbs blazed with terrible fire, and his face appeared a mixture of colors, blue, green, and scarlet. In the early part of his reign he often wore the dress of a civilian, but after 1719 he invariably used that of Colonel of the Potsdam Guards; a small white wig surmounted by a cocked hat, a close military blue coat with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters to the knee, the sword girt high, and — that cane. In speaking he made every one look him straight in the face; few could meet his look without terror; and if the answers were not satisfactory, or if the respondent hesitated, the cane did its work. He beat the apple-women for not knitting at their stalls; an idler was often cracked over the crown before he knew the king was near, while those who had once approached him took to their heels if they saw him in the distance. At times a direct answer

pleased him. "Who are you?" he asked a poor boy, one day. "A *candidatus theologiæ*, your Majesty." "Where from?" "Berlin, your Majesty." "Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions, — I know two." "Two? which then?" "Your Majesty and myself." The king laughed aloud, had the youth examined, and gave him a chaplaincy. Not only did Frederick William chastise the loungers of his capital, but he insisted to some extent on regulating their costume. He waged a war against wigs, taxed them, would sometimes pull them off in the street from men's heads, and, as he could not do so to the French envoy, contrived a plan to ridicule him and his associates, who dressed in the highest Parisian fashion, with cocked hats, large wigs, and laced coats. The king, at a review when the offending ambassador was present, caused a number of men previously dressed in the most extravagant style, with cocked hats a yard in diameter, wigs descending to their hips, and other similar enormities, to appear at a concerted signal, and gravely march over the field in full view of the envoy. The monarch and all his troops maintained a look of solemn unconsciousness; but the envoy took the hint, and, as long afterward as he stayed in Prussia, dressed in plain German fashion.

Frederick William can scarcely be called a warlike sovereign; and although he took such pains to strengthen and perfect his army, he was careful not to expose it unnecessarily to the brunt of battle. With the exception of one brief interval, his reign was peaceful. In November, 1714, all Europe was startled by the reappearance of Charles XII. of Sweden, who for five years from the battle of Pultowa had been in Turkey, and for more than a year was by many believed to be dead. At length, in the latter part of October, 1714, he awoke from his lethargy, obtained the Sultan Achmet's consent to quit his castle near Adrianople, and with but two attendants, galloping night and day through wild steppes and mountain passes, through Vienna, Cassel, and Pomerania, reached the gate of Stralsund, on the Baltic Sea, sixteen days after leaving the place of his concealment. He demanded of the sentinel at the postern instant admission to the Governor,

who rose from his bed to recognize in the way-worn rider, "white with snow," his own long-lost sovereign. Scarce a single triumph in even Charles's marvellous career attracted wider fame than this, and hardly had the news of his return, and the wild joy of the city, its salutes, bonfires, and illuminations, reached the ears of surrounding sovereigns, than it was deemed important to dislodge him, and he at once found himself menaced by the Czar, and the rulers of Denmark, Hanover, Saxony, and Prussia. Frederick William unwillingly took up arms against Charles, but he was forced to do this if he would retain possessions that had already been given to him; and on the 28th of April, 1715, he declared war and put his forces in motion. He stayed two months in Stettin, and, joined by sixteen thousand Danes and about four thousand Saxons, he laid siege to Stralsund about the end of June, with forty thousand men, Charles having about one quarter of this force to defend and man his works. Notwithstanding this inequality, it was mid-winter before the desperate valor of Charles yielded to fate, and he was persuaded to escape over the ice to a Swedish frigate lying about a mile from the shore, when the place surrendered. The king of Prussia was the principal worker in the siege of Stralsund, which the Berliners regarded with great pride; but when they wished to give their sovereign a triumphant entry, on his return in January, 1716, he forbade it, ordering in its stead a thanksgiving sermon to be preached in all the churches the next Sunday. When Frederick William went to this war, he left most exact directions with his ministers; he was to be informed of anything important, but if there was nothing passing of moment, no paper was to be wasted; above all, no money was to be paid unless actually falling due by the book. His wife was to be consulted on matters of consequence, but beyond her and his councillors, "no mortal was to poke into his affairs." He also left explicit directions for his funeral in case he was shot; directions the non-fulfilment of which in later years his wife and daughter had cause to regret.

Peter the Great, on his way home from France, in the autumn of 1717, spent four days at Berlin, visiting Frederick William; and of this memorable meeting, with attendant events, the Princess Wilhelmina has given abundant descrip-

tion in her Memoirs. The king had a fellow-feeling for the Czar, as he had for Charles XII.; he doubtless had an interest in his efforts to civilize Russia, and for the rest, Peter's brutish habits were too much in unison with his own to annoy him, although in refinement and decency he was, compared to the Czar, as "Hyperion to a satyr." The Czar was now fifty-five; his Czarina thirty-three; and little Wilhelmina, who tells some things which she saw with her own eyes, and some which she did not, was about nine. Such an extraordinary court never before or since was dragged about by a sovereign. An immense train of women was in attendance to minister to Peter's pleasure; some of them bore evidence of their relations to him by their babies richly dressed; and when questioned regarding their paternity, bowing low they replied, "The Czar did me the honor (*m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant*)." This was nothing, however, for Peter. While at Magdeburg, on his way to Berlin, he received a deputation of solemn officials, with a complimentary address, which he listened to while standing with his arms around the necks of two Russian *ladies;* and for his adventure in the same place with his own niece, the Duchess of Mecklenburg, we must refer the reader to the book. He took a fancy to an indecent little statue in the royal Cabinet of Antiques, which Frederick William readily gave him. The king had given him the year before a quantity of amber curiosities, which had belonged to his late father; also a superb yacht, the property of the same expensive monarch. In return he obtained from the Czar valuable considerations, worth, no doubt, twenty times as much as his own gifts; for the yacht, the amber, and the disgusting little Priapus, he established a rich trade with Russia, selling large quantities of cloth, salt, hardware, and manufactured articles, beside receiving what he most prized on earth, gigantic soldiers, — one hundred and fifty this autumn, followed by about one hundred more each year. Frederick William repaid such favors by sending engineers, gunners, mill-wrights, and various artisans into Russia, to instruct the rude Muscovites.

Young Fritz had by this time come to be five years of age. The picture in Mr. Carlyle's first volume represents him as he was a year or two before, playing soldier, and attended by his

sister Wilhelmina, and a negro in the background, said negro perhaps the same one kept busy in reporting bulletins of his Majesty's health in the last days of Frederick William. Not long afterward the crown prince was taken out of petticoats, and put to his schooling. For the first seven years of his life he was under the charge of a head-governess, Frau von Kamecke, called Kamken by Wilhelmina, of whom there is nothing particular to remember. Beneath her, however, was a *sous-gouvernante*, the Dame de Roucoulles, who took immediate charge of the prince. She was a Frenchwoman and a Protestant, who, then Madame de Montbail, had to flee from her country when a young widow, with her daughter and mother-in-law, driven out as thousands of others were by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. After her flight to Prussia, she married Roucoulles, a refugee from France, and was appointed by Sophia Charlotte to perform the same part for Frederick William which she now acted for his son. She taught the little prince to speak French, and loved him devotedly; which attention he appears to have repaid to the end of her days, she just living to witness his accession. French was thus early ground into him; so thoroughly, too, that he despised German, indeed spoke only the corrupt Prussian dialect of it, with sufficient freedom for all the ordinary purposes of life, commanding his troops, his officials, and his subjects in it, but banishing it from his table and his court, — Luther's Bible being probably the only really German work he ever looked into, and that not very often. At seven years, as before told, Frederick was removed from female instruction, and had tutors and sub-tutors appointed to conduct his education, Frederick William sharply overseeing all. Lieutenant-General Count Fink von Finkenstein, a man of sixty, was head-tutor; under him were Duhan de Jandun, a Frenchman of thirty, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kalkstein, twenty-eight years of age. By these three men was he drilled and taught. He appears to have attached them to him, and for the two younger men he retained friendship until the death of each, Jandun's twenty years afterward, and Kalkstein's forty. Nor must another remarkable character be forgotten, not included in this list of tutors, but who exercised great influence over the training of Frederick, and who held a

most prominent place about the court and person of his father. This was Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, whose character from Mr. Carlyle's portrait appears to us to be nearer Blucher's than any we can name, with much of the fire and the sublime patriotism of that rough-timbered hero. He too was a man of stern, simple tastes, who cared nothing for etiquette, and whom Jenkins would have ruled out of a court journal as vulgar. He would marry a Miss Fos, an apothecary's daughter, in spite of his aristocratic family, even killing her cousin, who had laid claim to her hand. He became General-Field-Marshal of the Prussian armies, and fought with desperate bravery at Malplaquet and Blenheim, in the former battle only as a volunteer; he was the first man to scale the French intrenchments at Eugene's storming of the lines of Turin in 1706; he invented iron ramrods, and the equal step of troops, with many other forms of modern military tactics. His religious culture was not far from "zero," the point of Frederick William's stump-oratory; he called Luther's hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, "God Almighty's Grenadier March"; and when about to join battle he lifted his hat, growling out some short prayer as the signal for close action. He was the king's second-cousin, had great influence with him, and thus befriended Frederick in after years when incarcerated at Cüstrin.

The king's regulations regarding his son's education are characteristic. Every moment was to be used after detailed forms and an unvarying routine. When the monarch put pen to paper, he neither wrote nor scrawled; the manuscript looked like the wipes of a bear's paw, and his instructions drawn up in such fashion have been preserved, and at once, in spite of all his biographer's encomiums, reveal his tyrannical espionage and narrow views. His son was to be impressed with a proper fear and love of God, which feelings, if indeed he was ever imbued with them, he managed to throw off utterly before coming to the throne. He was to be guarded against heresy and schism, and sects Atheist, Arian, and Socinian, as well as Papistry; and so completely did he learn these lessons, and improve upon them, that he grew up and ended his life with no belief whatever in revealed religion. In an age when the Latin was still a universal language, and many celebrated au-

thors wrote in it, he was expressly forbidden to learn it. He would, however, have done so of his own accord, had the least chance been given to him; but when by stealth he sought to make himself master of it, his harsh father broke in upon him, and with his cane put to flight his young instructor, and made an end of his son's lessons. To the last, Frederick was fond of quoting a few scraps of the language, but always incorrectly; and although he could not, to save his life, read a page of Cicero, he says in his old age, writing to some one, and quoting four words: "You see I don't forgot my Latin." The king continued: "Let him learn arithmetic, mathematics, artillery, economy to the very bottom; history, ancient only slightly, of the last hundred and fifty years to the exactest pitch." Next geography, and "with increasing years go upon fortification and the other war-sciences," that the crown prince may "seek all his glory in the soldier profession." Another document prescribes for every hour of each day in the week. This was when Fritz was ten years old, and of this we give a specimen. *Sunday.* "On Sunday he is to rise at seven, and, as soon as he has got his slippers on, shall kneel down at his bedside, and pray to God, so as all in the room may hear it," — the prayer given. After this the Lord's prayer, "then rapidly and vigorously wash himself clean, dress, and powder, and comb himself," sipping his tea meanwhile. "Prayer with washing, breakfast, and the rest to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes." After this, family prayers with domestics and Duhan, then reading and expounding of the Gospel, and Noltenius's catechism, until nine o'clock. At nine o'clock he was to go with the king to church, and dine with him at noon precisely. Henceforth until half past nine P. M., the day is his own, but at that hour he is to bid the king good night, and "shall then directly go to his room, very rapidly get off his clothes, wash his hands, and so soon as that is done Duhan makes a prayer on his knees, and sings a hymn, all the servants being again there; instantly after which my son shall get into bed, — shall be *in* bed at half past ten." On Monday, as on every other week-day, he was to be called at six, and made to get up instantly, not to loiter nor turn in bed; dressing and breakfast to go on at once, and both to be over before half past

six. Half an hour for prayers, and then history from seven until nine; at nine Noltenius with catechism and "Christian religion" until a quarter of eleven. No doubt the young Frederick was wearied early in life with his long, dreary theological lessons, and in later days, when he was expiating at Cüstrin his rash attempt to escape, the fearful sermons thundered over his head week after week probably completed his disgust, and no doubt aided his progress toward scepticism as to all revealed religion. At a quarter before eleven he was to go to the king, dining with him always at twelve, and at two he must be again in his room with his maps and geography; from three to four, moral philosophy; from four to five, he was to write German letters so as to acquire "a good *stylum*," which he never did. After this hour he was to go again to the king, and then amuse himself. On Wednesdays and Saturdays he was to have half-holidays, if he behaved well. Above all charges which the king gave, one was to be most strictly enforced. "In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible. You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others, and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*)." Frederick William, although a brute, was a clean one, but this virtue was wanting in Fritz, who continued *schmutzig* to the end of his days.

This schooling was going on at Wusterhausen, a dreary palace or hunting-seat twenty miles southeast of Berlin, and described by Wilhelmina as an odious residence. Here Frederick enjoyed the society of a number of cousins; but the strong attachment which here grew up between him and his sister was more deeply rooted than any other friendship, and was never broken, in spite of his mocking spirit and cold heart. Here too was held the king's famous Tobacco Parliament, the sessions while at Wusterhausen in the autumn weeks being usually in the open air, certainly more endurable than the reeking rooms of the Berlin and Potsdam palaces. Wilhelmina says that her brother's progress in his studies was "slow"; but that term can hardly be applied to Frederick in any sense. He was perhaps rather desultory, and physically not very robust in youth. Besides,

he was thwarted in pursuits for which he had a natural bent. He loved music, and became an accomplished performer on the flute. His Latin, we have seen, was expressly forbidden. He does not appear in early boyhood to have shown any very decided military genius; but he was thoroughly instructed by the best masters of the art of war, and soon learned to command. When the prince was eleven years of age, George I., then on a visit to Berlin, looking out of the palace windows one morning, saw the little fellow drilling his company of cadets, formed by youths about his own age, ordering them with a clear, sharp voice, and soldierly precision. Beside his native talent for music, he readily acquired arithmetic and geography, with some other branches of useful practical knowledge; but with his strong bias for literature, and much as he wrote, he never learned to spell or punctuate correctly, and of the rules of grammar he knew nothing. He wrote indeed with fluency, and his prose style was not without grace and vivacity; but to give a reason for the structure of a paragraph remained always beyond his power. In a note in French to Duhan which was only five lines long, there were ten gross errors, and this after nearly nine years' schooling.

While Frederick William was trying by rude buffeting and tyrannical restraint to keep his son free from the amenities of life and of literary culture, and to make him a mere practical machine, he began to find that the contempt he expressed for music, Latin, and polite arts of French origin generally, was returned by his son with contempt for German fashions; and as the king himself was wholly German, he might have supposed himself included in the crown prince's distaste. This was perhaps at the bottom of the disfavor with his father into which Frederick fell, and which may be traced from his seventh year, growing finally into the most savage hatred on the part of the monarch, and manifested by curses, taunts, sneers, showers of blows from the cane, kicks, and plates dashed from the dinner-table at the prince, and at Wilhelmina too, who shared her brother's sufferings. By degrees the king's wrath rose to such a pitch, that he made the lives of his queen and children a day-long

purgatory, and, not satisfied with beating his offspring, kept them on loathsome food, turning their stomachs with "soups of salt and water, ragouts of old bones full of hairs and slopperies," and putrid sauer-kraut. Because the crown prince did not deem drilling the chief end of man, because he was passionately fond of music beyond that of a regimental band, because he hated tobacco-smoke, and saw no pleasure in playing draughts, swilling beer, and killing wild hogs, it was Frederick William's delight to hate and torment him; and he did hate him with such ferocity that we can account for it only by supposing his passions rendered demoniac by the fumes of tobacco and brandy. He was a hard drinker at times, not always, and at one important period, when he should have had clear command of his powers, Mr. Carlyle even admits that he was drunk every night for a month. We have no doubt that he would have killed Frederick, had he found a fair opportunity. He transferred his affections to a younger son, August Wilhelm, wishing often that he were the crown prince. When Frederick, maddened beyond all endurance by the cruelties heaped upon him, attempted to escape from Prussia, he was arrested and condemned to death, his historian admitting that, but for the intercession of the Emperor, the sentence would probably have been carried into effect. And Mr. Carlyle further says, that the crown prince was driven by dire necessity into a course of deception, foreign to his nature, toward his terrible father, and that, even when in the midst of his miseries he recognized all that was good in his father's character, the coarse perceptions of the king could hardly be enlightened to the splendid abilities of the son, which he sullenly admitted only at the last. Yet this is the man trumpeted as a hero; a man who, despotic whether drunk or sober, was led by the nose by lying ministers; whose sordid avarice, not patriotism, accumulated millions of treasure, not at interest, but stored away in vaults or moulded into balustrades and mirror frames; who would pay for an Irishman eight feet high more than he would allow to the most gifted ambassador, and whose chief delights, after smoking and guzzling, were to kill pigs and cane apple-women.

Mr. Carlyle devotes much space to the double-marriage project, so fondly entertained by the Queen Sophia Dorothea, — that of uniting Frederick of Hanover — son of George (afterward George II.) of England and Caroline of Anspach — to Wilhelmina; and her own son Frederick of Prussia to Caroline's daughter, Amelia of England. It will not enter into our purpose to detail the long and fruitless negotiations growing out of this matter, which ended finally in neither marriage taking place, to the intense sorrow and indignation of the queen, Wilhelmina giving her hand to the Margrave of Baireuth, and Frederick by his father's desire espousing the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern. While these matters were going on, the crown prince entered on a new career as a practical soldier, being on the 3d of May, 1725, gazetted a captain, when he was in his fourteenth year; and enrolled accordingly in the giant regiment of Potsdam Guards. Frederick's soldiering henceforth was no child's play, and the duties of parade and drill could not by any possibility be shirked from distaste for them, as they frequently had been before. This giant regiment was the pride of the king's heart, more valued by him than even his heaps of silver, and he would pay any price for a Colossus to add to it, when he was niggardly in all other outlay. He paid for James Kirkman, a huge Irishman, about six thousand dollars, before he could get him inveigled and fairly numbered among the Potsdam Guards; as before told, about one hundred monsters arrived every year from Russia, and the king's agents were to be found in every country of Europe, looking out for the largest heaps of bone and sinew. Woe to any peasant or artisan over six feet high. In the town of Jülich a young carpenter at work one day beheld an important, peremptory-looking man enter his shop, who ordered a large, strong chest. It must be six feet six inches long, and stout in proportion, to be finished on a certain day. When the day came, the man called again, and insisted that the chest was too short; it was to be made longer than the carpenter himself. So it was, he contended, and put out his rule to measure it. Even this would not content the stranger, who, in order to make sure, requested the carpenter to get in,

and see if the box would hold him at full length. No sooner said than done. In jumped the carpenter, and the positive man, a disguised recruiting-officer, slammed down the lid, locked it, and whistled sharply, when three stout men came in, bore off the box and the man in it on their shoulders, walked through the streets gravely, opened the case in some safe place, and found the carpenter dead of suffocation. For this failure, the man being murdered in fact, Hompesch was imprisoned for life. Had he kidnapped his man alive, he would have been rewarded. Burgermeisters of small towns were sometimes carried off, and a rich merchant of Magdeburg had to pay a large sum to get clear. Even the Austrian ambassador on his way from Vienna to England was arrested. His carriage broke down on the road, and while it was undergoing repairs he concluded to walk on alone to a town not far distant. At the gate he was stopped by the Prussian officials, who, as he was very tall, thought he would make a good present to Frederick William, and were terribly alarmed when they found out his real character. George I. was so incensed at this audacity, that he took measures to clear Hanover of all recruiting-officers. Indeed, these men found themselves prisoners at times, and in Holland one of them was summarily hanged.

The Tobacco Parliament, or College, was the chief scene of the intrigues of Grumkow and Seckendorf, who led the tyrannical Frederick William by the nose; the Baron Grumkow being bribed by the Emperor, and Seckendorf being the Emperor's Minister at Berlin, so that by the two he was for years entirely under Austrian influence. It is also memorable for the mad pranks performed by the king and his associates. Here were discussed affairs of state, to the extent to which the monarch chose they should be discussed, he having no such thing as a constitutional parliament or privy council. In the Berlin and the Potsdam palaces, each, was a room fitted up for a *Tabagie*, or rather not fitted at all, excepting with rough wooden chairs and tables. This resort was meant primarily for recreation, although much business was done in it. Here the king and his party met nightly, talked, read crabbed Dutch and German newspapers, played backgammon, smoked

always, swilled beer by the gallon, committed enormities when drunk, spat all over the floor, and made themselves sociable generally. Grumkow, Seckendorf, the old Dessauer, Ginckel, the Dutch ambassador, and others, were constantly there, while strangers of mark were often introduced. Kings and princes travelling were honored with invitations, and Frederick was sometimes present, never by his own choice, and always to his disgust.

Frederick William, without the least learning himself, collected about him in the Tobacco College several literary men of whose weaknesses and vices he made sport. For dignified literary character he cared nothing. He exiled the celebrated Wolf from his dominions, because in some controversy with the Halle theologians he was accused of heterodoxy, and the king, knowing nothing of the matter, sided with the body of the professors, and in a fury ordered Wolf to quit the Prussian territories within forty-eight hours, under pain of the halter. Ten years afterwards, from looking himself into Wolf's works, he became convinced that he had acted unjustly, and sent for him to return. Wolf, however, had no confidence in the king's temper, and never would come back until Frederick ascended the throne, when he was again invited, and resumed his place at Halle.

One of the literary characters who afforded to Frederick William the greatest amusement was Jakob Paul Gundling, a man of great learning, an omnivorous book-worm in his better days, and author of many antiquarian works now forgotten, but of intense conceit and a confirmed sot. He had roamed about the world not a little, sometimes as tutor and gentleman's companion, and had finally come to Berlin during the late reign, and was by Frederick I. appointed to certain professorships and sinecures, which economical Frederick William swept away; so that Gundling came to the streets for a living, sinking lower and lower, until a tavern-keeper, having some appreciation of his learning, or finding that his talk interested chance bibbers and drew custom, gave him the privilege of a seat at the stove, and the run of the tap-room. Here he was found by Baron Grumkow, who speedily introduced him into the Tobacco Parliament, to the edification of the

king and his party. "Working into the man, his Majesty, who had a great taste for such things, discovered in him such mines of college learning, court learning, without end; self-conceit and depth of appetite not less considerable; in fine, such chaotic blockheadism with the consciousness of being wisdom as was wondrous to behold, — as filled his Majesty, especially, with laughter and joyful amazement." For some years, therefore, the king took delight in exposing the humors and weak points of this poor wreck of humanity. If the monarch dined with any of his associates, Gundling must be invited also; otherwise he was at the *Tabagie*. The king had him rigged out in the most absurd style, and bestowed on him a number of appointments and titles. He gave him, for every-day wear, a scarlet coat with gold-laced button-holes, black velvet facings, and embroideries; "straw-colored breeches; red silk stockings, and shoes with red heels"; a huge white periwig, a red feather in his hat, and the golden key of *Kammerherr*, chamberlain, hanging at his breast. Thus attired, he walked abroad, the butt of rude idlers, as he was seldom sober, and from frequent tumbles into the mud his fantastic dress soon became dirty, for which Frederick William soundly rated and teased him. One day, as he was lying on the ground drunk, two captains cut off his key, and gave it privately to the king. "Where is your key?" he gravely asked, the next time Gundling appeared in the *Tabagie*. "Unfortunately lost it, your Majesty." "Lost it?" rejoined the king, frowning terribly. "Lost it?" echoed the whole Parliament, knowing the case exactly. Here was a grave matter. A soldier who should lose his musket, or spend its worth in drink, would be shot; why not Gundling? The royal clemency was, after great apparent difficulty, obtained; the culprit was to expiate his offence, and live. The next time the *Tabagie* met, a servant entered with a tray, on which was a huge gilt wooden key about a yard long. This was hung round Gundling's neck, to be worn by him in public during the king's pleasure. When his metal key was finally restored to him, he went to a locksmith and had it fastened on with wire. Frederick William, to ridicule the Berlin *Académie des Sciences*, made Jakob Paul its President, and once officially submitted as a prize question to the learned members, "why

Champagne foamed." Gundling's perquisites from this place and others amounted to £150 per annum, beside his having the use of the king's cellars free of charge. For these favors he paid dear. Sometimes he found young bears lying in his bed. Again, the door of his room was walled up, and, staggering about to find it, he would stumble into the big bear's den, and be nearly hugged to death. At Wusterhausen he was swung by ropes over a frozen ditch, when one of the ropes broke, and he went through the ice to be fished out half drowned. If, to escape his mad persecutors, he took refuge in his room, a door panel was knocked in, and fire-crackers were thrown at him until he emerged. Once he ran away, and went to Halle, where he had a brother; but he was inveigled back again by apologies and increased salaries and titles, the king actually raising him to the peerage; while he frequently received presents from distinguished people, the Emperor sending his portrait set in diamonds for the presentation copies of Gundling's Works.

But nothing delighted Frederick William so much as setting him and one or two other literary fools by the ears. One of these was Fassmann, who wrote a stupid Life of the king, and another of Augustus the Strong. He and Gundling were pitted against each other, until they became so enraged that Jacob seized his smoking pan of hot sand and ashes, and threw its contents over Fassmann, who thereupon seized him, turned him over his knee, and spanked him soundly with the hot pan. To satisfy wounded honor, the king suggested a duel. At the appointed hour and place they met, their pistols, unknown to themselves, being merely charged with powder. Gundling, afraid, threw his pistol away, would neither shoot nor be shot at; but Fassmann, advancing, fired, and set Gundling's wig in a blaze, when the poor fellow fell to the earth yelling, and was extinguished with a bucket of water. When he died at length, Frederick William had him buried in a wine-cask painted black, with a white cross on it, the drunkard knowing it was to be his coffin, as it had stood in his room for many years. Buried in it he was, indeed, in spite of the subdued groans of the orthodox clergy of Berlin, who dared not remonstrate.

In January, 1728, the crown prince, then sixteen years of age, made a visit to Dresden with his father, by invitation of Augustus the Strong, who was both Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. The visit was in a great degree planned by Grumkow and Seckendorf, to divert the melancholy of the king, caused chiefly by the troublesome negotiations regarding the double marriage, of which he was beginning to be heartily sick, while the queen gave her whole influence in its favor, at the same time swaying the dispositions of Frederick and Wilhelmina. This course, in which she persisted as long as a glimmer of hope remained, accounts for much of her husband's outrageous conduct. On this journey it was not Frederick William's intention to take his son; he was to stay at Potsdam and continue drilling; but an express invitation came from Augustus for the crown prince, who arrived at Dresden the day after his father, on the 15th of January. The king of Prussia, going in no state, would not accept Augustus's hospitality at the palace, but took up his quarters with the Commandant of Dresden. The festivities were magnificent, and prolonged for a month, Augustus being one of the most expensive of monarchs, as one of the most "physically strong," he having in the course of his life favored the world with three hundred and fifty-four illegitimate children, one for nearly every day in the year. He was, however, not a mere monster of profligacy, being a man of strong mental powers, great accomplishments, noble presence, and superb taste in art. Young Frederick, found the court of Augustus and the ways of his host much more to his taste than the life at Potsdam, and this visit was not without great influence on his future, but influence of evil nature. One day after dinner the two kings, accompanied by Frederick, strolled about the palace, when Augustus, in order to test Frederick William's presumed insensibility to women, introduced them into a room exquisitely furnished, and, as the king of Prussia was admiring it, a curtain rose before a recess, and within it, lying on a bed, was a beautiful young creature in the style and attitude of Titian's Venus; according to one account, robed in a loose gauze which revealed rather than hid her charms, but by Wilhelmina's statement completely nude. Frederick William was very

angry, turned round and pushed the crown prince out of the room, but not until he had obtained a full view of the wanton. This was not the worst of the matter. There was in Augustus's court a beautiful Countess Orzelska, who had already bewitched Frederick. She was Augustus's daughter by a French milliner in Warsaw, and among the three hundred and fifty-four Augustus lost sight of her until one of the number, her half-brother, perhaps not aware of the relationship, took her for his mistress. In due time he introduced her to her father and his, who was so fascinated with her, that she actually became his reigning favorite. In this capacity she encountered Frederick, and her father-lover, becoming jealous, signified to the crown prince that, if he would give up all thoughts of her, he might freely possess the cabinet Venus. Frederick took her, and from this connection entered for some years upon a dissolute course, which corrupted his nature and injured his health. In the following May, Augustus, "the physically strong, the Saxon man of sin," paid his counter-visit to Frederick William, and for three weeks set Berlin in a blaze; the Prussian king spending more money than he was ever known to spend before or afterward, and even lighting up the Tobacco Parliament in honor of the sublime occasion. Augustus was accompanied by his son Maurice, the Maréchal de Saxe, most celebrated of the three hundred and fifty-four; also by Orzelska and many others, concerning whom and the visit full narratives have been given by Wilhelmina.

The double-marriage negotiations meantime were still going on, tending to inflame the king more vehemently, and to widen the breach between him and his wife and children. To divert his mind, he went off in January, 1729, on a grand boar-hunt, and slaughtered 3,602 head of wild swine; — a great waste, some would say, and wholesale cruelty; on the contrary, to Frederick William a source of revenue. Every scrap of that hog's meat was sold. Every man in the localities was obliged, according to his means, to take certain quantities at a fixed price. He was at liberty to eat or not, or to cut up his swine into mess-pork or sausages as he saw fit; but every ounce was paid for in cash, and all the money went into the king's treasury. Admirable financiering! But after this prodigious hunt, from

fatigue and other causes, the king returned ill to Potsdam, attacked with the gout. Imagine that sick-room, Frederick William with the gout! "It was a hell on earth to us," says Wilhelmina.

The Princess Frederika Louisa, Wilhelmina's younger sister, aged fifteen, was married about this time, the first married of the family, to the Margrave of Baireuth. The union was not happy, the parties leading a cat-and-dog life for thirty years. The wedding festivities appeared to produce no good feeling with the king toward his two oldest children, and in short the crown prince was now over head and ears in trouble. He was liable to be surprised by his father at any moment, and soundly caned without warning. In spite of his father's orders and hatred of music, he pursued it assiduously, practised on the flute, and employed Quantz, leader of the Court Band in Saxony, to give him lessons. At such hours as he could command from garrison duty, he would practise music with Quantz and Lieutenant Katte, a boon companion and dissolute fellow, of whom we shall speak elsewhere. Closeted with these friends, Frederick, with his love of French fashions, would throw off the Prussian uniform coat, transform the Prussian pigtail queue into a silk bag, put on a flowing scarlet brocade dressing-gown, and enjoy himself at his ease. As he was thus attired and busied on one occasion, Katte, on the look-out in another room, hurried in with the news that his Majesty was coming, — was close by already. He seized Quantz, the flutes, and the music-books, and both rushed into a wood-closet and shut the door. Frederick tore off his gown, and as fast as was "humanly possible" pulled on his coat and looked innocent. But he could not so easily change the silk bag for the Prussian pigtail, and this betrayed him. The king stormed and swore; he caught sight of the brocade gown, and threw it into the fire; for an hour he went on like a madman, seized all the forbidden articles in the room, sent for a bookseller and ordered him to sell every French book for what it would bring,— and the bookseller, knowing whom to please, discreetly hid the library, and one by one lent these volumes afterward to the prince as he required. Katte and Quantz all the while stood trembling in the closet, which his Majesty forgot to pull open.

The crown prince was now attacked and beaten at any moment without the slightest reason. His life indeed was most wretched. His father cursed him and Wilhelmina for *Canaille Anglaise*, "English Doggery," often refusing to let them come near him except at dinner-time, and then he threw plates at their heads. Once, before the queen, he repeated to Frederick the old story of the man about to be hung, who requested permission to whisper a last word to his mother, and, leave being granted, bit her ear off, because in boyhood she had encouraged him in a lie about his horn-book, and thus opened his path to the gallows. "Make the application," added the brutal monarch.

Frederick now began to meditate flight as the only escape from torment. He was seventeen years of age, yet he was flogged like an urchin of eight summers. He wrote to the queen that he was driven to extremity, and was resolved to put an end to it. He made confidants for his project of one or two young companions, one of them being Katte, whom we have seen in the music-room. This young man was in the army, and was highly connected, his father being a general who rose to be field-marshal. Young Katte had been sent to the universities, and intended for a lawyer; but finding no favor outside of the army, he had entered it, still retaining his love of books and music, which, with his ready wit and polished manners, rendered him a favorite with the prince. He was a free-thinker, too, and a libertine, as the prince was already. His looks, however, were not agreeable. He had a lowering, ominous visage, and was pitted by the small-pox. Frederick informed him of his plan, and the doomed man entered heartily into his royal friend's scheme to escape. His zealous aid, and the steadfast manner in which he subsequently met his fate, should be remembered. It was Frederick's determination to escape into France, and thence to England, where he doubtless imagined he would be received, and marry the Princess Amelia, to whom, in obedience to his mother's wishes, he had pledged his faith, and even declaring his firm purpose never to wed another. He communicated this resolve to Sir Charles Hotham, the English envoy specially sent to Berlin in place of old Dubourgay, recalled. Frederick wrote expli-

citly to Sir Charles that the reason of the king's opposition to the double marriage was, that he wished to keep him on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of driving him mad whenever the whim might take him. The prince also, in the same letter, reiterates his promise never to take any other wife than the Princess Amelia. The king consented to the marriage of Frederick of Hanover and Wilhelmina, and the crown prince seconded this view, hoping that his own would follow; but to all negotiations of such nature the English Cabinet returned answer, "Both marriages or none," and so none took place between the contracting parties. These thoughts of flight and marriage occupied the mind of the crown prince as he went with the king to the camp of Radewitz in June, 1730, the camp lying about ten miles to the southeast of the town of Mühlberg.

Ten square miles had been most thoroughly prepared for the camp, which, in newspaper parlance, was "gotten up regardless of expense"; the fact that Augustus the Strong was manager being a guaranty for its success. It was levelled and swept by engineers; all the villages were rubbed clean; in one was a large slaughter-house, where oxen were killed by scores, and a bake-house with one hundred and sixty bakers; in another was the playhouse; in another a post-office. Many wise heads and many more wiseacres wondered what all this was intended for; but it was only a diversion contrived by Augustus to display his own splendor, and kindly to entertain his royal relatives and guests. Three large temporary bridges were built across the Elbe; an immense pavilion was erected on rising ground for the accommodation of spectators of rank, and elegantly painted and gilded. On another knoll, and far more magnificent, was the *Haupt-Lager*, head-quarters, for their Prussian and Polish majesties, — quarters of green and gold woodwork, mingled with silken tents and tapestries, containing all the appointments of a palace, and much more. Splendidly furnished apartments, filled with mirrors, pictures, clocks, and sumptuous furniture, alternated with gardens and walks. Other quarters were fitted up with billiard and coffee rooms, while the troops were also well provided for. Notable people flocked to the camp. There

were the old Dessauer, and young Anspach, just married to Frederick William's daughter. Grumkow and Seckendorf were close by in the king's train, and no end of dukes, counts, and ladies, more or less distinguished; including the Duke of Mecklenburg, whose wife, as we have already mentioned, was the complaisant niece of Peter the Great, and was now dead; and the Orzelska, about to marry the Prince of Holstein-Beck, which she did, and deserted him two years afterward. All the details of the camp and its shows were right royally conducted and successfnl. Terrific sham-fights, attacks on intrenchments, artillery and cavalry manœuvres, bridges blown up, and naval tactics by a "fleet" upon the Elbe,— a fleet of shallops with silk rigging,— were all perfectly executed, King Augustus arranging everything, and driving his own curricle around every morning, to give orders for the day. The illumination of the Palace of the Genii, "a gigantic wooden frame, on which two hundred carpenters have been busy for above six months," was the most wondrous feat of pyrotechny of that, and perhaps of any other century, during which Augustus, seeing that it was a perfect success, and being tired, went to bed at midnight, leaving his fellow-king and the mob of dukes, counts, ladies, the army, and the common herd, to gaze at it until two in the morning. On the closing day of the ceremonies, there was an immense dinner given, the whole army dining in the open air, some thirty thousand men, making a brave show, and feasting upon eighty fat oxen, while three measures of beer and two of wine were served out to each man. Generous Augustus also gave the table, and all upon it, at which he and Frederick William and other magnates had been filled, to be scrambled for by the waiters and lackeys, some of them rigged out like Turkish Janizaries. Then their Majesties went out of the *Haupt-Lager*, and the colonels and officers of every regiment, preceded by the bands of music, came up the hill and saluted them, then drank the royal healths, while the bands discoursed eloquent music, and sixty pieces of artillery roared in chorus. Meantime Augustus's crowning work had been unveiled to the wonder of mortals. It was a cake twenty feet long, eight feet wide, and two thick, which, concealed under a tent, and guarded by cadets,

was drawn up to head-quarters by eight horses. There it was formally carved and served to the kings and councillors, the dukes and counts, thence down through the various grades of officers, until the remainder was demolished by the army. This was considered as the end of the show, Augustus having done enough for one season. He died about three years afterward, or he might have meditated even greater deeds. And so, "what shall we say of August? History must admit that he attains the maximum in several things. Maximum of physical strength; can break horseshoes, nay, half-crowns, with finger and thumb. Maximum of sumptuosity; really a polite creature; no man of his means so regardless of expense. Maximum of bastards," including Marshal Saxe and the Orzelska, "three hundred and fifty-four of them: probably no mortal ever exceeded that quantity. Lastly, he has baked the biggest bannock on record; cake with five thousand eggs in it, and a ton of butter. These things history must concede to him."

During all this festivity, the treatment of the crown prince by his father was infamous, although he was as much a guest of the king of Poland as Frederick William. Ranke says, that, attracting the regards of many strangers, he was yet "treated like a disobedient boy," and beaten without mercy. To add insult to injury, the king would mock him by taunts, saying, "Had I been treated so by my father, I would have blown my brains out; but this fellow has no honor, — he takes all that comes." Frederick, determined already on flight, had plans on foot in Berlin with Katte, and now made companionship with another young man, named Keith, who eventually fled the country and escaped to England. Frederick actually went to Count von Hoym, the Saxon first minister, and asked him, in a cursory way, if he could not obtain a sight of Leipzig, and get an order there for horses for a couple of officers without passes. Hoym at once suspected his plan, and advised him not to try it, merely saying, however, that they were very strict about passes. Keith was soon sent off to the garrison at Wesel, and the prince continued his correspondence with Lieutenant Katte, and also with Captain Guy Dickens, the British Secretary of Legation at Berlin, in which he com-

municated his plans of escape. Dickens was consequently sent off by Hotham to communicate this news to the British ministry. This was in June, 1738, while the camp festivities were going on. The prince was shortly to attend his father on a journey to Anspach, and to return by way of Stuttgard. Thence he would escape to Strasburg, on the French side of the Rhine, stay there awhile to divert suspicion from his mother, and then proceed to England, hoping that England would take steps to protect his sister. The answer to Hotham's missive was of first-rate diplomacy. The king was very sorry for the young prince; was not prepared to say that the step was or was not advisable. As to the stay in France, that should be well considered; and the crown prince was assured of his distinguished consideration. Hotham, recalled, left Berlin about a month afterward, Dickens being his successor. Frederick William was in a tornado of rage and regret, he having insulted the late ambassador in an audience, for which he made the most abject apologies; being in a savage fury also at the state of the marriage projects, double and single both being dead by this time, while his fear of Frederick's flight, and his suspicions of his wife and daughter, all contributed at the same moment, with strong liquors, to goad him to the ferocity of a tiger. As soon as Hotham had gone, Captain Dickens communicated the answer from England to the crown prince, meeting him and Katte "at the gate of the Potsdam palace at midnight," and still advising delay. The prince, however, was not disposed to delay, as in a few days he must start with his father. The prince put into Katte's hands a writing-desk, filled with important letters, a thousand ducats scraped together with difficulty, and even his travelling coat. Katte was to endeavor to join Keith, who was ready in waiting at Wesel.

On Saturday morning, July 15, 1730, the crown prince set out with his father on this memorable journey. They reached Anspach without incident, passing a short time there with the Margravine, Frederika Louisa. Frederick made no effort there, beyond asking the Margrave to lend him a pair of horses, which request was declined. He was strictly watched meanwhile by his three military attendants, General Buddenbrock,

Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow. At Anspach a letter reached him from Katte, saying that he could get no furlough, but would join him if possible without one. The same messenger who brought this from Erlangen conveyed also a note from Rittmeister Katte, the young officer's cousin, who suspected the plot, to Colonel Rochow, warning him as a friend to keep the strictest eye on his high charge. Several other attempts on the part of the crown prince failed completely. Page Keith, brother of Lieutenant Keith, accompanying the royal party, and privy to the designs of the prince, lost heart, and at Mannheim confessed the whole plan in an agony of fear. The king's rage was terrible; he told the three military attendants, that, if the Prince escaped, they should answer with their heads; but he dissembled before Frederick until he should have further proof. He said at Darmstadt, "Still here, then; I thought you would have been in Paris by this time." The prince coolly replied, "I could certainly, if I had wished." At Frankfort the prince found that he was not to enter the town, but to go directly on board of one of the royal yachts there. The king found news waiting for him at Frankfort. Rittmeister Katte had intercepted one of the prince's letters to his unfortunate cousin at Berlin, and deemed it his duty to lay the same before Frederick William. The monarch's fury now broke out. He went on board the yacht, and savagely abused and struck his son. At length the attendants took the prince on board another vessel, and they floated down the Rhine. Neither son nor sire was in a mood to enjoy its sublime scenery; nor did they predict steamboats and crowds of cockney tourists; nor imagine, as they glided past Ehrenbreitstein, that it would belong to Prussia in a hundred years. At Bonn the prince made Seckendorf his confidant, saying that, if the king would pardon his officers, he could bear his punishment, and begged Seckendorf to intercede for them. Here he also contrived to scrawl a line — "Sauvez-vous, tout est decouvert" — to Keith at Wesel, and to get it safely into the post-office, by aid of some anonymous friend. Keith received it, stayed not upon the order of going, but went at once, and safely reached England. Katte might have escaped also, as he was warned, but he lingered

and was arrested. At Wesel the king had another savage interview with his son; and as the prince proved less remorseful than was expected, the father drew his sword, and would probably have killed him but for old General Mosel, the Commandant of Wesel, springing between them, and exclaiming, "Sire, cut me to death, but spare your son." The prince was then removed to a separate room, and two sentries set to keep guard over him.

The fact of the prince's arrest carried terror into the royal family and to young Katte, who at once delivered the articles which Frederick had intrusted to him to Madame Finckenstein, who gave them to the queen. The writing-desk contained many of Frederick's letters, which would directly involve the queen and Wilhelmina. They must be destroyed and others substituted, and, to add to their trouble, there was no key to the desk, and a seal upon it. How to remove the letters, and replace them by others meaning nothing, was the puzzle. Woman's wit solved it, the historian does not say how; but the hundreds of fatal billets were conjured out and burned, when the queen and Wilhelmina went to work and hurriedly wrote others, vague as British royal speeches, so that papa when he tore the box open made nothing out of the contents. How about the handwriting? Was that not suspected? Or did the drunken old blockhead accept it all as Fritz's own? His rage against the queen and daughter exceeded all bounds; he cursed them with such passion, that he grew black in the face, his eyes darted fire, and his mouth foamed. He seized Wilhelmina, beat her in the face with his fist, knocked her down, and would have kicked her, but for the royal family rushing between them. Such a noise did these outrages make, that numbers of people stopped before the palace, when the guard turned out to disperse them. Katte, also, on coming into the king's presence and asking for mercy, was spurned and caned. Page Keith, who had confessed in good time, was packed into a regiment at Wesel, and there remained all his life. Of the crown prince and Wilhelmina when under arrest, the king saw nothing again for a full year. We can hardly have patience with Mr. Carlyle, when even these acts of the detestably brutal coward are excused. "The

poor king, except that he was not conscious of intending wrong, but much the reverse, walked in the hollow night of Gehenna all that while, and was often like to be driven mad by the turn things had taken."

Frederick was removed from Wesel to Mittenwalde, and there examined by Grumkow and other officials, bearing himself bravely, although reminded by the minister that the rack was not yet abolished in the Prussian dominions, and might be used if necessary to elicit information. The prince, in reply, told Grumkow that he was a scoundrel and a hangman to talk of his tools, though he said in after life that at the moment his blood ran cold. On the 5th of September he was sent to Cüstrin, about seventy miles east of Berlin. His sword had been taken from him at Wesel, and now he was confined to a bare room of the fortress, in a mean prison dress, — his allowance fixed at tenpence a day for food, to be cut up for him, — no knife allowed, no music, no books except the Bible and prayer-book, — light to be extinguished at seven, P. M. Wilhelmina was shut up in her apartments in the Berlin palace, closely guarded, happier even on her diet of hair-soup and putrid sauer-kraut, than in the presence of her father, who had so grossly outraged her as even to accuse her of a criminal intrigue with Katte, and of having had several children by him. Any one suspected by the king fared badly; several people high in rank and office, the Bülows and Knyphausens, were cashiered and packed off to Memel; Lieutenant Spaen, who did not keep strict watch enough on Katte, was broken, and shut up for a year in Spandau; a bookseller who had sold French works to the prince was also sent to Memel, and a poor girl, Doris Ritter, was whipped by the beadle and made to beat hemp for three years — for what? Because her singing had attracted the prince, and he had given her some music.

The crown prince's trial, as well as Katte's, commenced on the 25th of October, and in six days was concluded. The court consisted of a president, three major-generals, three colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, three majors, and three captains; also three "auditors" or judge advocates. The prince was pronounced guilty of desertion, and sentenced to death by all the members of the court except two major-generals, who dis-

sented and invoked pardon. Lieutenant Keith, as an actual deserter, was condemned to be hanged in effigy, quartered, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel. Katte, as only intending to desert, not actually deserting, was to be imprisoned in the fortress for two years. This mild punishment would not satisfy the savage vengeance of Frederick William. He insisted on Katte's being sentenced to death by decapitation, and the court accordingly pronounced such sentence. He insisted, too, that the crown prince should witness the cruel spectacle, and, according to most of the historians, he did behold it. Coxe and Mentzel both aver that he did; Coxe stating that he was forcibly held up to the window of his cell by four grenadiers, so as not to escape the horrible sight, — that he fainted before the axe fell, and on recovering saw the headless trunk. Carlyle relates that the execution took place out of the prince's sight, around an angle of the fortress; but if so, this mercy was owing to the officers, in tacit disobedience to the brutal king. Poor Katte bore himself bravely. On Sunday evening, November 5, it was intimated to him at Berlin that he must start at once for Cüstrin to die. Accompanied by his major, two brother officers, and a chaplain, he set off in a carriage, escorted by a troop of cavalry, and travelled all night. His friends sympathized with him, and he answered cheerily, at times joining in devotional singing. He arrived at dawn at Cüstrin, and at nine o'clock was led out to the scaffold, attired in a brown prison dress exactly like the prince's. "The prince is already brought down into a lower room," says Carlyle, and Katte, now attended by two chaplains, approached the window in the death-cart. In his agony of mind Frederick implored delay, that he might write to the king; but in vain, the order had gone forth. As Katte came on, Frederick called to him in French: "Pardon me, dear Katte; O that this should be what I have done for you!" "Death is sweet for a prince I love so well," replied the victim, and went to his doom, while the prince sank down in a swoon. By the royal order the body was exposed all day on the scaffold. At night it was buried obscurely in the churchyard, and some years after, when it was safe to do so, the remains were deposited near those of his family.

The sentence upon the crown prince created astonishment and horror throughout Europe, and direct remonstrance was made by the States-General, by Sweden, and by Great Britain; yet, in spite of the intercession of these high powers, the sentence would undoubtedly have been carried out, but for the protest of the Emperor. At length, three months after Frederick's arrest, it was announced to him that he was not to die. He, it appeared to the king, was submitting with a contrite spirit to the ghostly counsels of Chaplain Müller, and no longer refusing belief in "Predestination and the real nature of Election by Free Grace." It was now intimated to him, that, if he would take a solemn oath to obey his father in all things, he might yet have another chance of honor. He promised, and the oath was administered on Sunday, the 19th of November. He swore to cherish no resentment against the ministers; to undertake no journey without permission; to live in the fear of God; and to marry no princess but such as his father approved. This oath he also signed, when his sword was restored to him, his prison door was opened, and all present marched out to church, where they listened to a pointed and powerful sermon. He did not return to his prison, but to a town mansion, — in fact, a kind of small court of his own, with a major-domo and a few flunkies. He had regained his sword, but not his officer's uniform, and wore a gray frock with narrow silver cordings. Here he stayed, engaged principally in studies of political economy, for fifteen months, every motion watched, beset with spies and reporters, until the rage of his father was subdued, and the intriguers of the Tobacco Parliament began to suspect that there was more in him than they had imagined. No doubt, this period of trial did Frederick much good, giving him ample time for self-knowledge as to his position, his wants, and his capabilities. Meanwhile Wilhelmina, obeying her father's commands under the pledge of his forgiveness, signified to Grumkow and others, on the 11th of May, 1731, that she would marry the Prince of Baireuth; and, in spite of the queen's opposition, she was formally betrothed to him on the 3d of June following. The prince's circumstances gradually improved at Cüstrin. He was not allowed to go outside of the town, and his resources were very limited, but

the gentry of the neighborhood subscribed sums of money for his aid, and he found consolation in his books and his flute, which he managed to regain. A year and three days from his arrest, his father came to visit him. At this interview on the 15th of August, 1731, a reconciliation took place, and the prince enjoyed greater liberty. Not, however, until the 23d of November did he appear in Berlin, on the occasion of Wilhelmina's magnificent wedding,* when she was overjoyed to see him, but found her caresses coldly returned. The prince looked proudly upon all, probably to assure them that his imprisonment had not broken his spirit. The next day he appeared on the parade, when crowds of people flocked to see him, and testified their joy. In a few days more he was again in uniform, that of the Goltz Regiment of Infantry, and on the 29th of February, 1732, he was commissioned to be Colonel Commandant of the said regiment, when he proceeded to Ruppin, where it was quartered, about forty miles northeast of Berlin.

In Ruppin and the neighboring Reinsberg were passed the next eight years of Frederick's life. He was now twenty years of age, and until the period of his accession, in 1740, he saw but little of the capital and its gayeties. We shall presently speak of his mimic court at Reinsberg. At Ruppin he was almost wholly occupied with his duties as a soldier, which he performed even to the satisfaction of his father. He here thoroughly studied the art of war, and laid the foundation of that military skill and genius which nerved him through the fearful crisis of the seven years' strife, when he fought undaunted the five great combined powers of Europe, ceding in the end not one inch of territory, and winning as a conqueror equal rank with Marlborough and with Wellington.

His own marriage was now approaching. His father, having decided on the Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, wrote to Frederick in his rough manner, proposing the matter, saying plainly that she was nothing remarkable, neither ugly nor beautiful. He wished the Prince's views, and would endeavor to contrive two or three interviews before their mar-

* Not at the wedding itself, but at a ball in the Berlin palace two or three days afterward.

riage, so that he could become familiar with her looks. He also promised that Frederick should travel when he had a son, which he never had, nor daughter, for the best of reasons, as his wife was a wife only in name. Frederick at once acceded to his father's wishes, as it was not in his power to do otherwise; but in some of his letters to other parties he did not express his delight, and he hears, he says, that she is a mass of insipidity, and "given to pouting." Seckendorf and Austrian influence were, in fact, at the bottom of this marriage business; Elizabeth being a niece of the Empress, and the match, as it was thought, promising to prove a new bond on Prussia in favor of the Pragmatic Sanction, which did not happen to be the case when Frederick came to the throne and confronted Maria Theresa. Frederick, in order to please his father, affected much greater dislike of the union than he really felt; he expressed his fears that she was "too religious," and said that he would rather wed the greatest prostitute of Berlin than a devotee. He seems, in fact, to have made up his mind to yield to his fate as a necessity, although he felt a respect for his wife after knowing her; and, beyond his living apart from her, always treated her and spoke of her kindly. To Wilhelmina, especially, he opened his heart, writing, a fortnight after his betrothal: "As to 'kissing of the hands,' (a ceremony due to royalty,) I assure you I have not kissed them, nor will kiss them; they are not pretty enough to tempt one that way." Frederick was married to her on the 12th of June, 1733.

With but a short stay in Berlin the crown prince was again at Ruppin. His life was now comparatively a happy one. He found time to pursue his literary studies, history especially, of which he was passionately fond. He also plunged deep into military tactics, ancient and modern, having many conferences with the old Dessauer on those heads, and attentively perused, so as to learn by heart, the deeds of all celebrated generals, from Julius Cæsar to Charles XII. The princess, though a woman of little intellect and awkward manners, contrived soon to accommodate herself to her husband's ways. The king, although he now allowed them establishments of their own, maintained his frugal habits, so that Frederick, by no means wasteful, was obliged secretly to

borrow sums of money from England, Austria, and Russia, which he repaid on his accession. Frederick William gave him the mansion of Reinsberg, some miles from Ruppin, and this castle he proceeded to rebuild and adorn, gathering around him a select circle of literary companions, and attracting the attention of strangers to the charming abode. Frederick saw no real service in the field until after his accession, with the exception of the unimportant campaign of 1734, when he displayed intrepidity in reconnoitring the lines of Philipsburg, and rode unconcerned amidst a continuous discharge of cannon, some of the shot striking the trees just around him. We shall close this article with some notice of the life at Reinsberg, and the last days of "the sergeant king."

The crown prince and princess took up their residence at Reinsberg on the 6th of August, 1736, three years after their marriage. Hitherto the princess had resided in the Berlin Schloss, or in a country-house of her own at Schönhausen, while her husband was chiefly at Ruppin; according to the mode of life which he had formally adopted from the first, seeing little of her even as a state puppet. She always looked back through her long life on the four years at Reinsberg as the happiest portion of it; for, insipid as she was, she retained some poetical feeling. The architect Kemeter had rebuilt and enlarged the old castle for the use of the royal pair before they came to live in it. It was pleasantly situated on the edge of a small lake, one of a mesh of lakes, and was surrounded by "tilled fields, heights called 'hills,' and wood of fair growth." The building was of freestone, (still standing, though not used now,) quadrangular, with towers at each corner, and looking eastward over the town of Reinsberg. Its old formal orchards and gardens were enlarged and beautified by Frederick, and the house itself much improved and adorned on the lakeward side by a colonnade with vases and statues. The mansion contained a great deal of room, and was elegantly fitted up, without extravagance; and, beside stables and extensive offices of all kinds, there was another house built for the accommodation of guests, containing fifty lodging-rooms; also a theatre. The prince had his library in

one of the towers. There he wrote his letters, and a great deal of bad poetry. From this room he could saunter out into the colonnade among the statues and vases, and look over the lakes, the little islands, the beech woods and linden avenues stretching far away, and lighted up by the golden sunset which shone upon this side of the chateau. The princess's apartments were very fine, decorated and painted in a rich style of art; and surrounding the palace were gardens, grottos, artificial ruins, parks, rock-work, and orangeries. There was also a noble music-saloon, not to be forgotten by Frederick. Excepting his duties at Ruppin, within a morning's ride, the crown prince was now left master of his time, which he busily employed in reading, study, and writing, varied by music and the conversation of well-informed men. Daily, at a certain hour, a concert was performed; the musicians numbering from eighteen to twenty, the prince himself joining with his flute. Still, with his court and numerous retainers, Frederick's expenses at Reinsberg never reached $15,000 a year. He had numerous visits to make, a large correspondence to keep up, and many other duties. He collected about him a literary set, nearly every one of whom, excepting Voltaire, who joined his circle at a later period, would now be forgotten but for their connection with the Prince. His correspondence with the celebrated Frenchman commenced as early as the second month of his Reinsberg life, Frederick's first letter being dated the 8th of August, 1736. Frederick's only literature was French; he did not understand a word of English, nor was he sufficiently acquainted with philosophic German to read it with pleasure. He had even a French translation made for him of Wolf's "Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World," finding the original too difficult. Of the German language, its riches and power, he had no conception, and it had in truth not yet been irradiated by the splendid genius of Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul. His admiration of Voltaire was therefore sincere; he could imagine no more sublime epic than the *Henriade*, nor nobler tragedies than *Cæsar* and *Alzire*. Voltaire's reply was equally complimentary, and thus began a correspondence, which, in spite of bitter quarrels and ridicule of each other's weaknesses, continued through their lives.

Voltaire favored the prince with a sight of his immortal manuscripts, and Frederick returned the honor in kind, at which the poet expressed intense gratitude, while venturing on a few corrections in grammar. In a complete copy of Frederick's works, kept in the library of Sans Souci, and marked with many notes in Voltaire's handwriting, one finds a marginal criticism on the word *plat*, occurring in three or four consecutive lines of the same poem: "Voici plus des plats que dans un très bon souper." This may serve as the key-note of his real opinions on all of Frederick's poetry. Voltaire was not the only favorite, though by far the greatest. The prince instituted a "Bayard order" of chivalry, the knights being his twelve chosen friends. These men were bitterly disappointed at his accession, when they found themselves no longer used nor useful; but while the Reinsberg life lasted, they eat, drank, and were merry.

The crown prince, as we have said, kept up a large correspondence, and his prose letters were always pointed and lively. One of them, cited by Carlyle, gives a most amusing account of a morning call he made not far from Reinsberg, on the family of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, at Mirow. He writes to his father, that he rode to Mirow and went directly to the palace, a very small one, with a rampart around it, and an old tower in ruins which served for a gateway. Getting upon the drawbridge, he saw a man sitting down, busily knitting, although in a grenadier's uniform, his musket and equipments lying on the ground beside him. The prince passed him in spite of his challenge, whereupon the man jumped up in a passion, ran to the ruin, and called out his half-dressed corporal, who, not knowing Frederick, scolded him for passing the sentry. These two composed all the military force about the palace, at the door of which the prince now beat for some time in vain. At length it was opened by a very old woman, who, terrified at the sight of strangers, slammed it in the face of Frederick and his attendants, who then went off to the stables. Here they learned that the young prince and his wife had gone a few miles off to visit some relatives, and, in order to do so with greater credit, had carried off his whole household, the hall porters

and lackeys as well as higher functionaries, the gold and silver sticks (imitation only at Mirow), leaving nobody in the Schloss but the one old woman. Very much amused, Frederick took horse again and galloped after his hosts. He at length came up with them, and they all returned to dinner together at the Schloss. No sooner there, than Frederick was entertained with the misfortune that had come upon the head cook, who with a cart full of provisions had been upset and had his arm broken, so that he could not dress the dinner, and short commons were the result. There was not a word of truth, as Frederick maliciously discovered by inquiry, in this story; it was a stratagem worthy of Caleb Balderston when the Lord Keeper and Lucy Ashton visited the Master of Ravenswood. The royal banquet was worse than the fare of the "Three Crowns" of Potsdam; but the royal party were so well pleased with the prince's visit, that they offered to return it, and did return it very often, taking all the court as usual along with them to Reinsberg. This ludicrous picture of one of the thousand and one German principalities, before the French Revolution, and still one of the thirty-two principalities, is not without its moral. Out of this really abject poverty came at a later date "old Queen Charlotte" of blessed memory, and from old Queen Charlotte came the present reigning family of England. We can readily believe that many loyal John Bulls think very unkindly of Mr. Carlyle for thus recalling the poverty of the illustrious house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Details of Frederick's life at Reinsberg are unfortunately scarce, but such strangers as visited the prince, and have left any remembered record, describe the place as charming, and presume that his life was equally so. He went to Holland with his father in the summer of 1738, and at Brunswick on his return was made a free-mason. The reader will also learn, to his great satisfaction, that during the same summer Field-Marshal Seckendorf, who, with Grumkow, should long since have been hanged, having fallen into disgrace with the Emperor for letting a fine army waste away without fighting, found himself imprisoned at Grätz, where he stayed a long time, to Frederick William's extreme sorrow. In 1739, the last

year of the Reinsberg life, was completed Frederick's once famous anti-Machiavel treatise, a labored refutation of the Italian's "Prince." This work, formerly extolled to the skies, would now be forgotten even by name, but for its royal author, and its great reviser and proof-reader, Voltaire. Its theories would win praise from a modern progressive democrat, but it only proves that a despot, as Frederick was, may write and act very differently, especially as it was not published until after his accession, when from the first he manifested his imperious will without scruple. During that same summer of 1739, King Frederick William, accompanied by his son, made his last journey into East Prussia, and returned home ill. He never recovered; but we really cannot follow or sympathize with Mr. Carlyle in his pathetic account of the brute's dying speeches and confessions, the bulletins through the negro to Grumkow, and the moans of the Tobacco Parliament. He died on the 31st of May, 1740, within three months of his fifty-second birthday, and on the 4th of June was buried at night by officers of the Potsdam giants. On the 23d of the same month a grand funeral ceremony was performed over his *quasi* coffin, and on that same night the whole four thousand giants were disbanded, and known no more as grenadiers.

Let us endeavor to do Frederick William justice. His economical reforms were needed, though pushed to an absurd extent. He collected a noble army, and amassed treasure, both of which came into play during the next reign. He kindly welcomed the Salzburg Protestants, driven by religious bigotry from their own country, — as his grandfather, the Great Elector, had received the French refugees, — and his charity was well repaid. Beyond the reach of his cane, his subjects were generally happy. But he was a blockhead and a tyrant. He left entirely unsettled several important claims, which it required only a firm front to secure; he was the dupe of Austrian intrigue; in many cases he oppressed the people of Berlin by forcing them to build expensive houses against their will; and he created much mischief and unhappiness in recruiting his regiment of four thousand useless monsters. His private character requires no further comment at our hands.

In conclusion, we have to thank Mr. Carlyle most heartily

for his great work. In the preparation of this article we have reperused the larger part of the two volumes, with renewed pleasure in their learning, careful research, profound philosophy, picturesque and vivid description, and inexhaustible wit. We shall eagerly look for the succeeding volumes, with the full portraiture of Frederick II. On their appearance, we propose a renewal of our task, reviewing, in contrast with the apprenticeship of the crown prince, the trials and triumphs of the warrior and the king.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Afternoon of Unmarried Life.* From the last London Edition. A Companion to "Woman's Thoughts about Women." New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1859. pp. 343.

This work, though bearing strong outward resemblance to the very popular little volume by Miss Mulock, is really by the author of "Morning Clouds." In some respects the tone of thought is similar in the two writers, and their minds have evidently gone over the same paths, and arrived at the same healthful conclusions. But in breadth of treatment and force of expression, as well as in the grasp of intricate problems and brave attack upon difficulties, Miss Mulock is far the superior of the two. The quiet and somewhat diffident aspect of the present volume will add to its charm, with many of those to whom it is especially addressed. The author is evidently embodying the result of long and careful thought upon the topics of which she treats; and if the extravagant utterances of our more valiant champions for Woman's Rights have done harm to the cause, they have also done some indirect service, by drawing more conservative and better-balanced minds into the same field. We rejoice at every new word spoken in behalf of this especial class of women, which asserts with dignity their worth as a social power, and serves to break down the restraints and the ridicule with which they have too often been helplessly surrounded. The volume before us contains a great deal of sound common-sense, and gives excellent counsel on many points. We heartily commend it for the kindliness of its intention and the frankness of its speech on matters concerning which silence has ceased to be wisdom.

2. — *What will he do with it? By Pisistratus Caxton. A Novel.* By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1859. pp. 311.

This tale, which has been dragging its somewhat weary length through many numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, now makes its appearance in an octavo volume of double-columned and rather dingily-printed matter. An attack upon so massive a story requires courage; but Bulwer's name is always an attraction, and we have read "What will he do with it?" We hardly advise others to do so, unless they have the enforced leisure of a long convalescence to dispose of in mere amusement. This they will obtain; for the volume possesses, at intervals, much of the poetic charm of the author's style and the spirit of his plots, though it is sometimes diffuse and complicated. Some of the digressions are, in length, quite respectable moral essays, garnished with scraps of Latin, as the cook garnishes his dish with sprigs of parsley. In the development of the plot, which induces dilemmas almost unmanageable, too frequent recourse is had to special providences and inexplicable coincidences; — a department into which, as we conceive, the novelist should enter seldom, and with great circumspection. The rarity of these events in real life adds much to their impressiveness, and too free use of them in fiction renders them vulgar as well as improbable. They can hardly be reckoned among the legitimate resources of the author, or, at least, should be reserved by him for very extraordinary occasions.

The superabundance of incident, the strong contrasts of character, the pathos of some of the scenes, and the humor of others, will interest a large class of readers; but they cause the critic to regret that, with so much wealth, so little has been accomplished. We grow more and more intolerant of elaborate works which involve no especial principle, develop no new view of life, and add nothing to our knowledge of human nature. There are so many different ways of doing one or the other of these things through the medium of a good romance, that the novel which fails of them all cannot redeem itself from inadequacy by any elegance of diction or gracefulness of sentiment. We cannot believe that the present work will add essentially to its author's fame.

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3. — *My Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. An Answer to Dr. Wiseman.* By Alessandro Gavazzi. London: Partridge & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. viii. and 289.

It is not surprising that Cardinal Wiseman's rose-colored "Recollections of the Last Four Popes" should have elicited an angry reply.

Many of the Italian exiles regard the temporal authority of the Popes as the prolific source of all the evils under which Italy languishes, and are always ready to attack the advocates of the opposite doctrine with argument and invective. For such a task it might seem that no one is better qualified than is Father Gavazzi. The important part which he has taken in defence of Italian liberties, and the popularity which he has enjoyed, are matters of historical record. His eloquence must be equally familiar to many of our readers, who listened to his passionate appeals in behalf of his native country, and to his vehement denunciations of the Papacy, during his visit to the United States. We had a right, therefore, to expect from his pen some important rectifications of Cardinal Wiseman's statements, and some vivid pictures of Rome in the last thirty or forty years. But every candid reader will admit that Father Gavazzi's work scarcely meets these requirements. Its tone is angry and undignified; and its pages are thickly strewn with vituperative epithets, applied indiscriminately to the Popes, the Romish hierarchy, and Cardinal Wiseman. "Thieves" and "mountebanks" are among the favorite epithets which he adopts; and the temper in which he writes is strikingly shown in the closing words of his notice of Leo XII. This pontiff, he tells us, "died despised by all, having displeased all; — the Cardinals, because he would act for himself; the priests, whose peculations he discovered in his importunate visits; the liberals, whom he persecuted with the hatred of Cain; and his subjects in general, whose condition he rendered worse by his ill-digested attempts at reform. He did well to choose his tomb and write his epitaph himself, for not even a dog would have undertaken the task after his death." It is to be regretted that any writer should descend to the use of such abusive language in an historical work, for it tends to throw doubt upon his more sober statements, and leads his readers to question the truth of his most authentic assertions. M. Gavazzi has certainly diminished the value of his Recollections as materials for history, by the asperity with which he attacks his opponents. Yet we are inclined to attach considerable importance to the latter part of his volume, particularly to the chapter upon the Arts, in his reminiscences of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. Indeed, nearly all that he says about this Pontificate is interesting, and should be read in connection with Cardinal Wiseman's sketch of the same period. No two writers could be more entirely opposite in their descriptions of the same person; and the extravagance of one writer may be fairly balanced against the extravagance of the other.

4. — *The Scouring of the White Horse; or the Long-Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk.* By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. xii. and 324.

This volume is of a more local and limited interest than was the manly and vigorous sketch of English school life which first introduced its author to American readers. But in every other respect it fully sustains his reputation; and it is pervaded by the same healthful and thoroughly English spirit which marked his earlier work. It relates chiefly to the traditions connected with White Horse Hill, in the parish of Uffington, in Berkshire; but it also comprises some charming pictures of English country life, and the whole is connected by a slight thread of story. The main purpose, however, is to commemorate the Scouring of the White Horse, which was celebrated in September, 1857. The nature and object of this festival may be thus briefly described. Upon the side of one of the principal chalk hills in Uffington is carved a representation of a horse, covering nearly an acre of ground. When, by whom, or for what purpose this figure was first cut, is not known. According to the traditions of the neighborhood, it was made by order of Alfred the Great, to commemorate one of his victories over the Danes. It is at least certain that the figure is of great antiquity, and there seems to be no sufficient reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of the traditional account. From time immemorial it has been the custom of the neighboring parishes to have a "scouring" at irregular intervals of time, for the purpose of deepening and cleaning the trenches which form the figure. These occasions have brought together large multitudes, and have been celebrated with various athletic games and sports. Printed accounts of some of these festivals are extant; and the recollections of old men who were present at others furnish some curious facts in regard to the manner of their celebration. The author of the volume before us, Mr. Thomas Hughes, was one of the committee intrusted with the management of the last scouring; and at the request of his associates he has prepared this memorial of the festival.

The book is autobiographic in form, — the hero being a London clerk who accepts an invitation from a Berkshire friend to pass his vacation in the West Country. Accordingly he goes down to the neighborhood of White Horse Hill, attends the scouring, picks up much local information, and finally falls desperately in love with the pretty sister of his host. The plot of the story, if we may venture to designate it so, is very slender; and the volume derives but little of its interest from the story. Its real interest and value are to be found in the bits of antiquarian lore

which it carefully gathers up, in its picturesque descriptions of the games celebrated upon the hill during the two days of the festival, and in its admirable sketches of rural life in England. Here the author is entirely at home; and his clear and idiomatic style is admirably suited to his subject.

Among the most curious illustrations of his theme which he has brought forward, is a copy of the handbill issued previously to the scouring of 1776, which enumerates among other prizes, "Smocks to be run for by ladies, the second best of each prize to be entitled to a silk hat." In 1785 and in 1803 there were grinning-matches, in which the candidates grinned through horse-collars, much in the same manner, we suppose, as the fortunate cobbler described in the Spectator. Mr. Hughes has also interspersed his narrative with some clever songs and ballads in the Somerset and Berkshire dialects. But perhaps the finest passage in the volume is his spirited description of the battle of Ashdown, which stirs the reader as with the blast of a trumpet, and shows a vigor and force of imagination greater than Mr. Hughes has anywhere else exhibited. It needs only the harmony of numbers to rival the most spirited of modern ballads. At the end of the volume is a lay sermon on the proper observance of national festivals; but it is clear that our author's strength does not lie in preaching. The Appendix contains some early notices of the White Horse, and other interesting historical memoranda.

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5. — *Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics.* By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., of Brighton. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 12mo. pp. xxxix. and 318.

Each new volume of Mr. Robertson's remains furnishes new evidence of the richness of his powers, and of the earnest and self-sacrificing spirit in which he labored for the good of other men. Whether in the pulpit or on the platform, expounding some pregnant passage of Sacred Scripture, discussing the characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry, or addressing words of hearty cheer to a Workingmen's Institute, it was always with a single eye to the moral and religious benefit of his hearers that he spoke. His Sermons are among the most valuable contributions to our recent religious literature; and the Lectures and Addresses before us are marked by the same qualities of mind and heart which have given popularity to the previous issues of his works. The volume opens with an interesting Preface, embodying some new facts in regard to Mr. Robertson's well-spent life, and enriched by numerous quotations from his letters. Following this are two Ad-

dresses delivered before the Workingmen's Institute at Brighton; — the first an opening address upon the formation of the Institute, setting forth the objects for which it was formed, the means by which they might be best carried out, and the dangers to be avoided in its management; and the other delivered at a time when internal dissensions were threatening its continued existence. A considerable minority of the members had sought to introduce into the library of the Institute books believed by the majority, and by most of the friends of the enterprise, to be of pernicious tendency. In this conjuncture Mr. Robertson voluntarily came forward with an earnest and manly address to the members, which shows at once the depth of his own convictions, the generosity of his nature, and his unabated interest in the success of the Institute. Next we have two judicious and well-considered Lectures on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes, discussing the nature of poetry, and the manner in which it influences and elevates men in general, and workingmen in particular. The last of the more elaborate addresses in the volume is an appreciative lecture on the poetry of Wordsworth, which Mr. Robertson appears to have studied thoroughly, and to have admired with his whole heart. The last fifty pages comprise several brief speeches, and the notes of an address on the Working Classes. In all, we see the earnest and conscientious thinker bringing to the task before him the results of patient reflection, and clothing the whole in language of beauty and force, with no selfish ambition to gratify, but simply intent upon performing his duties in the most efficient manner, and amply satisfied with being in some degree helpful to others.

We are gratified to learn from a foot-note to the Preface, that a volume of "Letters on Theological, Philosophical, and Social Questions" is in the course of preparation for the press.

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6. — *A Complete Collection of the English Poems which have obtained the Chancellor's Gold Medal in the University of Cambridge.* New and Enlarged Edition. Cambridge [England]: Macmillan & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 351.

The Chancellor's Gold Medal in the University of Cambridge was first given in 1813; and in the forty-six years which have since elapsed, some of the most eminent statesmen and scholars in England have received this mark of distinction before leaving the University. Among the most celebrated names on the list are those of Dr. Whewell, Lord Macaulay, W. M. Praed, Sir E. B. Lytton, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson; and several of the poems would do no

dishonor to men of much riper years than were the recipients when they won their first youthful honors. In other cases the merits of the verse are by no means conspicuous; and it is evident that there was but little competition, or that the standard by which the examiners measured the excellence of the poems could not have been very high. Nevertheless, the volume possesses a special interest, as a collection of the earliest productions of men who have since become eminent in so many different departments of literary endeavor. Most of the pieces are characterized by smoothness of versification rather than by depth or originality of thought. Perhaps the best piece, as a whole, is Tennyson's Timbuctoo which received the prize in 1829, although some of the other poems contain more striking passages. It may be worth noticing, that in several instances the medal was more than once adjudged to the same person. Thus Lord Macaulay was successful in 1819 and again in 1821, Praed in 1823 and 1824, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth in 1827 and 1828, W. C. Kinglake in 1830 and 1832, and one competitor, Edward H. Bickersteth, obtained the prize for three successive years, 1844, 1845, and 1846. During the whole time there have been but three years in which the medal was not adjudged to some competitor.

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7. — *A History of the Knights of Malta, or the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.* By MAJOR WHITWORTH PORTER, Royal Engineers. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1858. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xvi. and 518, 522.

THIS work is the fruit of original research, and is in several respects an important contribution to historical literature. Its author's residence in Malta gave him access to numerous unpublished documents in the Record Office, and to the valuable collections in the Public Library of the island; and from personal friends who have made the subject a special study he also received much assistance. The result is a thorough and careful account of the internal condition and the foreign relations of the Order, from its formation in the eleventh century to its inglorious expulsion from Malta by the French under Bonaparte in 1798, in the time of Ferdinand de Hompesch, the sixty-ninth Grand-Master. In this long period it underwent some important modifications and passed through various fortunes, gradually changing its character from a mere charitable body of religious men to a great military and political organization, and transferring its principal field of operations from the plains of Palestine to the Mediterranean Sea. Through all these changes Major Porter conducts his readers, illustrating each successive

period with indefatigable labor, and presenting a more vivid sketch of the gradual rise, decline, and overthrow of the Order than we have seen from any previous writer. Especially in regard to its internal affairs and government are we indebted to him for much new information; and among the chapters which will be read with most interest are those relating to the revenues, expenditures, festivals, councils, and criminal records of the Order, and to the history of the Order in England. Upon all these points Major Porter has collected a great number of curious and instructive details from the most trustworthy authorities.

His style is deficient in those graces which a more practised writer would have given to a narrative so rich in brilliant events, and there are some painful attempts at fine writing. But it must be admitted that the worst written passage in either of the two volumes is the commencement of the first chapter; and in no other instance has he descended to such mere nonsense as at the close of his last chapter. Between these extreme points, his style, though never elegant and not always correct, is sufficiently clear and explicit. His military education has given him much skill in the description of battles and sieges; and the best portions of his History are those devoted to the two sieges of Rhodes and to the heroic defence of Malta by La Valette, which has also been described with admirable clearness and force by Mr. Prescott in his History of the Reign of Philip II.

In the Appendix are numerous important documents, including a list of the Grand-Masters, a translation of the letter from the Grand-Master Peter D'Aubusson to the Emperor of Germany, containing a narrative of the first siege of Rhodes, and some interesting extracts from a manuscript history of the fortifications of Malta. The volumes are also enriched by portraits of L'Isle Adam and of La Valette from the original paintings in the palace at Malta, and by some other illustrations.

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8. — *Fragmentary Remains, Literary and Scientific, of* Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., *late President of the Royal Society, etc. With a Sketch of his Life, and Selections from his Correspondence.* Edited by his Brother, John Davy, M. D., F. R. S. London: John Churchill. 1858. 8vo. pp. 330.

The materials of which this volume is composed are neither extensive nor very valuable. They consist almost exclusively of letters, and a few note-books which came into Dr. Davy's possession on the death of his brother's widow in May, 1855. These he has connected by some explanatory remarks, and by a succinct sketch of Sir Humphry Davy's

personal history, referring the reader for fuller details to the Life of Davy by Dr. Paris, and to the two Memoirs by himself. Dr. Davy's style is singularly awkward and ill-compacted; and we have rarely seen a worse written work by any educated person. A school-boy who should not write a more correct English style, would be a proper subject for discipline. His arrangement too is confused and defective; and the selections from his brother's correspondence are printed with very little regard to chronological order. Indeed, Dr. Davy's conception of the duties of an editor appears to be restricted to a vague notion that letters addressed to the same person should, if possible, be printed together. Hence, we have on one page a letter written in 1826, and on the next page a letter written in 1821; and this confusion prevails throughout the volume. Many of the letters, too, are printed without their dates; and it is only by the internal evidence that the reader can conjecture to what period they belong. We may also add, that good taste would have suggested to Dr. Davy the propriety of abstaining from any unfavorable remarks in reference to his brother's widow. Whatever infelicities there may have been in any part of Sir Humphry Davy's married life, it is certainly indecorous for any member of his family to bring the subject before the public, and to assert that his wife "was not qualified for domestic life," and that she was neither happy in herself, nor fitted to impart happiness to others.

The most interesting portions of the volume are the letters from the poets Southey and Coleridge, and those from Sir Humphry to his wife during his last illness. There are also two letters from Miss Edgeworth, relative to her father's book on Professional Education, and numerous other familiar letters. The selections from Davy's note-books are mostly confined to brief memoranda, suggested by his reading or his experiments. Several poetical pieces, composed at different periods of his life, have, however, been selected from them, and are scattered through the volume, but they do not possess much poetical merit; and the only one which is at all noticeable is a short piece written upon seeing a pair of eagles teaching their young to fly. This we may venture to cite, although it is printed in Davy's collected Works: —

"The mighty birds still upward rose
In slow but constant and most steady flight,
The young ones following; and they would pause,
As if to teach them how to bear the light,
And keep the solar glory full in sight.
So went they on, till from excess of pain
I could no longer bear the scorching rays;
And when I looked again they were not seen,
Lost in the brightness of the solar blaze.

Their memory left a type and a desire:
So should I wish towards the light to rise,
Instructing younger spirits to aspire
Where I could never reach amidst the skies,
And joy below to see them lifted higher,
Seeking the light of purest glory's prize:
So would I look on splendor's brightest day
With an undazzled eye, and steadily
Soar upward full in the immortal ray,
Through the blue depths of the unbounded sky,
Portraying wisdom's matchless purity;
Before me still a lingering ray appears,
But broken and prismatic, seen through tears,
The light of joy and immortality."

Though most of the papers and letters in this volume are of comparatively little interest and value, we think that they leave in the reader's mind a higher idea of Davy's personal character, and of his uniform devotion to science, than has been sometimes entertained. His reputation in his own day was very great; and his lecture-room was a place of fashionable resort. But it has sometimes been doubted whether this fame had a solid foundation. De Quincey somewhere says, "Of all the eminent persons whom I have ever seen, even by a casual glimpse, Davy was the most agreeable to know on the terms of a slight acquaintance"; and he further expresses the opinion, that this impression would not have been altered for the worse on a closer connection. From Davy's private and familiar correspondence it is easy to discover those personal qualities which made him so popular in the lecture-room and in society; and it is also clear that even in the midst of social enjoyments, and when most immersed in fashionable life, he did not relax his interest in scientific pursuits. He still prosecuted his researches with that persistent energy which gave him a place, as Lord Brougham happily expresses it, "highest among all the great discoverers of his time." It is on his discoveries, rather than on his lectures or his printed papers, that his fame must rest.

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9. — *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains, contenant toutes les Personnes notables de la France et des Pays Etrangers, avec leurs Noms, Prénoms, Surnoms, et Pseudonymes, le Lieu et la Date de leur Naissance, leur Famille, leurs Débuts, leur Profession, leurs Fonctions Successives, leurs Grades et Titres, leurs Actes Publics, leurs Œuvres, leurs Ecrits et les Indications Bibliographiques qui s'y rapportent, les Traits caractéristiques de leur Talent, etc.* Ouvrage

rédigé et continuellement tenu à jour, avec le Concours d'Écrivains et de Savants de tous les Pays, par G. VAPEREAU, ancien Élève de l'Ecole Normale, Ancien Professeur de Philosophie, Avocat à la Cour Impériale de Paris. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 8vo grand. pp. 1814.

IT is hardly possible to over-estimate the immense labor and difficulty of making a good dictionary of living celebrities. In a proper biographical dictionary, which is mainly concerned with the dead, the materials are found in libraries and in published works, and the labor is mostly that of selection and condensation. But in the case of those whose story has not yet been written, there is far greater embarrassment. Only a correspondence fearful to think of can procure for any editor, or any set of editors, the necessary materials. This Herculean work, to which M. Vapereau devoted himself for four years, with an extraordinary fidelity, perseverance, and skill, has at last been given to the public, and accomplished so far as a really endless task ever can be.

M. Vapereau's qualifications for editing such a work are modestly stated in the short notice of him contained in the book itself. He was born in 1819; was first a student in the College of Orleans, where he took the first prize for philosophy in 1838; afterward a pupil of the Normal School; then Private Secretary to Cousin; then Professor of Philosophy in the College of Tours, where he published an octavo in defence of modern metaphysical science; and, in 1854, he was appointed by Messrs. Hachette to superintend this great encyclopædia of contemporary biography. The execution of the work fully vindicates their choice. An examination, frequently renewed, and for hours together, enables us to say that it is wonderfully exact, and far nearer completeness than any one could have expected in a work of such difficulty. There are mistakes, of course, but they are much slighter and fewer than in most biographical dictionaries that we have examined. The book, on the whole, is an amazing monument of industry, patience, candor, good judgment, and good taste. It is a book of facts, not of fine writing; yet the sketches are not so condensed as to become dry or obscure. We say decidedly, that we have never owned a book of reference which we have used so often, or with such satisfaction, within the same length of time. It accomplishes more nearly what it pretends to accomplish, than any cyclopædia of biography that we have ever seen.

Of course, the mistakes and omissions in the American department of the work are those which we shall most readily notice. We are

surprised to learn that Utica is in Massachusetts; that Hillard is an editor of the North American Review; that Caleb Cushing has been a Senator in Congress; and that Holmes as a poet lacks inspiration. We marvel that, while two columns are given to Franklin Pierce, the name of Benjamin Peirce, one of the few Americans who are members of the Royal Society, should be wholly omitted. We look in vain for the names of the astronomers Bond, father and son, though these are frequently mentioned in the pages of French scientific journals. While Munk and Salvador receive careful attention, no mention is made of the American Rabbi Raphall, whose History is at least as important as theirs. The omission of William Lloyd Garrison, one of the representative men, not only of America, but of a leading movement of the age, seems unaccountable. Even more strange is the omission of some names from the English department, as, for instance, the theologians Jowett and Stanley, the physiologist W. B. Carpenter, the historian Buckle, and the preacher Spurgeon. We miss some important names also from the German list, — Böhringer of Zurich, Hilgenfeld of Tübingen, Philipssohn of Magdeburg, Spiegel the linguist, Mohr the chemist, and many others.

But such defects as these are insignificant, compared with the many and signal excellences of this magnificent work. We trust that the other cyclopædias which Hachette proposes to publish may be as successful as this.

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10. — 1. *Les Fiancés du Spitzberg.* Par X. Marmier. Paris: Hachette. 1859. 18mo. pp. 422.
2. *L'Homme de Neige.* Par George Sand. 8 Parties. Révue des Deux Mondes, Juin à Septembre, 1858.

The high latitudes ought not, one might think, to offer a very attractive field to novel-writers. Ice islands, frozen mist, nine months of winter, and a thermometer forty degrees below zero, are hardly congenial with the passion of love. Yet the books at the head of this notice prove that as entertaining romances may be constructed with boreal scenery as with that of Italy or Palestine. The narratives of Bayard Taylor, of Dr. Kane, and of Lord Dufferin furnish ample material which none understand better how to work than the *feuilleton* artists of Paris. George Sand's last novel, in which the scene is laid amid the snows of a Swedish winter, is in some respects the best work of that strong and gifted writer. Its moral tone is pure, its philosophy is elevated, its pictures of character and manners are admirably exact, its

plot is most ingeniously constructed, and the mystery in it suited, to the season and the place, is free from that morbid scepticism which vitiates most of Madame Sand's productions. The "Man of Snow" is a story equally fascinating and instructive, and ought to find speedily an English translator.

As a novel, the "Fiancés du Spitzberg" is far inferior to "L'Homme de Neige." M. Marmier, though a graceful writer, has not sufficient invention or sufficient skill in romance to construct a powerful story. He can sketch well, but he is not an original creator. He has travelled extensively in Europe, Africa, and America, and has published graphic accounts of his travels; he is equally familiar with Iceland and Algiers, with the Baltic and the Adriatic, with the Rhine and the Nile; he is a polyglot in his knowledge of languages, interpreting equally well the rude dialects of Lapland and Poland, and the stately periods of the Old Castilian; he is a poet of moderate fancy, and quick sensibility to the beauties of Nature; he is a practised journalist, a frequent and favorite writer in the reviews, and an excellent lecturer; he has received from the literary societies, the reading public, and the government of France abundant testimonials of honor and favor; and he is ranked with the most distinguished men of science and letters in the French capital. Few writers of the day have been more industrious or more successful. His published works, though he is under fifty years of age, number nearly forty volumes.

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11. — *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa.* Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph. D., D. C. L. Vol. III. New York: Harpers. 1859. 8vo. pp. 800.

THE preceding volumes of this work have already been noticed at length in this Review. The volume just issued, containing the substance of the fourth and fifth volumes in the English edition, completes the series. This work of Barth, if not the most entertaining, is certainly the most learned and permanently valuable work which has ever been written about Africa. There is, however, in the present volume, no lack of interest to a patient reader. The latter half, by giving the account of a second residence in the cities described in the previous volumes, brings out more distinctly their curious and attractive features; and all that part of the volume which treats of the city and country of

Timbuctoo is of the very highest interest. In his sketches of this region, and his journeys to and fro in it, of its natural scenery, its industrial customs, and the character and condition of its various tribes, Dr. Barth is not only always acute and accurate, but he is, what in the previous volumes we could not discover him to be, frequently humorous, and occasionally eloquent. There is less that the reader will wish to skip in this volume than either of the two preceding, and the pages are very little encumbered by those heavy notes which every German scholar feels bound to add to his text. In compensation for that blessed exemption Dr. Barth gives us sixteen Appendices in a hundred and fifty pages of small type, devoted to chronology, philology, meteorology, geography, and ethnology, — dry, erudite, and thorough enough to satisfy any pedant. The vocabulary of the Temashight tongue is so full, that it might serve all the uses of a student in that possibly future pólite language. The parable of the "Prodigal Son," as pronounced in this language, is not unmusical, and might make an excellent exercise for the vocal organs. The two poems of the Sheik El Bakay, in the eighth Appendix, are pleasant specimens of Arabic satire; and the song of Sheik Othman, in the third Appendix, is as musical as the average of English hymns.

We hope that some record of Dr. Vögel may yet enrich the narrative of discoveries in Africa, and that Lieutenant Burton will bring back from his dangerous adventure pictures of that central plateau which now of all the parts of the African continent alone remains unexplored.

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12. — *Shakers. — Compendium of the Origin, History, Principles, Rules and Regulations, Government and Doctrines of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing. With Biographies of Ann Lee, William Lee, James Whitaker, J. Hocknell, J. Meacham, and Lucy Wright.* By F. W. Evans. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 190.

This comprehensive manual of Shakerism will be found very convenient for those who seek correct information concerning the tenets and the methods of the followers of Mother Ann Lee. In a clear and readable style, with apparent fairness, and with the earnestness of sincere belief, Mr. Evans here makes known to the world the temper of that body in which he is a devoted minister. He does not appear as an apologist, excusing the views which his people hold of the union of the sexes, the duality of God, and the four cycles of heaven and

hell; — nor does he press as an advocate the characteristic ideas of his people against those of other churches. His statement is calm and scientific, and is fortified rather by fulness of Scriptural quotation than by rational argument.

The exegesis on which Shakerism, as described by Mr. Evans, seems to be based, will seem to most Biblical students original, if not ludicrous. The interior sense of the Word is here brought out as none of the allegorists, from Origen to Swedenborg, have revealed it. To uninitiated readers the connection between the texts cited and the doctrines which they support must appear very remote; and they will turn with more satisfaction to the statistical details concerning the sect, in despair of fully understanding its theology, or of appreciating its ethics. These details give the number of Shaker communities in the United States as eighteen; two in Maine, two in New Hampshire, four in Massachusetts, one in Connecticut, three in New York, four in Ohio, and two in Kentucky. The number of members in all these communities is about forty-five hundred. The largest and oldest Shaker community is that at New Lebanon in New York, near the borders of Massachusetts. It numbers six hundred members. Next in size is the community at Union Village, Ohio, which has five hundred members. The foundation of the sect in this country dates from August 6, 1774, when Mother Ann Lee completed her Hegira and landed at New York.

The perpetuation and growth of the Shaker sect is of course wholly by conversion. We know no facts to disprove Mr. Evans's assertion, that the Shakers, men and women, are true to their principles. The lives of their saints, which he appends, if not very remarkable, are at least as good as many which appear in the Romish Calendar. Shaker literature, including the present treatise, seems to be limited to nine works, five of which are pamphlets.

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13. — *The Crescent and French Crusaders.* By G. L. Ditson. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1859. 12mo. pp. 371.

This volume is a great improvement on the previous works of Mr. Ditson. The work on "Circassia" was tedious and diffuse; and the wretched typography of the "Para Papers" was not well redeemed either by the value of the matter or the grace of the style. In this new volume on Algeria, (to which the title, it may be remarked, is not very appropriate,) Mr. Ditson has gathered a considerable amount of valuable information, and has given the results of reading and travel in a quite

readable diction. The egotism of the previous volumes is not wholly avoided, yet it is here much less annoying. The different races of Algeria, Moors, Kabyles, Bedouins, and Jews, — the cities, Algiers, Constantine, Batna, Oran, Bona, — the seaboard, the mountains, and the desert,— all come into the account, and, if not very graphically presented, have at least each its individuality. A journey to Tunis and the site of Carthage is included in the survey, and notice is taken of the recent discoveries of Rev. N. Davis on that site. Where the author confines himself to facts, he is much more edifying than in his curiously made-up reflections. His meditations on the mosaics of Tunis, on the "boudoirs" of an ante-Christian era, on "the Phœnician dame," on "a Dido's queenly train glowing with Tyrian dye," are amusing specimens of bathos. Such fine passages, however, rarely occur in the volume. In his historical sketches the author is less at home than in his description of cafés and costumes.

The marked peculiarity of this, as well as of Mr. Ditson's other books of travel, is an overweening fondness for pictures of female beauty, and the dress and habits of women. The excess in this style of portraiture will tire those readers whom it does not vex and disgust. Another unpleasant feature of this author's writings is his light and superficial tone of remark about moral and religious movements. He sneers at the temperance societies and the "fanatics of New England."

A great merit of this volume is its moderation of statement. There are no draughts on the reader's credulity, and no attempts to amaze by accounts of dangerous adventure. Mr. Ditson's travel in Africa seems to have been as safe as his travel in France, and he has no disposition to enhance its difficulty or peril.

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14. — 1. *Records of the Colony and Plantation of New Haven, from* 1638 *to* 1649. Transcribed and edited in Accordance with a Resolution of the General Assembly of Connecticut. With occasional Notes and an Appendix. By Charles J. Hoadly, M. A. Hartford: Printed by Case, Tiffany, & Co. for the Editor. 1857. 8vo. pp. 547.

2. *Records of the Colony or Jurisdiction of New Haven, from May,* 1653, *to the Union. Together with the New Haven Code of* 1656. Transcribed and edited in Accordance with a Resolution of the General Assembly of Connecticut. By Charles J. Hoadly, M. A. Hartford: Printed by Case, Lockwood, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 626.

We have in these two carefully edited volumes another contribution to the primary sources of history. The towns which formed the origi-

nal jurisdiction of New Haven were founded with the intent of constituting them distinct governments. Of these, the strongest and wealthiest was New Haven. This, with the five settlements of Stamford, Southold, Branford, Guilford, and Milford, made up the jurisdiction, which, in its turn, was afterwards united in chartered rights with the Connecticut Colony. The former of the two volumes contains the Records of the Colony of New Haven while it stood alone, the beginning of the Records of the Jurisdiction, and the Records of the Plantation up to the year 1650. With the exception of a record of the proceedings at two Courts during the interval from April, 1644, to May, 1653, the original records for that whole space are missing, and have been so for about a century, at least; nor is there any known copy of them. The second volume above named comprises all the remaining records of the jurisdiction of New Haven, to the time of the Union, which are known to be in existence, together with the Colony Code of 1656.

The editor of these volumes was intrusted with the office of transcription and publication by State patronage. He seems to have done his work with great care and with perfect fidelity, keeping close to the original in spelling and punctuation, allowing old times to come to the light of modern eyes in the old garb, and aiding the imagination of the reader to make himself a party to the matters rehearsed on the page. The few and modest notes which he has introduced lead us to wish that he had made a more liberal use of his privilege in that respect.

In the first of the volumes is an extended narrative of the proceedings in a criminal case which ought never to have been transferred to type. The editor seems himself to have been led to adopt this judgment, as, in his second volume, he suppresses the most revolting details of similar cases.

Taking into view the substantial contents of both volumes, their spirit, variety of matter, and uniform tone of earnestness, — as if what was done within narrow limits and homely bounds was, after all, of the very essence of universal and eternal legislation, — they present to us phenomena of rare significance and interest. "The Court," whose records are spread before us, seems at some times to be legislating for a wide-spread commonwealth, and then it penetrates with its functions into the privacy of families and the secrets of human breasts, and assumes offices which would be regarded as tyrannical now if they were discharged by the head of a household. The sterling and heroic virtues of the leading men and women in those ancient enterprises for founding states, are vividly brought to view. No reader can fail to be impressed with the high-souled integrity, the deep conscientiousness, the profound sense of responsibility, with which the magistrates of those days ad-

ministered their trust. Their province extended over all the interests of life, and though we cannot but marvel at the sternness of their rule, and question at times whether their way of dealing with sinners did not strengthen the power of sin, we are made to admire the impartiality and sincerity of their proceedings. It was easier for them to draw the cords of authority to their utmost tension, than it would have been to attempt to administer a "Christian Commonwealth" by lax and irresolute measures. The only kind of legislation which is consistent with the convictions and aim of Puritanism, is Puritan legislation. The world, at present, will not bear that. The first trial of it was a very thorough one.

We copy from the revision of the Court Orders the following foremost principle of Puritan legislation: —

"In the layinge of the first fowndations of this plantation and jurisdiction, vpon a full debate with due and serious consideration, it was aggreed, concluded and setled as a fundamentall law, not to bee disputed or questioned hereafter, that the judiciall lawes of God, as they were deliuered by Moses, and expownded in other parts of Scripture, so farr as they are a fence to the morrall law and neither tipicall, nor ceremoniall, nor had refference to Canaan, shalbe accounted of morrall and binding equity and force, and as God shall helpe shalbe a constant direction for all proceedings here, and a generall rule in all courts of Justice how to judge betwixt partie and partie, and how to punish offenders, till the same may be branched out into perticulers hereafter."

The "perticulers" proved to be all needed, especially in cases of witchcraft. With an unflinching resolution was the Mosaic code, as limited above, imposed in the Jurisdiction, and, in the main, it tended to peace, soberness, and righteousness.

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15. — *A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, Living and Deceased, from the Earliest Accounts to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. Containing Thirty Thousand Biographies and Literary Notices, with Forty Indexes of Subjects.* By S. Austin Allibone. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Child and Peterson. 1858. 8vo. pp. 1005.

Though we have been aware of the author's indefatigable industry in collecting, and conscientious care in verifying, the materials for this great work, the half of it now before us surpasses our highest expectation. Its affluence in names may be judged of by the fact, that it enumerates no less than two hundred authors bearing the name of Jones, of whom twenty-one are designated by the unmodified prefix of William.

The Smiths appear in the next volume, and were we to reveal the number of *Smiths* who are to be there commemorated as book-wrights, we should hardly be believed. Of course many names, in such a Dictionary, must be dismissed with the briefest notice, yet in every case we have the titles of the author's works, and the places and dates of their publication. From this minimum, in the ratio of interest and importance, the notice is expanded so as to embrace a succinct biography of each more distinguished writer, with a characterization of his works and a collection of the opinions of critics upon them. The proportionate length of each sketch seems adjusted, not by any peculiar preferences or prejudices of the author, but in accordance with the place or no place which its subject occupies in the regards of the English and American public. The meed of fame is thus measured with an impartial justice quite Rhadamanthine. Mr. Allibone has, for the most part, as we have indicated, in lieu of his own opinions, given those of well-known writers and leading periodical presses on both sides of the Atlantic; and these may be taken as fair exponents of the contemporary public verdict, so that we learn what each author seemed, to those most nearly interested in ascertaining his actual merits.

Perhaps the most remarkable and elaborate article in this volume is that on Junius. In this we have, first, an analysis of the Junius Letters, with notices of editions, followed by a list of forty-two persons to whom their authorship has been attributed. Then there is a complete list of the books and articles urging the claims of Sir Philip Francis, Lord Germaine, and Colonel Barré, respectively; and then a list of publications advocating the titles of the remaining candidates for this ambiguous honor, or otherwise discussing the merits and history of the original letters. Interspersed with this mass of materials are numerous illustrative extracts from various writers, the whole constituting a full and satisfying compend of this most voluminous department of English literature.

Our description of this one article may be taken as characterizing, *mutatis mutandis*, the labored and exhausting thoroughness manifested under every leading title throughout the volume.

We feel justified in saying that this work fills a place among reference-books, to which there have previously been only distant approaches. It must find its way into every library, public or private, worthy of the name. He who has it at hand will wonder that he could ever have dispensed with it. It is also as attractive to the reader as it is useful to the student, and our only fear is from the temptation we find, almost daily, to wander from the title on which we consult it, to those on which it arrests and occupies our attention for their own intrinsic interest.

16. — *A Dictionary of the English Language*, by JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D. 4to. [Specimen Sheets.]

THIS work will probably appear before our next issue. We have examined a sufficient portion of it to feel sure that it will more than meet the public expectation. The etymological department gives not only the author's mature opinion in each case, but on controverted points the alternative opinions. The definitions are as full, precise, and discriminating as the capacity of our language will suffer them to be, and, wherever practicable, are copiously and pertinently illustrated by quotations from standard authors. The number of technical words defined is so large and various, that the work will serve all the ordinary purposes of a dictionary of each separate science and art, — experts having been, as we are informed, largely employed in this part of the enterprise. Wood-cuts are introduced wherever the verbal definition would be inadequate. The various valuable matter contained in the Introduction and Appendix will supply the place of several separate manuals. In fine, the work must take its unchallenged place as far in advance of any previous attempt in this direction, and as necessarily the standard dictionary of the English language, until its accessions and changes at some very distant day shall demand that the same labor be renewed.

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17. — *Rambles about Portsmouth. Sketches of Persons, Localities, and Incidents of Two Centuries. Principally from Traditions and Unpublished Documents.* By CHARLES W. BREWSTER. Portsmouth: C. W. Brewster and Son. 1859.

THIS is the last day of grace for much of the unpublished history of New England. Until the Revolution, or rather until the era of steam-travel and rapid emigration, most of our old families remained near the homes of their ancestors, and treasured up the accumulating mass of local and biographical tradition. Frequent change of residence, remoter intermarriages than were wont often to take place, the tumultuous press of business, and the incessant inpouring of intelligence from the whole civilized world, have made the present generation indifferent, for the most part, to vestiges and reminiscences of the past. The trustees of this description of oral history gradually disappear from the ranks of the living, leaving few who care to succeed to the inheritance which they have preserved as it came to them, and enriched by the three or four score years of their own experience. Portsmouth,

New Hampshire, was the residence, in the last and the preceding century, of many men of mark and families of distinction, and the theatre of not a few events that formed a large part of the history of the times, as well as of numerous incidents and transactions, in themselves of less importance, which yet throw essential light upon that history. It abounds too in ancient sites and dwellings, which have each a story of its own. Mr. Brewster, a native of Portsmouth, and of an old Portsmouth family, has inherited much of this local lore, has made diligent inquiry and research among its still remaining memorials and depositories, and has compiled the results of what he has received, heard, and learned, in this singularly rich, entertaining, and instructive volume. The Penhallow, Cutts, Wentworth, Sherburne, Livermore, and Langdon families; the somewhat curious ecclesiastical history of the town; the reminiscences of a peculiarly luxurious and ostentatious series of office-holders under the Crown, and of high life in the *quasi* court-circle; the characteristic anecdotes attached to well-known names; the eccentric personages whose memory yet lingers about their former haunts, — these and other similar themes are given, not by any predetermined method, but in a series of Chapters or "Rambles," each of which has a unity of its own, representing some single group, or train of events, or series of family portraits. We have thus a volume much more piquant and interesting than a formal history could have been, and at the same time a compend of materials, many of which must else have been irrevocably lost, from which some future author may compile the annals of the town. The work is admirably done, and, alike in its literary skill and its mechanical execution, does great credit to the ability, accuracy, and taste of its esteemed author.

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18. — 1. *Poems.* By Frances Anne Kemble. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 312.
2. *Rustic Rhymes.* By the Author of "Winter Studies in the Country." Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan. 1859. 12mo. pp. 113.
3. *The Queen's Domain; and other Poems.* By William Winter. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 144.
4. *The Ballad of Babie Bell, and other Poems.* By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1859. 12mo. pp. 117.
5. *Poems.* By Albert Laighton. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1859. 16mo. pp. 135.

We have named these volumes together, not because they have aught in common except their birth-season and their just claim upon our favor-

ing appreciation. We scarce know whether our time is most peculiarly marked by the paucity of great, or the multitude of good poets. We can hardly say for whom among living versifiers we can predict with confidence a fame that will endure in coming ages; but of those who can exercise an enviable mission for their contemporaries in awakening, educating, exalting, and satisfying poetic taste and susceptibility, the number is greater now than ever before. The case seems similar in all departments of literature, art, and executive talent. The civilized world has never had so little of pre-eminent genius, or so much of eminent ability, as at the present time. Were we writing an article of full length, we should attempt to unfold the causes of this condition of things; but such a disquisition would be out of place in our critical summary, and we will therefore proceed without farther preface to a closer view of these five new volumes of poetry, — once enough for a five years' supply of the public expectancy, — which bear the imprint of the still new year.

Mrs. Kemble's poems are subjective, rather than imaginative, — they show, throughout, the impress of her own intense vitality, profound inward experience, intrepid courage, and indomitable will. Many of them are deeply pensive, yet equally remote from querulousness and from despair, — rehearsing griefs which are such not in fancy, but in fact, and incorporating with their remembrance the philosophy that endures them bravely, and the faith that transforms and glorifies them. The following stanza, as beautiful as true, may be taken as representing the pervading and characteristic sentiment of the volume considered collectively.

> "Raise it to Heaven, when thine eye fills with tears,
> For only in a watery sky appears
> The bow of light; and from the invisible skies
> Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping eyes."

As might be inferred from this specimen, Mrs. Kemble's rhythm is not always perfect, yet her verse is seldom deficient in euphony, and often rolls on with an amplitude and energy of movement betokening the author's life-long and fruitful familiarity with the tragic Muse.

The "Rustic Rhymes," if we mistake not as to the authorshp, are products of the scanty leisure of a busy and successful professional career. The longer pieces are designed to exhibit the picturesque and happy phases of rural life. They have both strong sense and vivacity of thought and movement, and they indicate an ability to climb much higher toward the summit of Parnassus than the altitude at which they were written. They probably are all that they were designed to be, and are certainly a felicitous expression of combined wit and wisdom, in graceful words and easy numbers.

Mr. Winter's new volume contains two poems of considerable length, with numerous "Idyls and Lyrics." They are without exception pure and high in sentiment, and many of them display a superior richness of fancy and command of poetical resources. The second piece, "The Emotion of Sympathy," delivered before the Cambridge High School Association, commends itself to our taste as one of the best "platform" poems that have come under our cognizance, and is to be praised, not only positively for its truth and beauty, but negatively for the absence of that forced wit and elaborate doggerel, by which such poems are so often made to disgust a portion of the audience, and to amuse the rest at the expense of the author. This poem and "The Queen's Domain" are in iambic pentameter rhymes, and in the smoothness of versification, and the musical pulse they beat upon the ear, might bear comparison with the productions of acknowledged masters in this measure, so common, yet so difficult, and so utterly fatal to the conceits and inanities which often hide their puerility and emptiness in more vagrant measures. The same gift of the poetic ear is manifest in the lighter pieces, and the varied forms of versification, which constitute the residue of the volume.

Mr. Aldrich's "Ballad of Babie Bell, the Poem of a Little Life that was but Three Aprils Long," of itself evinces the genuineness of his calling as a poet. We know not where to look for finer touches in the delineation of child-nature, for richer imagery more delicately handled, or for profounder pathos. There are other pieces in the volume, which run in a sensuous vein that less suits our taste; but of these there is not one which has not some redeeming richness of fancy or felicity of poetic expression. There is sometimes a less careful elaboration and finish than the theme demands; while there are many stanzas which no labor of the reversed stylus could round more perfectly either in thought or in rhythm. Mr. Aldrich has an exuberant fancy, a keen poetic vision, a quick sense of beauty, and a sympathy with nature, which, under the control of an exacting taste and a noble aim, may win and merit for him a high and enduring reputation. All that he needs is to be his own pupil in the "art and patience" demanded in the following piece for the poet's

"CLOTH OF GOLD.

"You ask us if by rule or no
Our many-colored songs are wrought?
Upon the cunning loom of thought,
We weave our fancies, so and so.

"The busy shuttle comes and goes
Across the rhymes, and deftly weaves

A tissue out of autumn leaves,
With here a thistle, there a rose.

"With art and patience thus is made
The poet's perfect Cloth of Gold:
When woven so, nor moth nor mould
Nor time can make its colors fade."

Mr. Laighton, whose poems, as they have appeared singly in the journals of the day, have won the warmest praise from many readers, comes now before the public with his first volume, which contains, with many smaller pieces, a poem entitled "Beauty," delivered before the United Literary Societies of Bowdoin College at the last Commencement. The pieces in this volume are, it seems to us, of singular excellence. They, first of all, impress us as the unforced, inevitable outflow of a true poet-nature, in harmony with all things beautiful, susceptible of the higher and more subtile significance of the outward world, and ever open to the breathings of the Incorruptible Spirit which pervades and hallows the visible universe. Then they are smooth and harmonious in rhythm; choice and polished, yet without conceit or mannerism, in diction; rich and glowing in imagery; and lofty, while unexaggerated, in sentiment. They are at the farthest possible remove from the audacity which, in our day, so often counterfeits the poet's mission by tricks of legerdemain with incongruous fancies and halting anapests, and which plays the traitor to the same mission with not a few who are capable of better things. Mr. Laighton holds out not a single bait for that claptrap applause, which is censure and shame. His poems appeal only to the refined and delicate appreciation of those in sympathy with the beautiful, true, and good. That they will fully sustain the kind yet searching ordeal of their judgment, we confidently anticipate. We quote, not because it has superior merit to many others that we might copy, but because we have not space for a longer extract, the following

"HYMN.

"The homeless winds that wander o'er the land;
The deep-voiced thunder speaking words of fire;
The waves that break in sunshine on the strand,
Or smite with storm-paled hands their rocky lyre;

"The stars that blossom in the fields of night;
The buds that burst in beauty from the sod;
The birds that dip their wings in rainbow light,—
Are notes in Nature's symphony to God.

"But as Creation's anthem onward rolls,
From age to age in grandeur still the same,
We set the seal of silence on our souls,
And sing no praises to His holy name.

"Our eyes are dazzled by the glare of Life;
We cannot see the sapphire deeps above;
Our ears are deafened by its ceaseless strife;
We cannot hear the angels' songs of love.

"Dust gathers on our mantles hour by hour;
We trail our robes in low and sensual things;
We yield our heart-wealth to the Tempter's power,
And stain the whiteness of the spirit's wings.

"We fling the priceless pearl of Faith away,
And count as treasure Earth's corroding dross;
We bow to idols formed of fragile clay,
But twine few garlands for the Saviour's cross."

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19. — *The New Priest in Conception Bay.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. In 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 309, 339.

This tale challenges our admiration on many grounds, either of which would merit for it a foremost place among works of its class. Its scene is laid in Newfoundland, to most of us an unknown region, and presenting, as is now evinced, unsurpassed materials, whether for the description of nature or the delineation of rare and piquant types of humanity. The pages before us abound in pictures of terraqueous scenery, each a poem by itself, such as could have been written only by one who had the eye and the word-wealth of a true poet. The primitive and hardy mode of life, the incessant exposure to the continuous roughening and frequent perils of the elements, the collision of rival creeds, the isolation of those towns and hamlets from the great centres of opinion, influence, and civilization, — all make the inhabitants of Newfoundland a peculiar people, with strong, jagged prominences of character, with a marvellous blending of the manly and the childish, the shrewd and the simple, the wisdom of matured and treasured experience and the credulity of those to whom nature is a sealed book. A large variety of these native characters are depicted in the story of "The New Priest," and thrown out into their full prominence on the canvas by contrast with a genuine Yankee who plays a conspicuous part in the development of the plot, with other leading personages of refined and generous nurture, and with the villain of the tale, — a crafty and unscrupulous Jesuit. Our author gives us in his interlocutors the pure Newfoundland dialect, and we confess that much of it can be read aloud only by harsh and ungenial exercise of the vocal organs; but it is a *patois* so closely characteristic, that we would not have one word of it omitted or translated into the vernacular. There are several characters of singular beauty in the

tale. The "New Priest" himself is thoroughly noble, loyal to his convictions, full of honor and self-sacrifice; and as he is led from the inthralment of a temporary conversion to Romanism, and brought again into a freer religious atmosphere, he awakens our intense sympathy with his inward conflict, and our profound reverence for the intrepidity with which he follows the light of Divine truth. Skipper George has hardly his equal in fictitious literature for ingenuousness, vigor of mind, fortitude in endurance, sweet submission to the will of Heaven, and saintliness of spirit. His daughter — virtually the heroine of the story — unites to all that is beautiful in her father an unstudied maidenly grace, native delicacy, and spontaneous intuition as to all that appertains to the higher nature. The tale is one of unflagging interest, and the several stages of its development are managed with exquisite artistic skill. The lessons, not put into a didactic form, but imbedded in the narrative, are of the highest and holiest. We would qualify our praise, were there anything that claims its abatement; but either there is no material for an unfavorable criticism, or, what is very much the same thing, the author gains such a hold upon his readers as to disarm the critical judgment.

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20. — *European Life, Legend, and Landscape.* By an Artist. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1859. 12mo. pp. 154.

This is an unpretending book, written by some one who understands no part of author-craft, except the too often omitted part of writing well. It is a note-book of a tour, principally on the most familiar routes of European travel, containing, in easy alternation and commingling, and in about equal proportions, the three elements specified in the title, — "Life" sketched *en passant*, not formally described; "Legend" charmingly told; and "Landscape" vividly pictured. Besides these, and especially characteristic of the volume, are numerous notices of works of art, which, unlike most of such notices, give a plain, succinct account of the works themselves, instead of entertaining us with what we are in no wise concerned to know, the emotions of the author.

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21. — *Christian Brotherhood: a Letter to the Hon. Heman Lincoln.* By Baron Stow, D. D., Pastor of the Rowe Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 208.

We have but one fault to find with this book, namely, that it did

not appear when it was written, "more than fifteen years" ago. There is need enough of it now; but it meets a demand which was then still more urgent. It will now be a precious auxiliary in the good work, in which it might then have taken almost the initiative. It is an earnest appeal to the members of the author's own denomination against sectarianism. It commends all true Christians, not only to the personal respect and affection of those whom he addresses, but to their sympathy and furtherance in the establishment and support of Christian institutions and enterprises of every description. It deprecates the New England habit of founding new churches, not in destitute and benighted communities, but where, and because, the existing churches are prosperous; so that a village, all whose inhabitants might be accommodated in a single place of worship, bristles with three or four spires, while the funds wasted in this mutually injurious rivalry are imperatively required for the common cause of evangelical propagandism. We are solicitous that the book should be extensively read, both on account of the sectarian follies which it holds up to censure and ridicule, and of its pervading tone of fervent piety and unfeigned good-will.

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22. — *Palestine, Past and Present. With Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices.* By Rev. HENRY S. OSBORN, A. M., Professor of Natural Science in Roanoke College, Salem, Va. With Original Illustrations and a New Map of Palestine, by the Author. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1859. 8vo. pp. 600.

THIS book is the result of an extended tour in Palestine by an author previously well versed in the best literature of his theme, and conversant with the points demanding special research or verification. The work is in the form of an itinerary, interspersed as occasion serves with topographical discussion and Biblical criticism. It is adapted for reference by means of a copious index of subjects, and is also furnished with a Geographical Appendix, containing the name of every place mentioned in the Scriptures, with a list of the passages in which each is found, the modern name, when there is any, and the ascertained or reputed latitude and longitude. Among the numerous similar works of the day, we hardly know of one covering so much ground, which is so likely to attract and interest the cultivated reader; and where there is valuable material brought to light every year, the latest book is always in some respects the best authority. We ought not to omit the emphatic mention of the taste, skill, and even genius manifested in the mechanical execution of this

volume. It is beautifully printed, and adorned with two exquisite steel engravings by Sartain, five chromographic engravings richly tinted, numerous illustrations from wood, and one of the best and most available maps of Palestine we have ever seen, — all from drawings by the author.

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23. — *The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land.* By W. M. THOMSON, D. D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Syria and Palestine. Maps, Engravings, etc. In 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1859. 12mo. pp. 560, 614.

THIS work is inferior to the last named both in literary skill and in artistical beauty; but it contains more and more various materials for the illustration of Scripture, is well arranged, has numerous maps and wood-cuts, and ample indexes. The author's long residence in Palestine, and his previous reputation as an explorer and collector in this field of research, render him, of course, peculiarly trustworthy in all that he states as from his own knowledge, and attach a high degree of authority to his opinions where exact knowledge cannot be obtained. These volumes are obviously intended for extensive circulation, and will be the means of popularizing a large amount of the information requisite for the intelligent perusal of the Bible.

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24. — *Christian Morals.* By JAMES CHALLEN, Author of "The Gospel and its Elements," "Christian Evidences," "Cave of Macpelah," etc., etc. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1859. 12mo. pp. 199.

THIS little compend of Christian ethics deserves the widest circulation. It is a simple exposition of the morality of the Gospel, in its forming principles, its ruling motives, its several heads of obligation, and its undoubted requisitions as applied to the present state of society. It is worthy of praise, equally as avoiding all speculations beyond the obvious sense of the sacred record, and as presenting that sense without abatement or compromise. It is long since we have felt the power of faithful evangelical preaching as we have in turning over these unpretending pages; and we are careful to commend them emphatically, at once because there is nothing attractive in their form, and because there is so much of the highest wisdom in their contents.

25. — *Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men.* By François Arago, Member of the Institute. Translated by Admiral W. H. Smyth, D. C. L., F. R. S., etc., the Rev. Baden Powell, M. A., F. R. S., etc., and Robert Grant, Esq., M. A., F. R. A. S. Series First and Second. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 12mo. pp. 444, 486.

The First Series of these Biographies commences with the author's autobiography. It is defaced by a vanity almost puerile, and presents several of Arago's brethren in science in a light by no means amiable. Its chief value lies in its preserving a few not unimportant items of scientific history. The residue of the volumes in hand is filled with biographies of distinguished Frenchmen and Englishmen, most or all of them prepared by M. Arago in his capacity of Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. They are of worth, equally as presenting details of life and character, and as furnishing numerous incidental facts connected with the scientific development of the last and the present century, which have no record elsewhere. The translators have assumed also the office of interpreters and critics, inserting well-timed explanations where the text is involved in technicalities, expressing their dissent, with the grounds for it, on various subjects open to controversy, and in some cases obviating unfair inferences to which the author's personal prejudices might lead his less informed readers. These notes, introduced modestly and sparingly, constitute a highly valuable feature of the work as it is now given to us.

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26. — *The Life of John Milton. Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time.* By David Masson, M. A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. With Portraits, and Specimens of his Handwriting at different Periods. Vol. I. 1608–1639. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. 8vo. pp. 658.

This is the first of three ponderous volumes, while all that is actually known of Milton's life might be comprised in two hundred octavo pages. But Mr. Masson's work is really the history of the English mind, church, and state during the sixty-six years between Milton's birth and death. At the same time the author omits nothing, however trivial, which can be given as in direct or remote connection with Milton. Thus there is a very long treatise on the genealogy of the poet's parents, and large portions of his college exercises are translated from

the Latin in which they have slumbered till now. This volume, with all its apparent prolixity, is exceedingly attractive; for the writer has not only, with the fidelity of a true antiquary, collected the memorials of the seventeenth century, but has also thoroughly vitalized them, and dramatized their action, so that we might almost seem to be reading from contemporary journals. When the remaining volumes reach us, we hope to enter more fully into the merits of the work, and such new views as it may have given of its illustrious subject.

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27. — *A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, in which Las Casas's Denunciations of the Popular Historians of that War are fully vindicated.* By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON, Counsellor at Law, Author of "Mexico and its Religion," etc. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1859. 8vo. pp. 589.

WE are not yet prepared to criticise this book, unless we adopt Sydney Smith's doctrine, and regard ourselves as specially qualified to review it by not having read it. But we have read enough to see that it is a work of no ordinary ability, research, boldness, and vigor. Mr. Wilson has collected in Mexico all the materials there accessible for his use, and especially has examined the alleged monuments of Aztec civilization, which dwindle on a near approach. He pronounces Bernal Diaz a myth, and, of course, his so-called personal narrative a collection of myths. With all the fervor of an iconoclast he deals destruction among historical traditions, till now undoubted. We are not yet prepared to believe that his reading of this portion of American history will take its place as genuine; but we reserve our opinion till we have a right to form it.

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28. — *Annual Obituary Notices of Eminent Persons who have Died in the United States. For* 1857. By Hon. NATHAN CROSBY. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. pp. 432.

WE are glad to see this plan of an annual Necrology started, and under such auspices as must insure success. Of course the chief merit of such a work must be completeness, and of this no estimate can be formed without ascertaining from various sections of the country how far in each city, county, or vicinity, it gives satisfaction, or what number and kind of omissions are complained of. The quality of the notices, except in the case of some person of extended fame, must depend,

not on the editor's ability, but on the local obituaries. Wherever the present editor has the opportunity thus to distinguish himself, he shows his own skilled and graceful hand in the work, except (we believe) in the single case of Crawford the sculptor, of whom we have an admirably written memoir of nearly fourteen columns, with the signature G. S. H., — initials which our readers will not find it difficult to interpret.

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29. — *History of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.* By Samuel Greene Arnold. Vol. I. 1636 – 1700. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 574.

We have the promise of a review of this volume at an early date from a loyal and loving native of Rhode Island, and, in the pendency of this promise, we will only say that the volume shows a fidelity worthy of reliance, a candor that commands respect, and a skill in authorship which must give the writer a high place among American historians. When we wrote what we have about Roger Williams in our review of Dr. Palfrey's new volume, we had not read Mr. Arnold's version of the story. We find that it agrees substantially with Dr. Palfrey's, and confirms to our judgment the opinions to which we gave expression; yet Mr. Arnold himself reaches an opposite conclusion as to the justice of Williams's banishment, by treating his disorganizing opinions as "opinions of a *purely* religious nature."

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30. — *The Merchants and Bankers' Register, for the Year* 1859. New York: Published at the Office of the Bankers' Magazine. 8vo. pp. 96 and 156.

The subject of Free Banking has of late years attracted much attention in the United States. Various States have adopted the system, and others have it under consideration. The chief purpose of this volume is to furnish information on this subject. It contains the Free (or General) banking laws of Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, and Wisconsin. From these data may be compiled a system containing the best features of each, rejecting those of an unsuitable nature.

The volume contains, besides, its usual annual list of the banks and private bankers of the United States, of Europe, South America, and elsewhere, and a list of standard works on banking, currency, and kindred subjects.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Address delivered before the Alumni of the General Theological Seminary, in St. Peter's Church, on Friday Evening, October 8th, 1858, by Samuel H. Turner, D.D., Professor of Biblical Learning and Interpretation of Scripture, on Occasion of the Fortieth Anniversary of his original Appointment. New York: Pudney & Russell. 1858.

The Joy of the Christian Mourner: a Sermon occasioned by the Death of William Hickling Prescott, preached in the First Church, Feb. 6, 1859. By Rufus Ellis. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859.

An Address delivered in the Mercer Street Church, New York, December 2, 1858, at the Funeral of the Hon. Benjamin Franklin Butler, late Attorney-General of the United States. By William B. Sprague, D.D., Minister of the Second Presbyterian Congregation in Albany. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

A Sermon preached in the First Parish Church, Concord, December 10, 1858, at the Burial of Rev. Barzillai Frost. By Henry A. Miles. Cambridge. 1859.

A Ray of Light from his Countenance. A Sermon preached in the Church of the First Parish, in Portland, Me., on Sunday, Jan. 9, 1859, being the first Sunday after the Public Funeral Ceremonies of the Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D.D. By Horatio Stebbins, Pastor of the Parish. Portland. 1859.

Memorial of Rev. Philip F. Mayer, D.D., late Pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia. By M. L. Stoever, Professor in Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 1859.

A Sermon preached October 31, 1858, the Sunday after the Fortieth Anniversary of his Ordination, by Alvan Lamson, D.D., Pastor of the First Church and Parish in Dedham. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859.

A Valedictory Discourse delivered in the First Church, Beverly, July 4, 1858. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

The Person and Character of Christ, a Sermon preached on the Afternoons of August 8th, 15th, and 22d, 1858, at the North Christian Church, New Bedford, Mass. By S. W. Whitney. Newburyport. 1859.

A Sermon delivered at the Dedication of the Chapel of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum, October 27th, 1858, by Rev. W. E. Knox. Utica. 1858.

Women and Work. By Barbara Leigh Smith Bodichon. With an Introduction by Catharine M. Sedgwick. New York: C. S. Francis. 1859.

The American Tract Society, Boston. Boston. 1859.

Prize Essay on Fairs. By Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton, Mass. Boston. 1858.

A Statistical View of American Agriculture, its Home Resources and For-

eign Markets, with Suggestions for the Schedules of the Federal Census in 1860. An Address delivered at New York, before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, on the Organization of the Agricultural Section. By John Jay, Esq. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

Address delivered before the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, by Joseph R. Williams, (President of the Michigan State Agricultural College,) at Syracuse, October 8, 1858. Albany. 1858.

Public Exercises at the Inauguration of Rev. Samuel Ware Fisher, D.D., as the Sixth President of Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y., Thursday, Nov. 4, 1858. Utica. 1858.

A Key to the "Trustees' Statement." Letters to the Majority of the Trustees of the Dudley Observatory, showing the Misrepresentations, Garblings, and Perversions of their Mis-Statement. By George H. Thacher. From the Atlas and Argus, October, 1858. pp. 126.

Reply to the "Statement of the Trustees" of the Dudley Observatory. By Benj. Apthorp Gould, Jr. Albany. 1859. pp. 366.

An Address delivered before the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Virginia State Agricultural Society, November 4th, 1858, by J. P. Holcombe, Esq. Richmond. 1858.

Address and Poem, delivered before the Columbia College Alumni Association, at Hope Chapel, October 27, 1858. New York. 1858.

An Examination of the Case of Dred Scott against Sandford, in the Supreme Court of the United States, and a full and fair Exposition of the Decision of the Court, and of the Opinions of the Majority of the Judges. Prepared at the Request of, and read before, "The Geneva Literary and Scientific Association," on Tuesday Evening, 28th December, 1858. By Hon. Samuel A. Foot, LL. D., late Judge of the Court of Appeals. New York. 1859.

Hints to Craniographers, upon the Importance and Feasibility of Establishing some Uniform System by which the Collection and Promulgation of Craniological Statistics and the Exchange of Duplicate Crania may be promoted. By J. Aitken Meigs, M.D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the Philadelphia College of Medicine. Philadelphia. 1858.

Reports of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Butler Asylum for the Insane, presented to the Corporation, at their Annual Meeting, January 26, 1859. Providence. 1859.

Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Seamen's Aid Society of the City of Boston. Boston. 1859.

Annual Report of the School Committee of the City of Lynn, for the Year ending December 31, 1858. Lynn. 1859.

Ninth Annual Report of the Association for the Relief of Aged Indigent Females. Boston. 1859.

The Fourteenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large in Lowell to the Lowell Missionary Society. Lowell. 1858.

Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, at the Annual Meeting, held in Worcester, Oct. 21, 1858. Boston. 1858.

Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, at a Special Meeting, held in Worcester, Feb. 10, 1859. Boston. 1859.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association, January 11, 1859. St. Louis. 1859.

The Critic Criticised, and a Review of Hillard's First, Second, Third, and Fourth Readers. Boston: Bazin & Ellsworth. 1859.

An Historical Sketch of the Church Missionary Association of the Eastern District of the Diocese of Massachusetts, by the Rev. William Stevens Perry, M.A. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1859.

Exports and Imports, as showing the Relative Advancement of every Nation in Wealth, Strength, and Independence. [In a Series of Articles contributed to the Boston Transcript.] By James L. Baker. Philadelphia. 1859.

Annual Report of the Comptroller of the State of New York. Transmitted to the Legislature January 6, 1859. Albany. 1859. pp. 120.

A Report on the Currency. New York. 1858.

Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Banking Department, of the State of New York. Transmitted to the Legislature January 4, 1859. Albany. 1859. pp. 192.

State of New York. First Report of the Commissioners of the Code. Albany. 1858. pp. 116.

In Relation to Collisions at Sea. Chamber of Commerce of New York, December, 1858. New York. 1858.

Report of a Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, on Canal Navigation by Steam. December, 1858. New York. 1858.

Report of the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce on the Charges at Quarantine for Lighterage, etc. New York. 1858.

Preliminary Report of Explorations in Nebraska and Dakota, in the Years 1855, '56, '57, by Lieut. G. K. Warren, Topographical Engineers, U. S. Army. Washington. 1859. pp. 173 and Map.

Index to the Catalogue of a Portion of the Public Library of the City of Boston, arranged in the Lower Hall. Boston. 1858. pp. 204.

Recueil des Acts de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences, Belles-Lettres, et Arts de Bordeaux. Dix-neuvième Année. — 1857, 3e et 4e Trimestre. Bordeau: Chausnas-Gayet. 1858. pp. 536.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. pp. 384.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Meadville Theological School, for the Academical Year 1858 – 59. Meadville. 1858.

State University of Michigan. Catalogue of the Officers and Students for 1859. Ann Arbor. 1859.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, Princeton, New Jersey, 1858 – 59. Albany. 1858.

Appeal in Behalf of Antioch College, with a Statement of its Financial History, Condition, and Prospects. New York, November, 1858. New York. 1858.

The Hearthstone, a Magazine of Domestic Economy, etc. Vol. I. No. 1. January, 1859. 8vo. pp. 32. New York: Woods & Co.

Willie Winkie's Nursery Songs of Scotland. Edited by Mrs. Silsbee. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 94.

Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions. By William Smith. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. 12mo. pp. 544.

The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck. New Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 24mo. pp. 238.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution for the Year 1857. Washington. 1858. 8vo. pp. 438.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. X. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 756.

The Christian's Daily Treasury: a Religious Exercise for every Day in the Year. By Ebenezer Temple. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 432.

Morality and the State. By Simeon Nash. Columbus: Follett, Foster, & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 442.

Lectures on the Moral Government of God. By Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D., late Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College. In 2 vols. New York: Clark, Austin, & Smith. 1859. 12mo. pp. 417, 423.

An Outline of the Laws of Thought: a Treatise on Pure and Applied Logic. By William Thomson, D.D., Provost of the Queen's College, Oxford. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1859. 16mo. pp. 345.

The State of the Impenitent Dead. By Alvah Hovey, D.D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Newton Theological Institution. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 164.

The Monarchies of Continental Europe. The Empire of Austria; its Rise and Present Power. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Mason Brothers. 1859. 12mo. pp. 520.

Trials of a Public Benefactor, as illustrated in the Discovery of Etherization. By Nathan P. Rice, M.D. New York: Pudney & Russell. 1859. 12mo. pp. 460.

The Pioneer Bishop: or, The Life and Times of Francis Asbury. By W. P. Strickland. With an Introduction by Nathan Bangs, D.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1858. 16mo. pp. 496.

Words that shook the World; or, Martin Luther his own Biographer. Being Pictures of the Great Reformer, sketched mainly from his own Sayings. By Charles Adams. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1858. 16mo. pp. 333.

Passages from my Autobiography. By Sydney, Lady Morgan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 382.

Sylvan Holt's Daughter. By Holme Lee. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. 12mo. pp. 422.

The Old Plantation, and what I gathered there in an Autumn Month. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. 12mo. pp. 369.

The Ministry of Life. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1859. 16mo. pp. 465.

Onward; or, The Mountain Clamberers. A Tale of Progress. By Jane Anne Winscom. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 333.

The Foster Brothers; being a History of the School and College Life of Two Young Men. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 405.

Alice Learmont; or, A Mother's Love. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With Illustrations by James Godwin. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 1859. 12mo. pp. 166.

Pleasure. A Poem, in Seven Books. By Nicholas Michell. London: William Tegg & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 243.

Cain. By Charles Boner. London: Chapman & Hall. 1855. 16mo. pp. 87.

The New Dance of Death, and other Poems. By Charles Boner. London: Chapman & Hall. 1857. 16mo. pp. 50.

Verse. 1834 – 1858. By Charles Boner. London: Chapman & Hall. 1858. 16mo. pp. 202.

The Manual of Chess: containing the Elementary Principles of the Game; illustrated with numerous Diagrams, recent Games, and original Problems. By Charles Kenny. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 122.

The British Poets. English and Scottish Ballads. Selected and edited by Francis James Child. Vols. V. – VIII. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858.

The British Poets. The Poetical Works of James Montgomery. With a Memoir of the Author. In 5 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. Anne of Geierstein. — Count Robert of Paris. In 2 vols. each. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

Report of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, for the Year 1858. Boston. 1859.

Proceedings of the New York Historical Society, on the Announcement of the Death of William Hickling Prescott, February, MDCCCLIX. New York. 1859.

The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. Vol. II. New York: C. Benjamin Richardson. 1858. 8vo. pp. 380.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VII. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. 12mo. pp. 470.

Pope, or President? Startling Disclosures of Romanism as revealed by its own Writers. Facts for Americans. New York: R. L. Delisser. 1859. 12mo. pp. 360.

Fankwei; or, The San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By William Maxwell Wood, M. D., U. S. N., late Surgeon to the United States East India Squadron. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. 12mo. pp. 545.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold, by his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. 12mo. pp. 450.

The Mustee; or, Love and Liberty. By B. F. Presbury. Boston: Shepard, Clark, & Brown. 1859. 12mo. pp. 487.

The Comedies of Terence. Literally translated into English Prose, with Notes. By Henry Thomas Riley, B. A., late Scholar of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

To which is added the Blank Verse Translation of George Colman. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. 12mo. pp. 609.

Christmas Hours. By the Author of "The Homeward Path," "Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life, or the Sunday-School Teacher." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 126.

The Great Day of Atonement; or, Meditations and Prayers on the last Twenty-Four Hours of the Sufferings and Death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Translated from the German of Charlotte Elizabeth Nebelin. Edited by Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 200.

Salvation by Christ. A Series of Discourses on some of the most important Doctrines of the Gospel. By Francis Wayland. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 386.

Mount Vernon: a Letter to the Children of America. By the Author of "Rural Hours," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 70.

The Poor Girl and True Woman; or, Elements of Woman's Success, drawn from the Life of Mary Lyon and others. A Book for Girls. By William M. Thayer. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859. 12mo. pp. 353.

The Rainbow Side: a Sequel to "The Itinerant." By Mrs. C. M. Edwards. Four Illustrations. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1858. pp. 296.

Readings for Young Men, Merchants, and Men of Business. Reprinted from the London Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 172.

Street Thoughts. By Henry M. Dexter, Pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston. With Illustrations by Billings. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 216.

Biographical Sketch of Amariah Brigham, M. D., late Superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, N. Y. Utica: W. O. McClure. 1858. 8vo. pp. 123.

Le Cabinet des Fées, or Recreative Readings, arranged for the express Use of Students in French. By Georges Gérard, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 332.

A New, Practical, and Easy Method of Learning the German Language. By F. Ahn, Doctor of Philosophy and Professor at the College of Neuss. First American, from the Eighth London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. pp. 88, 125.

A Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D. Revised, with important Additions. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1858. 12mo. pp. 526.

A Primary Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language; with Vocabularies of Classical, Scripture, and Modern Geographical Names. By Joseph E. Worcester. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1859. 16mo. pp. 352.

A Pronouncing Spelling-Book of the English Language. By J. E. Worcester. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1859. 12mo. pp. 180.

A First Class Reader; consisting of Extracts, in Prose and Verse, with Biographical and Critical Notices of the Authors. For the Use of Advanced Classes in Public and Private Schools. By G. S. Hillard. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1858. 12mo. pp. 528.

A Second Class Reader; consisting of Extracts, in Prose and Verse, for the Use of the Second Classes in Public and Private Schools. With an Introductory Treatise on Reading and the Training of the Vocal Organs. By G. S. Hillard. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1858. 12mo. pp. 278.

A Third Class Reader; consisting of Extracts, in Prose and Verse, for the Use of Third Classes in Public and Private Schools. With an Introductory Treatise on Reading and the Training of the Vocal Organs. By G. S. Hillard. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1858. 12mo. pp. 182.

A Fourth Class Reader; consisting of Extracts in Prose and Verse, for the Use of the Fourth Classes in Public and Private Schools. With an Introductory Treatise on Reading and the Training of the Vocal Organs. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1858. 12mo. pp. 152.

The First Primary Reader. With Engravings from Original Designs. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1859. 12mo. pp. 72.

The Second Primary Reader; consisting of Extracts in Prose and Verse. With Exercises in Enunciation. For the Use of the Second Classes in Primary Schools. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1858. 16mo. pp. 120.

The Third Primary Reader; consisting of Extracts in Prose and Verse. With Exercises in Enunciation. For the Use of the Highest Classes in Primary Schools. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1858. 12mo. pp. 216.

The Progressive Speller, for Common Schools and Academies; embracing a complete Key to Pronunciation; easy Words for Primary Classes; Lessons for Spelling and Defining; Dictation Exercises; also Exercises in the Formation and the Analysis of Derivative Words; thus furnishing a thorough Course of Instruction in the Orthography and Orthoepy of the most common Words in the English Language. By Salem Towne, LL. D., and Nelson M. Holbrook. Boston: Bazin & Ellsworth. 1859. pp. 168.

The Losing and Taking of Mansoul; or, Lectures on the Holy War. By Alfred S. Patton, A.M. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 286.

The Former Days. History of the Presbyterian Church of Geneva. By Hubbard Winslow. Boston. 1859.

Man and his Dwelling-Place. An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. New York: Redfield. 1859. 12mo. pp. 391.

Letters of a Traveller. Second Series. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 277.

INDEX

TO THE

EIGHTY-EIGHTH VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

Abelard, article on, 132 — his parentage, 137 — his appearance as a champion of the Nominalists, 139 — his success as a teacher, 140 — his surpassing fame, 142 — his connection with Heloise, 144 — his retreat to the abbey of St. Denis, 146 — condemnation of his writings by the Council of Soissons, 147 — his establishment of the oratory of the Paraclete, 149 — his renewed fame, 150 — contrast between him and Bernard, *ib.* — his headship of the abbey of St. Gildas de Ruys, 151 — his renewed correspondence with Heloise, 153 — his faith and writings impugned by Bernard, 155 — his arraignment before the Council of Sens, 156 — his appeal to Rome, 158 — his condemnation there, 159 — his death, 160 — his character, 161 — his industry, 162 — his style, 163 — his position and influence, as portrayed by Cousin, 165.

Absolute religion, defined, 373 — distinguished from naturalism, pantheism, and mysticism, 374.

Afternoon of Unmarried Life, The, noticed, 547.

Akber, character of his reign, 291.

Aldrich, Thomas B., his Poems, noticed, 569.

Alexander, James W., his Discourses on Common Topics of Christian Faith and Practice, noticed, 274.

Allibone, S. Austin, his Dictionary of English Literature, noticed, 564.

Amory, Thomas C., his Life of James Sullivan, reviewed, 443 — his impartiality, 444, 458.

Angier, Emile, his *Les Lionnes Pauvres*, reviewed, 212 — quoted, 213.

Arago, François, his Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men, noticed, 575.

Architecture, article on ancient, 341 — character of the Egyptian, 342 — of the Assyrian, 344 — of the Grecian, 347.

Aristotle's Politics, maxims quoted from, 429.

Arnold, Samuel Greene, his History of Rhode Island, noticed, 577.

Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, visited by Frederick William of Prussia, 527 — his vile character, *ib.* — returns the visit, 528 — his camp at Radewitz, 531.

Barbara, Charles, his *L'Assassinat du Pont Rouge*, reviewed, 215 — sketch of the story, 216.

Barth, Henry, his Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, noticed, 559.

Bible, article on the revision of the English, 184 — the standard English, why pre-eminent, 185 — habits of interpreting it on the part of ministers, 192 — its imperfections, 199 — how to be revised, 203 *et seq.*

Black's Atlas of North America, noticed, 271.

Böhringer, Friedrich, his Life of Abelard, reviewed, 132.

Boston, England, Thompson's History of, reviewed, 166 — its earliest traditions, 168 — its churches, 171 — its old houses, 175 — its records, 176 — its provincialisms, 177 — its distinguished residents, 178 — its distinguished emigrants, 179 — its vicinity, 183.

Botolph, St., church of, 170 — traditions concerning, 178.

Bowditch, N. I., his Suffolk Surnames, noticed, 276.

Brandenburg, early history of, 504.

Brewster, Charles W., his Rambles about Portsmouth, noticed, 566.

Brooke, Lord, his Life of Philip Sidney, reviewed, 312 — his character and personal history, 314.

Bulfinch, his Age of Chivalry, noticed, 276.

Bulwer's What will he do with it? noticed, 548.

Burke, Edmund, article on, 61 — his ancestry and birth, 64 — his early life, 65 — his first appearance as an author, 67 — his marriage and his wife's character, 68 — his connection with William Gerard Hamilton, 70 — his rupture with

Hamilton, 71 — his entrance into Parliament, 72 — his purchase of an estate, 74 — his action with reference to Wilkes, 76 — his course as to American affairs, 78 — his speech on financial reform, 87 — his office under the Shelburne ministry, 91 — under the coalition ministry, 97 — his part in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, 102 — his rupture with Fox, 106 — his illness and death, 108 — growth of his reputation since his death, 110 — value of his writings, 111.

Bushnell, Horace, his Nature and the Supernatural, noticed, 270 — reviewed, 367 his theory of the supernatural, 370 — his view of the nature of the evil principle, 380 — his discussion of sin, 381 — his chapter on Jesus, 383 — his belief in modern miracles, 384.

Cambridge Prize Poems, noticed, 552.

Carlyle, Thomas, his Frederick the Great, reviewed, 503.

Challen, James, his Christian Morals, noticed, 574.

Christian theory of the universe, 368.

Compurgation, Canonical, article on, 1 — origin of the custom, 5 — striking instances of it, 9 — variations in it, 11 — its decline, 16.

Cotton, John, chapel to his memory in Boston, England, 171 — inscription on the tablet in it, 172 — sketch of his life, 179.

Cousin, quoted as to Abelard's character, 65.

Crosby, Nathan, his American Obituary for 1857, noticed, 576.

Curtis, Herbert Pelham, his translation of Arabian Days' Entertainments, noticed, 281.

Cyclopædia, the New American, noticed, 281.

Dana, Charles A., his Household Book of Poetry, noticed, 275.

Davy, Sir Humphry, his Fragments, Life, and Correspondence, noticed, 554.

De Quincey, Thomas, article on his Life and Writings, 113 — circumstances of his childhood, 114 — death of his sisters, 115 — his quarrel with his guardians, 122 — his opium experiences, 123 — circumstances under which he commenced the use of opium, 126 — characteristics of his writings, 128 — his peculiarities as a biographer, 130 — his ground as a moralist, 131 — his humor, *ib.* — his person and personal habits, 132.

Ditson, G. L., his Crescent and French Crusades, noticed, 561.

Dufferin, Lord, his Yacht Voyage, noticed, 262.

Ellicott, C. J., his Commentaries on the New Testament, reviewed, 184.

Elliott, Sir Henry M., his Index to the Historians of India, reviewed, 289 — his worth and services, 294, *note*.

Essarts, Alfred des, his *François de Médicis*, noticed, 263.

Evans, F. W., his Shakers, noticed, 560.

European Life, Legend, and Landscape, noticed, 572.

Fergusson, James, his Illustrated Hand-Book of Architecture, reviewed, 341.

Feydeau, Ernest, his *Fanny*, reviewed, 214 — its vileness, 215.

Francia, his dictatorship of Paraguay, 437 — destruction of his monument, 438.

Frederick I., of Prussia, his character, 509 — his coronation, 510.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, his earliest attendants and tutors, 516 — his father's plan for his education, 517 — maltreated by his father, 520 — his clandestine tastes and studies, 529 — his plan of flight, 530 — his arrest, 535 — sentenced to death, 537 — his reprieve, 539 — his marriage, 540 — his residence at Reinsberg, 542 — his correspondence, 544 — his father's death, 546.

Frederick William, Elector of Brandenburg, the Great, his wariness and dexterity, 505 — his battle of Fehrbellin, 506 — his true wife, Louisa of Orange-Nassau, 507 — his second wife, Dorothea, 508.

Frederick William, King of Prussia, his father's death, 510 — his avarice, 511 — his eccentricities, 512 — his siege of Stralsund, 513 — visited by Peter the Great, 514 — his hatred of his son, 520, 533 — his giant regiment, 522 — his Tobacco Parliament, 523 — his visit to Dresden, 527 — his death, 546.

Gallitzin, Prince, article on, 349 — his parentage, 350 — infidel opinions of his parents, 351 — his mother's and his conversion, 353 — his voyage to the United States, 355 — his admission to the priesthood, 356 — his settlement at Loretto, 357 — his sacrifices, 360 — his friendly relations with the King of Holland, 361 — his literary works, 363 — his patriotism, 364 — his death, 365 — his monument, 366.

Gautier, Theophile, his *Italia*, reviewed, 217 — his account of his arrival at Venice by night, quoted, 218 — his *La Mode*, reviewed, 220 — quoted as to the antique, 222 — as to crinoline, 223.

Gavazzi, Alessandro, his Recollections of the Last Four Popes, noticed, 548.

Gervinus, G. G., his Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century, reviewed, 387 — his characterization of Rousseau, 408 — his statement of the pervading spirit of the Puritan colonists in North America, 421.

Gieseler, John C. L., Smith's edition of his Church History, noticed, 272.

Government, its change of form by fixed laws, 389 — traced in Greece, 392 — in

Rome, 393 — in Italy, 396 — in Germany, 401 — in France, 406 — in Spain, 411 — in Portugal, 412 — in Switzerland, 413 — in the Netherlands, 414 — in England, 416 — in Russia, 419 — in the United States, 420.

Hamayun, his character and the transactions of his reign, 294.
Heyden, Thomas, his Discourse on Prince Gallitzin, reviewed, 349.
Hoadly, Charles Y., his Records of New Haven, noticed, 562.
Hovey, Alvah, his Memoir of Backus, noticed, 277.
Hurd, John Codman, his Law of Freedom and Bondage in the United States, noticed, 279.

India, article on, 289 — despotism of its native government, 290 — irregularity of accession to the throne, 291 — enervating influences on the monarch, 293 — condition of the country under British rule, 308.
Istria, Countess Dora d', her work on German Switzerland, reviewed, 476 — plan and execution of the work, 477 *et seq.*

Kemble, Frances Anne, her Poems, noticed, 568.
Kingsley, Charles, his Miscellanies, noticed, 253.
Knighton, William, his Private Life of an Eastern King, reviewed, 289 — quoted, 299.
Königswarter, Louis J., his *Etudes Historiques*, reviewed, 1.

Laighton, Albert, his Poems, noticed, 570.
La Plata, the River, when discovered, 432.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, his Courtship of Miles Standish, noticed, 275.

Macknight, Thomas, his Life of Burke, reviewed, 61 — criticised, 62.
Marmier, H., his *Les Fiancés du Spitzberg*, noticed, 559.
Massalsky, Princess Koltzoff, her learning and ability, 476.
Massey, William, his History of England, noticed, 258.
Masson, David, his Life of John Milton, noticed, 575.
Merchants and Bankers' Register for 1859, noticed, 577.
Merruau, Paul, his *L'Egypte Contemporaine*, noticed, 265.
Minturn, Robert B., his From New York to Delhi, noticed, 278.
Miracles as discussed by Bushnell, 383.
Montégut, Emile, his *Essais Morales et Historiques*, reviewed, 225 — quoted, 226, 227.
Montez, Lola, her Lectures, noticed, 256.
Mount Vernon Association, its aims, 56 — how they may be carried out with the purest taste, 60.

Nestorians, the, their antiquity, 232 — their condition as to faith, rites, morals, and manners, 233.
New England, magnitude of its history, 464 — its settlers unduly censured for their intolerance of dissenters, 467.
New Priest in Conception Bay, noticed, 571.
Nourrisson, his *Le Cardinal de Bérulle*, noticed, 264.

Olive, the, and the Pine, noticed, 274.
Osborn, Henry S., his Palestine Past and Present, noticed, 573.
O'Sullivan, John, his emigration from Ireland, 446 — his marriage, 447 — his old age, 448.
Oude, condition of, before its annexation to the Indo-British empire, 299.
Owen, Richard, his Lecture in behalf of the Mount Vernon Association, reviewed, 52.

Page, Thomas J., his Narrative of Exploration, reviewed, 430 — character of the work, 431 — specimens of its graphic power, 441.
Palfrey, John Gorham, his History of New England, reviewed, 460 — compared and contrasted with Prescott, 462 — his qualities as an historian, 463 — synopsis of his first volume, 471 — its general character, 472.
Pantheism, how distinguished from atheism, 369 — how affected by the geological argument for a Creator apart from his works, 372.
Paraguay, Jesuit missions in, 435 — its political history, 437.
Peter the Great, his visit to Frederick William of Prussia, 514.
Political development in civil history, primary law of, 387 *et seq.*
Porter, Whitworth, his History of the Knights of Malta, noticed, 553.
Prescott's rank as an historian, 461.
Procter, Adelaide Anne, her Legends and Lyrics, noticed, 255.
Puritanism inseparably connected with principles of civil freedom, 465.

Rémusat, Charles de, his Abelard, reviewed, 133.
Robertson, Frederick W., his Lectures and Addresses, noticed, 551.
Rustic Rhymes, noticed, 568.

Sabbath Hymn-Book, noticed, 266.
Sala, George Augustus, his Journey Due North, noticed, 256.
Sand, George, her *L'Homme de Neige*, noticed, 558.
Sanford, John Langton, his Great Rebellion, noticed, 260.
Sawyer, Leicester Ambrose, his New Testament, noticed, 269.
Schaff, Philip, his History of the Christian Church, noticed, 272.
Scholefield, James, his Hints for Improvements in the Authorized Version of the New Testament, reviewed, 184.

Scouring of the White Horse, noticed, 550.
Semper, Gotfried, his Essays on Architecture, reviewed, 341.
Shakespeare, see *White*.
Sidney, Sir Philip, article on, 312 — his family, 316 — his early training, 317 — his European tour, 318 — his diplomatic appointment at the court of the German Emperor, 321 — his first appearance as an author, 322 — his defence of his father, 323 — his letter to Elizabeth on her proposed French marriage, *ib.* — his quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, 325 — his Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, 326 — his service in the House of Commons, 329 — his amour with Lady Rich, *ib.* — his sonnet, 330 — his Defence of Poesy, 331 — his marriage, 332 — his admission to knighthood, *ib.* — his defence of the Earl of Leicester, 333 — his attempt to embark for America, *ib.* — his military commission for the Netherlands, 334 — his fatal wound, 335 — his last days and death, 336 — estimate of his character, 337.
Sigourney, L. H., her Daily Counsellor, noticed, 277.
Sin, nature and origin of, 379.
Sleeman, W. H., his Journey through the Kingdom of Oude, reviewed, 289 — quoted, 300 *et seq.*
Sprague, William B., his Annals of the American Pulpit, noticed, 267.
Stoddard, David Tappan, article on, 228 — his ancestry, *ib.* — his education, 229 — his mathematical and mechanical taste and proficiency, 230 — his commencement of clerical studies, 231 — his self-consecration to the Nestorian mission, 233 — his voyage, 234 — his description of the region of Oroomiah, 234 — his success as a preacher of Christianity, 237 — his illness, bereavement, and return to America, 239 — his return to the mission, 240 — his eminent services, *ib.* — his death, 241.
Stow, Baron, his Christian Brotherhood, noticed, 572.
Struggles of the Early Christians, noticed, 281.
Sullivan, James, his Life, by Amory, reviewed, 443 — his extraction and parentage, 446 — his boyhood, 449 — his entrance on the legal profession, 450 — upon political life, 451 — his services in the Provincial Congress and Assembly, 452 — his legal employments and practice in Boston, 453 — his various offices, 455 — his party position, 456.
Sullivan, John, notices of his life, 449, 451, 452.
Switzerland, article on, 476 — its history yet to be written, 479 — its races, 483 — its languages, 484 — its democracy, 485 — its superstitions, 488 — its part in the Reformation, 493 — its services to education, 495 — its marvels of engineering science, 497 — its art, 498 — its poetry, 499 — its fictitious literature, 500 — its music, 501.

Taylor, Nathaniel W., his Practical Sermons, noticed, 274.
Thompson, Joseph P., his Memoir of Stoddard, reviewed, 228 — its merits, 243.
Thompson, Pishey, his History and Antiquities of Boston reviewed, 166 — thoroughness of the work, 167 — its mechanical execution, 168.
Thomson, W. M., his Biblical Illustrations, noticed, 574.
Thoughts about Women, A Woman's, 255.
Trench, Richard Chenevix, on the Authorized Version of the Bible, reviewed, 184.
Tucker, George, his History of the United States, noticed, 280.

Urquiza, his merits and services, 439.

Vapereau, G., his *Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains*, noticed, 556.

Wager of Battle, distinguished from the duel, 23 — its origin in Northern Europe, 25 — practised among the Sclavonic nations, 29 — opposed by the Church, 32 — descriptions of persons authorized to fight by champion, 35 — restrictions upon it, 37 — more enlightened views with regard to it, 40 — last instance of it in France, 42 — in England, 44 — its ceremonies, 45 — its champions, how qualified, and under what restrictions employed, 46.
Wayland, Francis, his Sermons to the Churches, noticed, 269.
White, Richard Grant, his edition of Shakespeare, reviewed, 244 — its text, 250 — its critical matter, 251 — its author's adaptation for his work, 252.
Willard, Joseph, his Willard Memoir, noticed, 261.
Williams, Roger, grounds of his banishment, 469 — his character, 470.
Wilson, Robert Anderson, his History of the Conquest of Mexico, noticed, 576.
Winter, William, his Poems, noticed, 569.
Worcester, Joseph E., his Dictionary of the English Language, noticed, 566.

JUN 6 1939